

# The Spirit

OF

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

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### PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SIR FRIZZLE PUMPKIN, K.C.B.\*

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]—Blessed with a wife whose affection till this hour has been unvarying in every trial, I found myself more fondly attached to life and safety than before. I trembled at every order from the war office, lest it should doom my regiment to the glories of foreign service; and, in fact, if I were to relate to you the whole pusillanimity of my feelings, you would scarcely believe that I managed so to conceal them as to escape observation and disgrace. This, however, I did. People are luckily very much in the habit of attaching the idea of heroism and courage to a long sword and feathers. There is no surer protection from bullying and insult, than a military dress. I therefore hail as a brother coward, anxious to make up in appearance what he wants in reality, any one, who, in the piping times of peace, infests the coffee-room or the theatre in the habiliments of war. His courage decreases in my estimation as his spurs are lengthened;—a braided surtout you may treat as cavalierly as you like—but if in addition to that the poltroon shelters his cowardice beneath a hat with a military cock, a regimental stock, and jingling spurs of inordinate longitude, you may very safely kick him on the slightest provocation without any chance of disagreeable consequences. I speak on this subject from experience. My uniform, I am convinced, stood sponsor on many occasions for my courage, and I remained undiscovered only because I was entirely unsuspected. Even my wife to this hour believes me to be a very lion in the pugnacity of my disposition. She talks of me as a volcano whose proper atmosphere is fire and smoke,—as a sort of dare-devil, to whom life affords no enjoyment equal to the opportunity of throwing it away; and absolutely, at this moment, is pining for the breaking out of a war, that I may be enabled, so she says, to revel in the delights of a campaign,—which, in my apprehension, is only another word for the expression in the litany of “battle, murder, and sudden death,”—to which petition, by the bye, I always (perhaps involuntarily,) feel a peculiar glow of sincerity and devotion as I enunciate the response.

But I must get on with my story: My happiness was complete—my father-in-law continued his kindness—and from every member of his

\* Concluded from page 302, Vol. I.

family I received tokens of the highest consideration. My rival, however, Fitz D'Angle, did not bear his disappointment with the equanimity which his apparent indifference had led me to expect. Whether he in any way suspected how matters were, I do not know, but he certainly, whenever circumstances brought us together, treated me with a coldness and hauteur which I felt very frequently approached to the limits of insult. I bore his behavior with my usual calmness; for though I hated him, and was vexed beyond measure by the mode of conduct which he assumed towards me, yet fear predominated, and I cautiously abstained from giving offence, and labored most assiduously to avoid the necessity of taking it. But in vain. One evening there was a large party at the distinguished old Countess of Fribbleton's. The whole suite of noble apartments was thrown open, and the company consisted of the *élite* of the society of London. I went along with my wife and the Marquis; and as I never had any great predilection for entertainments of that kind, I retired to as quiet a situation as I could find, and looked with considerable interest on the glittering scene. At the period I mention, England was in arms against nearly all the world, and war was of course a very general subject of conversation. Amongst the company were many officers of distinction. In a short time a group of military men had gathered near the place where I sat, and discussed with great earnestness the movements of the contending armies. Upon several occasions my opinions were asked, and listened to, even by the grey-haired veterans of a hundred fights, with deference and respect. But Fitz D'Angle, who was one of the party, bore on his fine aristocratic features a sneer of haughty scorn, which I attempted in vain to avoid noticing. To everything I said he made some frivolous or disparaging reply, till at last I evidently perceived that several of the auditors seemed surprised at my passive endurance of his impertinence. But the effort to summon courage to take the expected notice of his behavior was beyond my power; and I still submitted with outward calmness, though internally a victim to the mingled struggles of anger and fear. The Marquis now joined the group, and I was in hopes his presence might act as a restraint on Fitz D'Angle. But that individual perceived he was very safe in the conduct he pursued; and, again, when I was answering a question, which the celebrated Field Marshal Firespit did me the honor to propose to me, he contradicted me in one of my assertions, without any of the circumlocutions with which a gentleman generally softens the expression of a difference in opinion. I stopt short and looked him full in the face, and though at that moment I felt as uncomfortable as I had ever done in my life, not a muscle moved, not a nerve was shaken, and even the bold eye of Fitz D'Angle sank beneath the fixed but inexpressive look. My eye was literally dead,—it had absolutely divested itself of all meaning whatsoever, and in that instance it was a complete index to my mind. I was at that moment as perfectly without an idea of any sort or kind as a statue; I knew not whether, as the vulgar saying has it, I stood on my head or my heels; and the silence produced by my lengthened gaze, added to my embarrassment. At last Fitz D'Angle recovered his self-possession, and said, "Colonel Pumpkin, will you be kind enough, sir, to explain the meaning of the look you have done me the honor to fix on me for the last few minutes?"—"My look, sir?" I said. "Yes, your look; for allow me to tell you, that I permit no such rude and insulting stare to be fixed on me



by a prince or peer, and far less by a *parvenu*." Here I saw a slight opening for escape, and replied,—“Mr. Fitz D'Angle, I waive on this occasion all discussions with respect to birth,—yours I know is lofty, mine I confess to be comparatively humble—but were our situations in that respect changed, depend on it I should scorn to cast anything in your teeth——” —“Except your head !” continued the old Marquis, who evidently enjoyed the scene. Fitz D'Angle lost all patience upon this. “Sir, your infamous conduct in inflicting such an injury on an unprepared man, is only equaled by your cowardly baseness in thus referring to it. I shall expect satisfaction.” “Stay, Mr. Fitz D'Angle,” I said, in a state of the highest alarm, “I shall do all I can to avoid a duel, which I have always dreaded more than almost anything else ; I shall fairly tell you how everything occurred—I shall confess to you, once for all, that you have on many occasions showed much more courage than ever I possessed, and that I am anxious to avoid even the remotest chance of depriving your country of such valuable services, as I doubt not you have often rendered her.” As I said these words there was a concealed sort of smile went round the circle, and, darting on me a look of even greater rage than before, Fitz D'Angle turned away, and in a few minutes left the room. My confusion at this incident was unbounded. I felt there was no possibility of drawing back, that fight I must, and death and infamy presented themselves to my imagination in every hideous form.

The Marquis slapped me on the shoulder, “Gave it him well, my boy ; cursed severe though on the little silken puppy—why, man, what services has he rendered ? Gad, that was the best hit of all. Come, let's have a bottle or two of wine, it will steady your hand in the morning ; you shall sleep at my house to-night, and we shall singe Master Fitz's whiskers at peep of day. Come along.” And away we went. As unconscious as a child, I followed the old warrior—arrived at his house—was seated at table with half a dozen bottles before us, and had swallowed several bumpers, one after another, as fast as they could be poured out, before I recovered my senses enough to recollect the disagreeable scrape in which I was involved. When the whole scene recurred to my remembrance, I searched through every expression which I had uttered, to discover, if possible, some opportunity to retract or explain. But I could find no means whatsoever. What I had said in the alarm of the moment by way of soothing his irritation, had unfortunately increased it. I therefore endeavored to make up my mind to undergo the risk of a meeting. I comforted myself with thinking of the multitude of duels which are fought every year without being attended with bloodshed—but then always at the end of a long list of these innocent encounters came the appalling recollection of some horrible meeting where both the principals were killed, and this reduced me to the same state of apprehension as at first. In the midst of these disagreeable reflections, a gentleman was announced as coming from Mr. Fitz D'Angle. Mechanically, I took the note which he presented me, read it, and gave it over to the Marquis without saying a word. It was to the following effect :

“Sir,—after the sneer at my want of service, and the implication against my courage in which you thought proper to indulge, by comparing it with the heroism which, I allow, you have on every occasion displayed, you will not be surprised at the course I have taken. My friend, Major Blood, will arrange everything for as speedy a meeting

as possible with any gentleman you may choose to appoint. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY FITZ D'ANGLE."

"Fore George!" said the Marquis, when he had read it, "this is capital,—there is more in the youngster than I gave him credit for. Pummy, my boy, leave the room for a few minutes, and Major Blood and I will settle the preliminaries,—you shall soon come back, and we can have a comfortable evening." Marveling at the strange idea some people entertained of a comfortable evening, I did as I was desired; I heard from the adjoining room the low sound of their conversation, and sometimes I caught the short quick laugh of the Marquis, from which I could perceive he was delighted with the whole adventure. In a short time I heard the Major retire, and I resumed my seat by the side of the Marquis. "All right, my boy," he said when I went in; "Major Blood seems a pleasant gentlemanly man, and agreed to the shortest possible distance the moment I proposed it. Long pistols, six paces, fire at the dropping of the handkerchief, that's the short way of doing business; now fill your glass,—shall you kill him the first fire?"—"kill him? good God! I hope not." "That's a good kind-hearted fellow! No, no, I should not like to see him altogether killed, but you shall have my own hair-triggers, the same that did for my poor friend Danby, in 72—and egad you must wing him; I should recommend the right arm, but of course in that you will please yourself—half past five, Wimbledon Common—don't you think everything most delightfully settled?"—"Oh delightfully!" I said, without exactly understanding what the word meant, and drank off my wine with the coolest air in the world. My conversation you will believe was not very vivacious. Indeed there was no great occasion for me to speak at all; the Marquis was in extravagantly high spirits, and told me several of his feats in the same way in his youth. He never for a moment seemed to doubt that I entered with great enjoyment into all his anecdotes, but, alas! my thoughts ran in a very different channel. I cannot say that the fear of death was the most powerful of my tormentors,—the dread of disgrace was still greater; I felt almost certain that my secret could be kept no longer, that my nerve would at last give way, and I knew that the slightest tremor would betray me at once to so calm and quicksighted a judge as the Marquis. But the evening at last came to an end. The old man shook me very affectionately by the hand, before we separated for the night, and said, "sleep soundly, my boy, it will do your aim good in the morning—what I like about you is your coolness—no boasting, no passion, all as composed as if you were only going to breakfast—you'll wing him to a certainty; so now good night."

I shall not attempt any description of my thoughts when left to myself. Suffice it, that after a sleepless night I proceeded with the Marquis in his barouche to the place of meeting. In a few minutes after our arrival, the opposite parties came upon the ground. I can scarcely go on with what followed, for at the time I was totally unconscious of everything that occurred. My knowledge of it is derived from what was told me after it was over. We were placed opposite each other at what I could not even then help considering a most appalling degree of propinquity; I looked as fixedly as I could at my opponent, but a mist of some sort or other was spread before my eyes, and I could see merely the outline of his figure, though he was not farther from me than eighteen feet. The handkerchief dropt, I pulled the trigger, and

stood in the exact attitude in which I had been placed by my second. There was a considerable bustle the moment after I had fired, but my faculties were so entranced by my fear and agitation, that I could not discover the cause of the disturbance. At last the Marquis came up to me and whispered something or other, the import of which I did not exactly catch. I expected he would have put another pistol into my hand, but in this I was disappointed. Surprised at the delay, I said to him, "Is it all over?"—"No—I hope it is not over with him yet; but he is desperately wounded; let us return to town, he has a surgeon with him. Egad, it was just in the place I told you; a little below the right shoulder—did not the trigger go easily?—allons, allons."

Mr. Fitz D'Angle recovered, and my fame was still farther increased. The Marquis was in raptures with my calmness and self-possession, and even Major Blood and my antagonist bore testimony to the undaunted resolution and coolness of my behavior. The duel made a considerable noise at the time, and various grounds were assigned for it; but all accounts agreed in stating that I was entirely free from blame, as I had avoided taking notice of the intentional disrespect of my opponent as long as I possibly could. It had even reached the ears of the most exalted personage in the realm, as I discovered the next time I presented myself at court. "Bad thing—bad thing, indeed—duel, duel, Colonel Pumpkin;—but couldn't help it—bore it as long as you could. Keep your bullets for the enemy next time, Colonel;—we can't let you risk your life any more. No duels—no more duels."

The war in which we were engaged, assumed at this time a very critical appearance. Our allies had been vanquished in every battle, and considerable apprehensions were entertained of an invasion of our own shores. In order to guard against this, forces were stationed almost all along the coast, and I was appointed to the chief command of a very large district of country, and an amount of force of above seventy thousand men. In this, I of course include the yeomanry and the militias. I was now Major-General before I was eight-and-twenty years of age, a thing which, so far as I am aware, had at that time no parallel in the service. I fixed my headquarters at ———, as being the point in my district most remote from the scene of danger, and kept a considerable force in my own immediate neighborhood, in order to cover my escape, should the enemy succeed in effecting a landing. Whether it was that I pulled the reins of discipline too tight, or from some other cause, I do not pretend to decide, but in a short time I perceived that with the men under my command I was decidedly unpopular. My personal want of courage made me peculiarly strict in exacting the most rigorous attention to duty; and I have often summoned the poor fellows from their quarters at a moment's notice, in order to see what chance of safety I should have secured to myself in case of an actual surprise. All this, aided, I have no doubt, by other causes, produced the effect which I am now going to relate. In one of the regiments which I had retained near me, there were a great many men, I was sorry to be informed, who applied themselves more to political discussions than is usual in a British soldier. These were in the habit of reading several radical and disaffected publications, which were allowed, by the supineness of the government, to spread abroad their anti-national principles, even in that period of imminent danger to the state. This, in due course of time, had the effect which might have been expected. The officers exerted themselves in vain to

bring back their men to cheerfulness and content ; and though discipline was still preserved, and the forms of military subordination gone through, it was evident that the whole of that regiment waited only for an opportunity to show the Jacobin spirit with which they were possessed. To a man of the disposition which I have now confessed myself to be, you will have no difficulty in imagining the alarm which this state of things produced. I feared to send them to a distance, as I concluded my greatest safety rested in their being kept in awe by the vicinity of the other troops, and I was equally disinclined to allow them to remain, as I was afraid their rage, being restrained from an open manifestation, might secretly wreak itself on so unpopular a commander as, under those circumstances, I undoubtedly was. The officers of my staff perceived my uneasiness, though none of them ventured to inquire into the cause. My usual calmness and taciturnity stood me in good stead. I never adverted to the subject of my alarm—I was afraid to let my mind rest upon it, and I felt convinced, if I trusted myself to converse on the affair at all, I should inevitably betray the unsoldierly extent of my trepidation. In this state of affairs time wore on. One day, when I dined with the regiment which caused these apprehensions, my fears were worked up to a pitch which I was almost certain must have betrayed me. After dinner, a note was put into my hand, which I immediately guessed to contain some information connected with the subject of my alarm. I accordingly took an early opportunity of looking into it, and found it to contain the following words :—" If you leave the barracks to-night after half past nine, you are a dead man. This is a friend's warning—neglect it not." I pulled out my watch in a moment—it wanted just ten minutes to ten. I gave myself up for lost. In what way could I invent an excuse for stopping in the barracks all night ? How could I order out a guard to see me safe to my headquarters, when, in all probability, it would be composed of the very persons whom I was anxious to escape ? I was uncertain what to do. I had thoughts of assuming the appearance of helpless intoxication, and picking up some other individual's hat and cloak by mistake, in hopes of deceiving my enemies by a change of costume ; but there were insuperable objections to that mode of proceeding. I sat in a state of complete bewilderment and dismay. I thought it better to make my exit with as little bustle as possible, and I accordingly sent off my aid-de-camps on different messages, and at last, about half past ten, took my leave of the party, and proceeded into the barrack-yard alone. I moved as quietly as I could, keeping carefully under the shadow of the walls, till, when I got very nearly to the gate without interruption, I was startled on hearing a conversation carried on in whispers, a little in advance. The words were, of course, inaudible, though I paused and listened with the utmost anxiety ; but as the party were evidently advancing to where I stood, I slipped cautiously into an empty barrack-room on the ground-floor, in hopes of letting them pass without attracting their observation. I placed myself, for the greater security, behind a large screen in a recess of the apartment, on which a number of soldiers' great-coats, and other articles of apparel, were suspended, and waited in the agonies of hope and fear, till I should hear their steps die away in the distance ; but, to my horror and amazement, the persons, whoever they were, paused at the very door I had entered, and in a few moments I heard the subdued voices of many men, and was aware that they had come into the very

room to which I had fled for safety. I heard a coarse rough voice say, "The tyrant stays late to-night—but it's his last dinner, he had better enjoy it as long as he can."—"Hush, hush," said another—"let us to business. You, Bill Halliday, watch and give us notice of his coming; and don't be so ready with your knife—you had nearly settled Captain Jenkins, the aid-de-camp, in mistake for the General himself; and now, comrades, let us renew our oath of secrecy." He then called over the names of about eight persons, who answered severally as they were called; and the spokesman continued, "You swear to be firm and determined in the great object we have undertaken, to stab our tyrant, the General, through the heart this night; to set fire to the barracks immediately after, and prevent the officers' escape from the mess-room when it is in flames?"—"We swear!"—"And you also swear, whatever inquiries are made, whatever promises are held out, or whatever suspicions are entertained, never to divulge your knowledge of this plot, whichever of us proves lucky enough to free the regiment of such detestable tyrants."—"We swear!" And the villains, by the light of a dark-lantern, subscribed their names to a paper containing these horrible resolutions; and I heard, in my place of concealment, the scraping of the pen which thus doomed me to inevitable death. Need I tell you that everything I had previously suffered was as nothing, compared to the dreadful situation in which I was then placed! I have often wondered since that insanity was not produced by the intense horror of that appalling moment. The watch they had stationed at the door now came in, and informed them that their victim approached. In a moment they all rushed out of the room, and as it was by this time pitch-dark, I am ashamed to confess that a faint hope sprang up in my bosom that the desperadoes might mistake their object. I intended at one time to rush out with the crowd, in hopes of not being noticed in the hurry, but I had allowed the opportunity to pass. I however possessed myself of the paper they had left upon the table, and also of the lantern; and had scarcely resumed my place of concealment when they returned into the room, and I gathered from their conversation that a captain's guard was marching up the quadrangle from the gate. I listened with the most painful suspense to the measured tramp of many men; they approached—they arrived opposite the window of the room. I heard the command given to halt; and, as my only chance of safety, I started up, and pushing over the screen behind which I had sheltered, into the very midst of the conspirators, I rushed to the door, gained the outside, and in an instant informed the captain in command, of my name and rank, and ordered him to guard the door; and, on pain of death, to suffer no one to escape. I now walked deliberately back into the dining-room, where the officers were still assembled, and ordered the Major to go down to No. 4, of the right-hand side of the quadrangle, and to bring the men he found in that room before me, separately, and disarmed. I informed the astonished group of officers that I had for some time suspected the disaffection of the regiment; I produced the paper with the signature of the conspirators attached, and you will readily suppose the horror and surprise of every one who listened to my story. This you have, no doubt, heard related in a very different manner. The newspapers, I remember, were full for several months of my intrepidity; and again, by a most curious concurrence of circumstances, I was declared to be a hero, when the fact was that——; but no matter; I

have striven not to be a coward, but in vain. Public opinion about this time was strongly expressed on the incapacity of our generals on foreign service, and there was almost an unanimous desire that they should be superseded. I need not inform you of the command, to which, contrary to my wishes and expectations, I was soon after this appointed.

I was given to understand, on having my destination pointed out to me, that the loftiest expectations were entertained of my success, and the minister at war paid me the highest compliments, on the courage and ability I had already displayed. The object of all these hopes and compliments—loaded with the good wishes of the whole nation—I declare to you, sir, that even then I found it impossible to summon the smallest resolution; I trembled as much as ever at the remotest appearance of danger; and while the thousands who cheered me enthusiastically as I stepped on board a transport on my way to the scene of warfare, believed that my thoughts were proudly fixed on glory and ambition, alas! they were only directed to the appearance of the sea, which was a great deal more rough than suited my inclination. A thousand tales of shipwreck and suffering came vividly into my mind, and at every heave of the vessel I repented more and more intensely, that I had not long ago confessed my weakness, and enjoyed safety on dry land, even although it should be accompanied with contempt. But it was my fate, and I submitted. Besides my staff, there went out with me in the transport a large portion of the —th regiment of foot. For several days our voyage was smooth and easy. Even I had in some degree recovered my usual spirits, and everything seemed going on as favorably as we could wish. Towards evening, however, of the seventh day from our leaving the shores of England, a strange sail appeared at a considerable distance, and created some degree of alarm even among the hardy sailors. As night was closing in upon us fast, we were in hopes of avoiding her in the darkness; and, till the dawn again appeared, we made all the sail we could. By the first grey twilight of the morning, it was evident our hopes were fallacious. The ship had gained upon us in the night, and was crowding all her canvass to come up with us. A consultation was immediately held, and the master of our vessel candidly told us, that should our pursuer prove to be an enemy, resistance was perfectly fruitless, as it was clear she was a frigate of the very largest class. I sat in silence and consternation; several of my officers advised our defending ourselves to the last—my own desire was to surrender on the first summons, and so save the effusion of blood. The frigate now drew near, and firing a gun across our bows, showed French colors. We kept all sail up, and made the best of our way. My fear now got the upper hand of my discretion, and I said to the master of the transport, "Trust to me on this occasion; I and the soldiers will go below—it will save many lives; yield as soon as you can; but for any sake let us get quickly under hatches." As I said this I ordered my soldiers down below, and slunk as quickly into the hold as I possibly could, as I felt certain the next gun would be fired upon us in earnest. I lay below in utter darkness for I suppose an hour, my apprehensions increasing with every minute. After so considerable a lapse of time, as I heard no more firing, and had perceived a great bustle upon the deck, I concluded that we were fairly captured, and were pursuing our way to the enemy's coast. The heat where I lay was oppressive; many of my men were huddled together,



and there was beginning to be felt a great scarcity of fresh air. The hatches were down, but luckily not fixed. Unable any longer to bear the confinement, I said, "Now, my lads, let us get as quick as we can upon deck; if the enemy makes any show of violence, we'll assure them we're perfectly prepared to strike." These words, which I uttered in the most hopeless despondency, seemed to inspire my soldiers with the utmost courage. A universal shout was the only answer they vouchsafed, and in a moment the hatches were thrown up; several muskets were discharged—I heard the struggles of men upon the slippery deck, and ere I reached the scene of action, eight Frenchmen lay dead, and about twelve others were driven forward into the poop, and were crying for quarter with the most frantic exclamations. When I appeared there was a general hurra; and being half bewildered with the suddenness of the whole transaction, I ordered the firing immediately to cease, and assured the Frenchmen of their safety under my protection. The master, who had been confined in his cabin, now joined the group on deck, and assured me he had acted exactly according to my orders, though he could not have supposed so gallant an achievement would be the result of what he had done. Luckily none of our men were seriously hurt; and I heard an old sergeant, who had been near me in the hold, expatiating very warmly on my transcendent courage, and he concluded his panegyric by a compliment to my wit: "Dammee, says I to myself, says I, when we were all ordered below, what's young Thunderbolt [the soubriquet by which I was known in the ranks] arter now? Well, we lays down in that 'ere hole, and the General he never says nothin' at all, but sits as quiet and cool as if he were over a glass o' gin and water; thinks I to myself this here will never do by no means whatsomnever; but then, ye see, he says, says he at last, just as if he was goin' into no danger at all, says he, Dammee, says he, we'll show them there Frenchmen how us Britons can strike; and I think as how we has struck 'em, poor devils, sore enough."

We pursued our way without any further molestation, and arrived at our destination in time to disembark the same evening. As I was, of course, in the greatest haste to join the main army, I considered myself lucky in procuring a conveyance in the town at which we landed; and accompanied by a single aid-de-camp, I set off for the neighborhood of ———, in which our army was at that time encamped. Night came down upon us almost before we were aware; and just as we entered the range of mountains which skirts the province of ———, we were enveloped in total darkness. My companion, after several apologies for his drowsiness, resigned himself quietly to sleep. I was most anxious to follow his example, but I was aware the country was in a very lawless state, and my apprehensions of the brigands effectually drove off my slumbers. At every lurch in that execrable road, I feared it was some impediment thrown in our way, to enable the robbers to execute their purpose; and besides, my alarm was still more excited, as I knew it was no uncommon thing for the postillions themselves to be in league with the most ferocious of the banditti. Tormented with these thoughts, I had no refreshing sleep, yet the motion of the carriage, and the coolness of the night air, joined to the fatigue of a long voyage, threw me every now and then into a disturbed sort of slumber, from which ever and anon I started up, terrified by the most appalling dreams. At last the worst of my fears seemed to stand



a fair chance of being realized. The carriage all at once stood still, though it was now so dark that I could not see the cause of the delay. I heard, however, the tread of a horse, and in a moment after the window was let down, and some hard substance hit me a violent blow on the temple. Without premeditation, in the first natural effort of my fright, I laid firm hold of the assaulting object, and found it to be a pistol of enormous size, pointed directly to my head. With the eagerness of self-preservation, I turned it aside, and grasped with all the strength I could muster, the arm of the assailant. All this passed in silence. For myself I was too much agitated to speak, and the person who attacked us maintained an equal reserve. I could at last only summon breath enough to say to the postilion, "Drive on, or you may expect instant death;" and in a moment he put his horses into motion, while I still, rigidly but unconsciously, retained my hold of the arm of our antagonist. A groan, extorted from him by the agony of the first jerk, showed me that his arm was either very much strained, or perhaps broken, by coming in contact with the window of the carriage,—for I gave all my weight, and all my strength, which was at that time very remarkable, to retain my grasp. In order to ease his wounded limb as much as possible, he made his horse go close to our side; his groans at every tug were very distressing, and I doubt not if I had been my own master at the time, my compassion would have induced me to let him go. But with the instinct of self-protection, I kept him close prisoner in spite of his manifest sufferings. Day broke while we were yet in these relative positions, and my companion was still sound asleep. At length we arrived at a village in the occupation of our troops, and the morning *réveille* was just sounded as we drove up the narrow street. The robber was still by our side, his arm still convulsively clutched by me from within; and as the carriage drew up where a regiment had taken its station for parade, the astonishment of the soldiers was visibly depicted on their countenances at so unusual a sight. My aid-de-camp at this time awakened, and I think his astonishment was one of the most amusing exhibitions I had ever seen. In few words I related how it had occurred, and he immediately jumped out and secured the unfortunate and now completely subdued depredator. When it was ascertained in the ranks who I was, and the story, with many embellishments, found its way among the men, their manifestations of delight could scarcely be controlled. The man was soon recognized to be a brigand of astonishing reputation,—second only in atrocity and fame to the celebrated Polinario. Many parties had been sent after him in pursuit, but he had hitherto eluded their search, or even sometimes ventured on a daring and successful resistance. He was, therefore, an object of no common curiosity, and the odd manner of his capture added in no small degree to the feeling. His arm, I found, was broken; and the agony of the pain seemed to have entirely mastered his spirit, for he never even attempted to release himself, and seemed only happy if by yielding his arm freely to the motions of the carriage, he could prevent any addition to his pangs. I was sorry that dire necessity exacted his life, but the gibbet was a punishment his cruelty and lawlessness had richly earned—yet I was not altogether pleased with the noise my share in his capture made, as I was aware, among people of his class, it might incite his associates to revenge his loss upon the individual who caused it. However, it made me only the more strict in maintaining rigid discipline; and in a few months

after my arrival, I had brought the forces under my command to a state of military organization to which they had not previously been accustomed.

I need not engage your attention with a detail of my proceedings while I was attached to the grand army, and under the control of the supreme head. My fame then only increased as being a sharer of the laurels of the whole army ; it was only when placed in an independent command, that fortune wove a chaplet for my own peculiar brows. In the spring of the year 18—, whilst our glorious chief was pursuing his successes in the provinces of — and —, I was detached to the neighborhood of —, to watch the movements of the Duc de —. This, you are aware, was one of the most distinguished of the "sons of the empire." He had, it is true, been out-manceuvred on one occasion by his Grace, but you must know, as a military man, that the excellence of his dispositions, and the orderliness of his retreat, amply redeemed what he had lost in professional reputation. Against him I was sent with a large though mixed force ; and if even under the protection of the whole British army I felt tormented with almost unceasing terrors, you may guess what my feelings were on being given up to the fury of the Duc de — by myself. The feelings of Daniel on descending into the lion's den, if he had not been preternaturally endowed, must have borne a great resemblance to mine on undertaking this expedition. However, I submitted with my usual philosophy to what was unavoidable, and set out upon my march with "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," though a victim all the time to the most fearful forebodings, and startled at the shadows of coming evil. On arriving in the vicinity of the enemy, I made it my first business to strengthen my own position as much as possible. For this purpose I formed lines, on a smaller scale indeed, but as similar as I could to those of Torres Vedras. Secure in my entrenchments, or, when I did move out, always cautious to leave a certainty of a retreat into them once more, I watched the enemy with more comfort, and a greater feeling of security, than I had experienced for many years. The foe seemed to be as cautious as myself ; but my situation was infinitely to be preferred. I was well supplied with every sort of provision, my position was nearly impregnable, and the whole circumjacent country was commanded by the disposition of my troops. From day to day my courage waxed higher and higher, till at last, on seeing the enemy so long quiescent, I made no doubt that pusillanimity was the cause of their repose, and rejoiced, with a joy which I find it impossible to describe, that the Duc de — was as great a coward as myself. Full of these hopes, I now on several occasions ventured beyond my lines to reconnoitre. But even at those times I did not by any means trust myself with few attendants. I was generally accompanied by a large staff, and had my movements covered by several thousands of the troops. The enemy, on my first presenting myself in this manner, made demonstrations of an active attack, upon which I immediately withdrew to my entrenchments, and was thankful I had for that time effected my escape. But when for several days I had repeated the same operation, they no longer showed any symptoms of opposition, but allowed me in peace and safety to go along the whole extent of their line, and did not seem to be incommoded by the movements of so considerable a force. When I had gone on in this manner for nearly three weeks, (for I was delighted with the courage I had at last been enabled to as-

sume,) things quite unexpectedly took a very different turn. A regiment of British cavalry, the Irish brigade, and a regiment of Caçadores, were the party appointed to cover my progress. They staid, of course, at a considerable distance from my staff, but somewhat closer to the enemy, in order to intercept any force which might be sent against us. The enemy, I was surprised to see, had changed the disposition of his troops. He had drawn them closer to the hill on which my camp was placed, and formed them into a semicircle round its base. Accordingly, on reaching the end of their line, I found myself alarmingly near to the outposts of their right wing, and hastily turned my horse, in order to retire to my entrenchments. But, skirting the hill at a fearful pace, and making rapidly for the place where I stood, I saw a large body of the enemy's cavalry. In an instant I put spurs to my horse, and flew like the wind. I waved my hat for my escort to come to my assistance, and began utterly to despair, as I saw but small prospect of escape. At last I joined the forces which were hurrying to my aid, and still in terror and hopelessness urged my horse at the very top of his speed. The cavalry dashed after me with the wildest impetuosity—and ere I could check my horse, he had breasted the hill, and we rushed, like a torrent of sword and plume, into the totally unprepared masses of the enemy's left wing. A prodigious slaughter immediately took place; I shut my eyes to the horrid sights I saw everywhere around me, and as I had no hopes of ever finding my way out of the *melée*, unless supported by the whole army, I sent an *aid-de-camp* to the second in command, and ordered an immediate charge of the whole line. Down the gentle declivity of that hill rushed three-and-twenty thousand men, in double quick time,—I heard a tremendous volley, followed by a still more awful shout, and nature reeled before me. I saw no more, and sank in a delirium of fear and horror, quite insensible, upon the ground. The victory was by far the most complete that had been gained during the whole war—there were 8000 men killed, and 15,000 prisoners, besides an immense quantity of military stores. But the consequences of the battle were still more important. The enemy abandoned the whole province, and the impregnable fortress of — immediately surrendered. I rejoiced, on recovering my senses, to find I had been wounded. I was shot through the arm, and the horse I rode was killed by a bayonet stab.

The whole glory of the victory was attributed to me. The plan of inducing the enemy to strengthen his right wing, and then leading the attack so instantaneously upon his weakened left, was considered one of the most illustrious incidents in the art of war; and I have blushed over and over again to hear it compared in intricacy of plot, and brilliancy of execution, to the Duke of Malborough's celebrated passage of the causeway of Arleux, in which he outwitted the great Marshal Villars. The honors that were heaped upon me were quite overpowering. I received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box. The gratitude of the Spanish nation knew no bounds. I was the theme of many of their songs; I was called in some of their ballads only inferior to the Cid; and in honor of me, by a delicate compliment of that highly chivalrous nation, a Pumpkin became a favorite dish at the tables of the highest of their nobility. In the meantime, my wound gave me no small inconvenience; some of the minor nerves were lacerated, and afflicted me with intolerable pain. This, joined to the con-

tinuance of my fears, (for every new success seemed only to make me more timorous and apprehensive,) preyed seriously upon my health. His Grace wrote me a letter with his own hand, thanking me for the assistance I had rendered him, and complimenting me on the ability I had displayed. This I perhaps prized more than any of the other honors; but alas! what right can I advance to all these praises? Many a more courageous man than I am, I was well convinced, had been shot for the basest cowardice,—and yet!—I have really suffered more from the goadings of my conscience, and the reproaches of my own heart, at my paltriness in remaining silent under so much unmerited eulogium, than I should have undergone had I boldly stated the truth, and consigned myself to infamy and security at once. Even now, however, it is not too late, and I find my heart relieved of an intolerable burden even by the confession I have now made to you.

But to proceed. The state of my health necessitated my return to England. I gave up my command, I may safely say, with far more pleasure than I had assumed it, and set out with great satisfaction on my homeward way. It was now the beginning of winter. The wind blew most tempestuously when I arrived upon the coast. This circumstance, added to the weakening effects of my wound, reduced me to a lower point of pusillanimity than I ever remember to have reached. In fact, I was totally unmanned, and thought my only plan to avoid observation in going from the little boat on board the transport, was to affect an utter insensibility, from the painfulness of my arm. I lay at the bottom of the boat, totally absorbed in the contemplation of my danger, and, luckily, without any very manifest display of my cowardice, I got hoisted up on the deck of the transport; and although even she was tossed with fearful violence, I considered myself to be now in a place of comparative safety. I found myself unable to stand the atmosphere below; so with cloaks and other appliances, I made a sort of couch upon the deck, and lay down upon it, overcome partly by my state of health, and partly by my fears. Opposite to me was laid another sufferer, though I was at first so occupied with my own wants, that I had no great time or inclination to scrutinize his features attentively; but even in the cursory glance I gave him, there was something in his appearance which reminded me of some one I had seen before. But he seemed so wasted by disease, that even if I had been intimately acquainted, I know I should have found it difficult to recognize him. For the first two days I thought he was quite deserted, but on the morning of the third, a beautiful little boy, about six or seven years of age, came up from below, where he had been detained by sickness, and watched his couch with the most tender affection. The weather had now in some degree moderated, though the swell, to one unaccustomed to the sea, was still very unpleasant. I got up and moved about a little, and entered into conversation with the little boy who had attracted my observation. His father I did not disturb, as he looked so languid I was afraid he might be harassed and incommoded if I addressed him. I sat on the taffril and spoke to the little boy, who with all the wildness and fearlessness of youth, rejoiced in rambling and climbing all over the ship. My rank made no impression on him. He sat upon my knee, and admired my dress with the most confiding innocence; and I was delighted to encourage his familiarity. One morning as I leant over the side in a violent qualm of sea-sickness, the little boy was amusing himself by climbing up one of the ropes

which hung directly above where I stood. I cautioned him two or three times of the danger of his sport, but he still persisted in going, by his hands alone, as high up the rope as he could. I heard a slight scream, and the next moment was overwhelmed with a great weight, and was instantly overbalanced and driven into the sea. I have no recollection of anything more, except a strange thundering sound in my ears, and the flashing of red lights in my eyes. A boat was instantaneously put down, and I was picked up quite insensible; the boy, also, who had caused the catastrophe by losing his hold and falling on my head, was saved from his perilous situation, and we were conveyed on board after our safety had been despaired of. When I came perfectly to myself, I found the invalid had been carried across the ship to the side of my couch, and there he lay with the intent eyes of earnest affection watching for my recovery. His boy was lying sound asleep in his arms. He said, when I opened my eyes—"This is the second time, General, I have been indebted to you more than I shall ever be able to repay—first,—for I see you do not in these wasted features recognize a friend of your youth,—when you saved me in the bathing-ground at —, when you were a simple ensign, and I, what I am now—a poor lieutenant."

"Jack Wharton!" I said, in astonishment.

"The same—No one has rejoiced more in your rapid and brilliant progress than I have, though my own, I grieve to say, has been very different. But now this second time you have saved my boy, my poor little Frederick, and Jack Wharton can only thank you with his tears."

And poor Wharton wept like a child. I said nothing to all this, for I knew even if I told him the truth, that my precipitation into the water was by no means voluntary, he would not have given credit to the statement; so I was forced passively to submit to the admiration of the whole crew for the heroism of the achievement, when the fact was that the child himself had knocked me over the side, and nearly been the cause of my death. My friend's had been the usual fate of military men—he had stood all the dangers of several campaigns, and had risen no higher than lieutenant; I am happy, however, to say I had it in my power to be of essential service to him afterwards, and to-morrow, I believe, I shall have the honor of introducing you to Colonel Wharton. I may conclude the story of my professional progress by informing you that in a short period after my arrival, I was advanced to the highest step in the army save one, and that my sovereign was graciously pleased to confer on me the honor of a baronetcy, and the knighthood of the Bath, and that Parliament voted me money to purchase an estate, and settled two thousand a-year on my lineal representative for three generations.

This, sir, from the story you have heard, will afford you ground for moralizing. Here am I, a man of no strength of mind, a man of no personal courage, celebrated from one end of the kingdom to the other for the possession, in a peculiar degree, of both these qualities. I have risen to the summit of a soldier's ambition, and to the eye of philosophy I present as interesting a subject of contemplation as would be the elevation to the seals, of a lawyer ignorant beyond measure of the law, or the translation to such a see as Winchester, of a clergyman unendowed with either learning, or piety, or talents. That such an event never occurred in any profession but my own, I would fain hope; but I trust that, while I thus unburden myself of a secret which has prey-

ed on my conscience for many years, you will allow that, poor and contemptible as my conduct has in reality been, I never added to my baseness by arrogance and pride. You now, I feel convinced, look on me with loathing and abhorrence ; but, believe me, that whatever *your* feelings may be, mine are a thousand times more humiliating, a thousand times more bitter !

Here the General paused, and laid his head upon his hand—for my own part I did not know what to do. I did not at first believe a single word of what he had said about his want of courage ; but as he proceeded in his story, I began to think he could scarcely mean all that long rigmarole for a hoax, and accordingly I felt it impossible to offer him the slightest consolation. Whilst I was hesitating what to say, for the unfortunate General was now sobbing convulsively in the bitterness of his self-upbraiding, we were startled by the most horrid shrieks I ever heard, and above the clamor which immediately arose, we heard the cries of “ fire ! fire ! ” and then the wildest ejaculations of “ help ! help ! save us ! save us ! ” I darted with the speed of lightning to the door, but the whole passage was filled with smoke ; I, however, as the only chance of escape, (after telling the General, who sat still, lost apparently in grief, that no time was to be lost,) sprang down the already blazing staircase, and providentially arrived safe. The heat and agitation, however, had been too much for me, and I sank in a swoon upon the grass the moment I reached the lawn. When I recovered my senses, the fire had made the most alarming progress. It burst in vivid wreaths out of almost all the windows, and the smoke, thickly eddyng round the whole building, hid all the portions of it which were not actually in a blaze. The servants, and many country people from the neighboring village, gazed at the progress of the devouring element in helpless consternation and dismay. Many of them were in tears, and I heard them uttering the most heart-rending lamentations over the inevitable fate of their mistress. She had retired to her couch at an early hour, and the flames now totally enveloped the suite of apartments which she had occupied. I made several attempts to dash through the flames, and save the unfortunate lady—and also had no doubt the General would be overcome by his terrors, and be incapacitated from escape. In the midst of these vain and impotent endeavors, we saw some dark object moving along the corridor. It proceeded quietly and sedately, whatever it was ; and the superstitious peasantry began to give all up for lost, when they saw what they considered the demon of fire himself so deliberately taking his path amidst the flames. I, however, caught a single glimpse, which satisfied me it was the General ; and I now in truth believed that his fears had turned his brain, and that he threw himself in his delirium upon certain death. We traced him, however, as he passed each window, and at last saw him dive suddenly into the hottest of the fire, and, to our amazement, emerge in the anteroom of her ladyship’s bedchamber. We could even, above the roaring of the flames, hear a scream of delight ; and in another instant, again we traced the figure pursuing its fiery way with a burden in its arms, and a shout of hope and exultation among the spectators could no longer be restrained. The walls themselves began to crack and totter in many places, and several of the floors had already given way, yet, apparently undismayed, the figure flitted across each successive window of the corridor, and by some



means or other came down the blazing staircase uninjured. I saw, to my delight and amazement, it was indeed the General, with the still beautiful and fascinating Lady Annabella closely clinging to his neck. I rushed to him in a moment, and offered him my assistance, but he was apparently as calm and collected as he had appeared that very day at the head of his own table. Her ladyship, too, recovered herself very soon, and related her escape with the fondest acknowledgments of her husband's matchless intrepidity. To all that she said he made no answer whatsoever; he seemed, indeed, scarcely to listen to what she was saying; but after she had been given over to the care of her maids, he took me aside, and told me, that in a state of the greatest agitation he walked along the corridor, in hopes of finding his way down the back stairs which communicated with the garden. He found the door locked, and entered Lady Annabella's room, with the intention of leaping out of her window; but she sprang upon him, and seized him round the neck—and then his apprehension rose to such a pitch that he lost all command of himself, and how he found his way into the open air, he was altogether unable to guess. After giving me this account, he slept quietly away from the bustle, and left me musing on what a confoundedly useful sort of cowardice it was, which enabled the man always to be terrified at the right time; and the sum of my musing was this,—that it will be a pretty considerable particular long time before all my courage, and dashing, and intrepidity, will raise me to be a General of Division, with a splendid fortune—a baronetcy—and two thousand a-year settled on my lineal representative for three generations. So much better is it, as Solomon or some other person has said in his proverbs, to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth than a wooden ladle.

WISHES.—BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

SAY, what should be thy *first* wish, if a Fairy said to Thee  
 "Now ask a boon—I'll grant it—whatever it may be;"—  
 The first wish of thy heart, I think, may easily be told;  
 Confide in me, deny it not, thy wish would be for gold.

Oh no! thou art mistaken; *that* should not be the boon,  
*My* thirst for this world's lucre is ever sated soon;  
 The only gold *I* prize, is such, as Industry hath bought,  
 And gold like that, from Fairy hands, would fruitlessly be sought.

Then say, what would thy *first* wish be! Ambition's laurel'd name?  
 The pride of Popularity? the Pinnacle of Fame?  
 The pamper'd board of luxury, where crowds of menials wait?  
 Thy *second* wish will still be Gold, to furnish forth thy state.

Ah no!—the days are long gone by, when *such* had been my choice,  
 I ask not FAME—far more I prize the self-approving voice:  
 My *first* wish should not be for Fame, my *second* not for Gold,  
 But, listen to me patiently, my wishes shall be told.

Oh! give me but a happy home, to share with her I love,  
 Oh! let me from *her* path of life each anxious care remove!  
 And like the sweet days of the past, "may we have days in store;"  
 Oh, give me this, and only this, I'll never ask for more.



## THE SLEEPLESS WOMAN.\*

BY WILLIAM JERDAN, ESQ.

[THE CLUB-BOOK.]—Heavily set in massive brass, whose rich and ingenious carving was tarnished and dull, a ponderous lamp swung from a ceiling blackened by its smoke. Everything in the room spoke of time, but of time that had known no change. Knights, whose armor was, at the latest, of two centuries back—ladies, in dresses, from which their descendants started in dismay—looked out from the discolored tapestry; and the floor, dark with age, added to the gloom. Beside the hearth, whose fire, from the rain beating down the huge chimney, burnt every moment dimmer, sat two old domestics. The man in a scarlet gown, and a belt, from which hung a heavy bunch of keys, was the seneschal; and opposite was his wife, in a brown silk dress, and a string of ebony beads, which she was busily employed in counting. Between them was a small antique oak table, where a flask and two bell-mouthed glasses appeared temptations which, it must be owned, somewhat interrupted the telling of the beads. In the centre of the chamber stood an immense hearse-like bed; the purple velvet curtains swept to the ground, and at each corner drooped a large plume of black ostrich feathers. On this bed lay a little withered old man, apparently in the last extremity of age, and very close upon the border of death. His spare form was hidden in an ample black robe, fastened round the waist with a white girdle, on which were graven strange characters in red; and on his breast was a white square, covered with stars and signs wrought in gold. The old man's face was ghastly pale, and rendered yet paler by the contrast of his black skull-cap, which was drawn down even to his grey and shagged eyebrows. But the features were restless; and the small keen eyes, though fast losing their brightness, were full of anxiety. The wind shook the tall narrow windows, and howled in the old trees of the avenue; at every fresh gust, the baron's impatience seemed to increase—for what we are telling relates to the Baron de Launaye. "Tis a rough night," muttered he; "but Adolphe is as rough a rider—and a dangerous road; but I am the first De Launaye who ever drew bridle for that. And then my summons—it was sure to reach him; ay, though alone, in the midnight bower of the mistress whose name and his suspicion had never coupled together even in a dream—even though consciousness were drowned in the crimson flowing of the wine—though sleeping as men sleep after battle, pillowed on the body of their deadliest enemy, or of their nearest and dearest friend—my summons would be borne on his inmost soul. But will he come at the bidding of his dying uncle?—will Adolphe, he, the only human being I ever loved—will he or will he not come?" The question was answered even at the moment it was breathed. The horn at the castle-gate was blown impatiently—the fall of the drawbridge was heard—a moment's pause, and a light foot sprang up the oaken staircase with all the speed of haste and youth. The door opened, and in rushed a young cavalier. The white plumes of his cap were drenched with wet—the diamond clasp that fastened them was dim with damp—but his bright auburn hair

\*The Club-Book: being original Tales, &c. Edited by the Author of "The Dominic's Legacy." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

glistened with the rain-drops. Hastily flinging his riding cloak, heavy with moisture, to the ground, the stranger sprang to the bedside. A gleam of human love, of human joy, passed over the old man's face, as, tenderly and gently, his nephew asked of his tidings, and expressed such hopes as affection hopes when hope there is none. "Child of my love," murmured the dying baron, "for whose sake only I have ever given one thought to the things of earth, bear yet a moment with the feeble wretch who but a brief while will stand between you and the title of your ancestors and wealth. Many a prince of your mother's house would think his kingdom overpaid if purchased by its half. You are young—I never was—my heart, even in boyhood, was old with premature knowledge. You have that beauty, the want of which has made my life a curse—you have that strength of body, the want of which has paralyzed my strength of mind. I have doubted if happiness dwells on this evil earth—I will not doubt when I hope for yours. You will hear me called necromancer : out on the base fools who malign that which they understand not, and would bring down the lofty aim of science, the glorious dream of virtue, to their own low level ! You will hear me called miser : Adolphe, have you ever found me so ?" "My father—my more than father !" passionately exclaimed the young man, hiding his face on the pillow, as if ashamed of the violence of mortal grief, in the presence of one so soon to be immortal. "Adolphe," continued his uncle, "you have heard, though not from me—for I sought not to weigh down your ardent mind with all that has pressed upon me with the burden of hopelessness, and long has the knowledge been mine—that the fetters of clay are too heavy for the spirit. Your young hand was fitter for the lance than the crucible ; and the bridle-rein would have been ill exchanged for the lettered scroll. But something I know of that future, into which even the sage can look but dimly. Adolphe, the only question I asked was for thee ! Alas ! the vanity of such wisdom ! It has told of danger that menaces, but not of the skill that avoids. My child, evil came into the world with woman, and in her is bound up the evil of your destiny. Vain as the glance they throw on the polished steel of their mirror—false as the vow they make for the pleasure of breaking—inconstant as the wind, which changes from point to point, and for whose change no philosophy hath ever discovered a cause :—shun them, Adolphe, as you would disloyalty to your king, flight from your enemy, or falsehood to your friend." The old man's voice became inaudible, and his head sank on Adolphe's shoulder :—"Margarita, water—or, Jacques, give me the wine." The youth tried to pour a few drops into the baron's mouth. The dying man motioned back the glass, and, looking in the cavalier's face with a strong expression of affection and anxiety, muttered something of "woman," and "danger,"—"bright," "eyes," "bright," "beware"—these were his last broken words. He expired. Contrary to the charitable expectations of his neighbors, the Baron de Launaye was buried with all the rites of the church ; the holy water was sprinkled on the corse, and the holy psalm sung over the coffin. A marble tablet marked his grave ; and there the moonlight slept as lovingly as ever it did on the sinless tomb of saint or martyr. The new Baron de Launaye lamented his uncle's death in a very singular manner, for he was his heir—and the young and the rich have not much time for regret. But Adolphe (he was remarkable from a child for his memory) could not forget the kindness—and more than kindness—

the love that his uncle had lavished on the little orphan, who noble and penniless at the age of five years, was left dependent on his bounty. However, sorrow cannot—indeed nothing in this world can—last forever. Adolphe's grief became first only sad; next, melancholy; thirdly, calm; and, fourthly, settled down into a respectful remembrance, and a resolve to bear his uncle's last words in mind. Indeed, the muttered, vague, and uncertain prediction, quite haunted him. "I am sure," said he, in one of his many pondering moods, "I am sure my past experience confirms his words. I never got into a scrape but a woman was the cause. I had been in my outset at court, page to the Duke Forté d'Imhault, and gone with him on that splendid embassy to Russia, had he not been displeased with my awkwardness in fastening the duchess's sandal." And he laughed as he said this: who in the world could guess why the loss of his appointment should make the young baron laugh! "And then, who caused the duel between me and my Pylades, the Marquess de Lusignam, but that little jilt, *Mdlle. Laure*? However, my sword only grazed his arm: he wore an exquisite blue silk scarf, and we were better friends than ever. Oh, my uncle was right: women were born to be our torment." Still was this conviction impressed on his mind like a duty. Yet he could not help thinking that a few bright eyes would light up the old hall better than the huge brazen lamps which now served to make darkness visible. From thinking of the pleasantness of such an illumination, he began to think of its difficulties; and the difficulties of the project soon referred only to the place. One thought suggests another; and from thinking how many obstacles opposed the introduction of bright eyes and sweet smiles into the castle, he arrived at the conclusion, how easily they were to be obtained in other parts. To say the truth, Paris became daily more familiar to his mind's eye; and, as he justly observed, staying at the dull old castle could do his uncle no good, and he was quite sure it did himself none. Now, in spite of philanthropy, people are not so very fond of doing good gratuitously; but, to be sure, such doctrines were not so much discussed in those days as they are in ours, though the practice was about the same. Sometimes he argued with himself, "it is as well to be out of harm's way;"—and the prediction and a cold shudder came together. But we are ready enough to dare the danger we do not know; and though a few years of Parisian life had placed the nephew's early on a level with the uncle's late experience, touching the evil inherent in womanhood, nevertheless Adolphe supposed their bad qualities might be borne, at all events, better than the dulness of the *château de Launaye*. One day riding with his bridle on his horse's neck, meditating whether his next ride should not be direct to Paris, a most uncommon spectacle in that unfrequented part of the country attracted his attention. This was a large lumbering coach, drawn by six horses, whose rich harness and housings bore the crest in gold—a lynx rampant. A very natural curiosity, (by the bye, all curiosity is natural enough,) made him look in at the window. Was there ever a face half so beautiful as that of the girl who, like himself, attracted by natural curiosity, looked out as he looked in? The black silk wimple was drawn over her head, but allowed a very red upper lip—an exquisite Grecian nose—and a most brilliant pair of eyes, to be seen. Our young cavalier sat as if he had been stupified. This is a very common effect of love at first. It goes off, however,—so it did with Adolphe. His first act on recovering his

senses was to gallop after the coach. He spurred on, and caught a second glance of the most radiant orbs that ever revolved in light. Large, soft, clear, and hazel, as those of a robin—they were bright and piercing as those of a falcon. Certainly De Launaye had never seen such eyes before, or at least none that ever took such an effect upon him. He ate no dinner that day—walked by moonlight on the terrace—and the only thing which excited his attention was the seneschal's information, that the Marquise de Surville and her granddaughter were come to stay for some months at their château. "They could not have done that in the late baron's time—the Lord be good unto his soul!" And the old man forthwith commenced the history of some mysterious feud between the two families, in which the deceased Baron Godfred had finally remained victor. To this tedious narrative of ancient enmities, Adolphe was little inclined to listen. "A name and an estate are all our ancestors have a right to leave behind them. The saints preserve us from a legacy of their foes! Nothing could be worse,—except their friends." The next morning the baron arranged his suit of sables with unusual care, though it must be confessed he always took care enough. "Pray Heaven the Marquise may be of my way of thinking respecting the quarrels of our forefathers! Some old ladies have terrible memories," were Adolphe's uppermost ideas as he rode over the draw-bridge at the Château de Surville, which had been promptly lowered to his summons—their only neighbor, he had thought it but courteous to pay his personal respects. How much more cheerful did the saloon, with its hangings of sea-green silk, worked in gold, seem than his own hall, encumbered with the dusty trophies of his ancestors. To be sure, the young baron was not at that moment a very fair judge; for the first thing that met him on his entrance was a glance from the same pair of large bright eyes which had been haunting him for the last four-and-twenty hours. The grandmother was as stern a looking old gentlewoman as ever had knights in armor for ancestors: still, her eyes, also bright, clear, and piercing, somewhat resembled those of her grand-daughter. On the rest of her face time had wrought "strange disfigurements." She was silent; and, after the first compliments, resumed the volume she had been reading on the baron's appearance. It was a small book, bound in black velvet, with gold clasps, richly wrought. Adolphe took it for granted it was her Breviary; and inwardly concluded how respectable is that piety in an old woman which leaves the young one under her charge quite at liberty! The visiter's whole attention was soon devoted to the oriel window where sat the beautiful Clotilde de Surville. The Baron de Launaye piqued himself on fastidious taste in women and horses; he had had some experience in both. But Clotilde was faultless; there she leant, with the splendor of day full upon her face; it fell upon her pure complexion like joy upon the heart; and the sunbeams glittered amid the thick ringlets till every curl was edged with gold. Her dress alone seemed capable of improvement; but it is as well to leave something to the imagination, and there was ample food for Adolphe's, in picturing the change that would be wrought upon Clotilde by a Parisian milliner. "This comes," thought he, "of being brought up in an old German castle." For very shame he at last rose; when, with a grim change of countenance, meant for a smile, the Marquise asked him to stay at dinner. It is a remark not the less true for being old, (though now-a-days

opinions are all on the change,) that love-making is a thing "to hear, and not to tell." We shall therefore leave the progress of the wooing, and come to the *dénouement*, which was the most proper possible, viz. marriage. Adolphe had been the most devoted of lovers, and Clotilde had given him a great deal of modest encouragement; that is, her bright eyes had often wandered in search of his, and the moment they had found them, had dropt to the ground; and whenever he entered the room, a blush had come into her cheek, like the light into the pearl, filling it with the sweet hues of the rose. Never did love-affair proceed more prosperously. The old seneschal was the only person who grumbled. He begged leave to remind the young baron, that it was not showing proper respect to his ancestors not to take up their quarrels. "But things are altered since the days when lances were attached to every legacy," returned Adolphe. "We are altering everything now-a-days," replied the old man; "I don't see, however, that we are a bit the better off." "I, at all events, expect happiness," replied his master, "in this change of my condition." "Ay, ay, so we all do before we are married: what we find after, there is no use in saying, for two reasons; first, you would not believe me; secondly, my wife might hear what I'm telling." "Ah!" exclaimed the young baron, "the caution that marriage teaches! If it were only for the prudence that I should acquire, it would be worth my while to marry." "Alas! rashness never yet wanted a reason. My poor young master! the old Marquise and her dark-eyed grand-daughter have taken you in completely." "Taken me in!" ejaculated De Launaye, angrily; "why you old fool, were this a mere match of interest, I might thank my stars for such a lucky chance. Young, beautiful, high-born, and rich, Clotilde has but to appear at the court, and insure a much higher alliance than mine. What motive could they have?" "I do not know; but when I don't know people's motives, I always suppose the worst," replied the obstinate dominique. "Charitable!" laughed his master. "And besides," resumed the seneschal, "the old Marquise plagued her husband into the grave; and I dare say her grand-daughter means to do as much for you." "A novel reason, at all events, for taking a husband," said De Launaye, "in order that you may plague him to death afterwards."

Well, the wedding-day arrived at last. De Launaye could have found some fault with his bride's costume, but for her face. There was a stiffness in the rigid white satin, and the ruff was at least too high—indeed, he did not see any necessity for the ruff at all; they had been quite out, some years, at Paris. However, he said nothing, remembering that a former hint on the subject of dress had not been so successful as its merits deserved. He had insinuated, and that in a compliment too, a little lowering of the ruff before, as a mere act of justice to the ivory throat, when Clotilde had rejoined, answering in a tone which before marriage was gentle reproof (a few months after, it would have sounded like reproach), that she hoped "the Baron de Launaye would prefer propriety in his wife to display." The sense of the speech was forgotten in its sentiment; a very usual occurrence, by the bye. However, the bride looked most beautiful; her clear, dark eyes swam in light—the liquid brilliancy of happiness—the brightness, but not the sadness, of tears. The ceremony was over, the priest and the marquise had given their blessings; the latter also added some excellent advice, which was not listened to with all the attention it

deserved. The young couple went to their own castle in a new and huge coach, every one of whose six horses wore white and silver favors. Neighbors they had none, but a grand feast was given to the domestics; and dominique, at his master's express orders, broached a pipe of Bourdeaux. "I can't make my vassals," said De Launaye, "as happy as myself; but I can make them drunk, and that is something towards it." The day darkened into night; and here, according to all regular precedents in romance, hero and heroine ought to be left to themselves; but there never yet was a rule without an exception. However, to infringe upon established custom as little as possible, we will enter into no details of how pretty the bride looked in her nightcap, but proceed forthwith to the baron's first sleep. He dreamt that the sun suddenly shone into his chamber. Dazzled by the glare, he awoke, and found the bright eyes of his bride gazing tenderly on his face. Weary as he was, still he remembered how uncourteous it would be to lie sleeping while she was so wide awake; and he forthwith roused himself as well as he could. Many persons say they can't sleep in a strange bed; perhaps this might be the case with his bride: and in new situations people should have all possible allowance made for them. They rose early the following morning, the baroness bright-eyed and blooming as usual, the baron pale and *abattu*. They wandered through the castle: De Launaye told of his uncle's prediction. "How careful I must be of you!" said the bride, smiling: "I shall be quite jealous." Night came, and again Adolphe was wakened from his first sleep by Clotilde's bright eyes. The third night arrived, and human nature could bear no more. "Good God, my dearest!" exclaimed the husband, "do you never sleep?" "Sleep!" replied Clotilde, opening her large bright eyes, till they were even twice their usual size and brightness. "Sleep!—one of my noble race, sleep? I never slept in my life." "She never sleeps!" ejaculated the baron, sinking back on his pillow in horror and exhaustion. It had been settled that the young couple should forthwith visit Paris—thither they at once proceeded. The beauty of the baroness produced a most marvellous sensation, even in that city of sensations. Nothing was heard for a week but the enchanting eyes of the Baroness de Launaye—a diamond necklace of a new pattern was invented in her honor, and called *aux beaux yeux de Clotilde*. "Those eyes," said a prince of the blood, whose taste in such matters had been cultivated by some years of continual practice, "those eyes of Mde. de Launaye will rob many of our young gallants of their rest." "Very true," briefly replied her husband. Well, the baroness shone like a meteor in every scene, while the baron accompanied her, the spectre of his former self. Sallow, emaciated, everybody said he was going into a consumption. Still, it was quite delightful to witness the devotedness of his wife—she could scarcely bear him a moment out of her sight. At length they left Paris, accompanied by a gay party, for their château. But brilliant as were these guests, nothing distracted the baroness's attention from her husband, whose declining health became every hour more alarming. One day, however, the young Chevalier de Ronsarde—he, the conqueror of a thousand hearts—the besieger of a thousand more—whose conversation was that happy mixture of flattery and scandal which is the *beau idéal* of dialogue,—engrossed Mde. de Launaye's attention; and her husband took the opportunity of slipping away unobserved. He hastened away into a gloomy avenue—the cedars, black



with time and age, met like night, overhead, and far and dark did their shadows fall on the still and deep lake beside. Worn, haggard, with a timorous and hurried, yet light step, the young baron might have been taken for one of his own ancestors, permitted for a brief period to revisit his home on earth, but invested with the ghastliness and the gloom of the grave. "She never sleeps!" exclaimed the miserable Adolphe—"she never sleeps! day and night her large bright eyes eat like fire into my heart." He paused, and rested for support against the trunk of one of the old cedars. "Oh, my uncle, why did not your prophecy, when it warned me against danger, tell me distinctly in what the danger consisted? To have a wife that never sleeps! Dark and quiet lake, how I envy the stillness of your depths—the shadows which rest upon your waves!" At this moment a breath of wind blew a branch aside—a sunbeam fell upon the baron's face; he took it for the eyes of his wife. Alas! his remedy lay temptingly before him—the still, the profound, the shadowy lake. De Launaye took one plunge—it was into eternity. Two days he was missing—the third his lifeless body floated on the heavy waters. The Baron de Launaye had committed suicide, and the bright-eyed baroness was left a disconsolate widow. Such is the tale recorded in the annals of the house of De Launaye. Some believe it entirely, justly observing, there is nothing too extraordinary to happen. Others (for there always will be people who affect to be wiser than their neighbors) say that the story is an ingenious allegory—and that the real secret of the Sleepless Lady was jealousy. Now, if a jealous wife can't drive a man out of his mind and into a lake, we do not know what can!

Had we written this story, we should certainly have made it end very differently; but we dare say the author was obliged to finish it as his employers dictated,—one of the miseries of a corrupt and servile press. Had Adolphe returned with the proper spirit of a husband, and, justly exercising his martial authority, forced his wife to shut her eyes, there would have been a good moral to command our eulogium: as it is, we fear the tale can only operate as an encouragement to women to keep their eyes open to the doings of the other sex, to pry into their most private actions with unceasing watchfulness, and to drive them heaven knows into what, by a "sleepless" supervision, not to be borne even by the most innocent and most loving.

## TO MADALINA.

[THE METROPOLITAN.]

I KNEW thee as a little child,  
 When danced upon thy mother's knee,  
 With laughing eye and features mild,  
 And ever pleased when kiss'd by me:  
 But now grown up, a woman now,  
 And passing Life in Fashion's blaze,  
 Say will you greet my humble bow  
 With all the warmth of early days?

Or can the cold and selfish world  
 The retrospects of Life efface—  
 The cottage neat, the smoke which curl'd,  
 The clarn, the verdure of the place,



Where oft we play'd on Summer's eve,  
 Sporting along the well-mow'd green,  
 Or ran a prisoner to retrieve,  
 Whilst shouts and laughter cheer'd the scene ?

Lady, these hours for aye are gone,  
 Our days of youth and joy are past,  
 And each new year but rolls along  
 To that which soon must be our last !—  
 Our early friendship, early joy,  
 Moments affectionate and dear,  
 The rules of life too soon destroy,  
 And leave a barren desert here :—

The kind emotions of the heart,  
 The ready sigh for scenes of grief,  
 Affection's tear prepared to start,  
 As virtue's hand would grant relief—  
 All lost with youth !—or what remains  
 Is ruled by fashion's sovereign sway,  
 Unheeded Poverty complains,  
 And Friendship flits in forms away.

Young love is barter'd now for gold,  
 And riches are the boast of life ;  
 E'en beauty's charms are bought and sold,  
 To be declared by name—a wife :—  
 But where is mutual fondness found,  
 The love remember'd but in song ?  
 Where does affection most abound ?  
 To whom does gratitude belong ?

How changed—how flown our years of mirth,  
 Those joys unmix'd with care or woe,  
 When Hope would start to instant birth,  
 As Pleasure cheer'd this scene below !  
 Well, since our joys are pass'd and gone,  
 Since life appears in constant gloom,  
 Soon may the cold sepulchral stone  
 Record my end—and mark my tomb !

## SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—"Sir Charles Wetherell is the oddest and honestest man at the English Bar." This is not mine, most kind and indulgent reader, but the chances are a hundred to one that you have never seen it before, and, as I could think of nothing half so good by way of introduction to the subject of our sketch, I hope you will be content. Should, however, your passion for *originality* be so great that you cannot be satisfied with anything else, and should you be a person of agreeable conversation—which I do not in the least doubt, but put it hypothetically through a habit of caution, merely—come down with me any fine morning to the Court of Chancery, and I shall have much

pleasure in showing you the greatest "original" you ever saw in your life in the person of the learned knight, of whom at present it is our hint to speak.

I knew a sour cynical fellow, who used to say to me that Sir Charles Wetherell ought to study the mathematics, and when I asked him why, he would reply, "because Lord Bacon tells us, if a man's wits be wandering let him study the mathematics." But he who spake thus could not taste the humor of the man, which is merely eccentric, and errs no farther from the strictness of the matter in hand, than the peculiarity of his style occasions, still keeping steadily in view the object which he has to accomplish. The current of his discourse—his "*torrens dicendi copia*"—resembles the course of some river, which now roars along in foaming violence, and now disports itself in eccentric windings; here reflects in its clear bosom the turrets of some antique castle, and there the sober shadows of classic groves; in one place rolls over the remains of Roman architecture, and in another carries an old woman's petticoat aloft upon its crested wave, but still finds its destined home at last in the sea, and is pleasanter the while to travel with, than any artificial aqueduct in the world, however direct and regular its course.

According to the ancient rule, I should here set forth the true parentage of the subject of our sketch, with the maiden name of his mother, and the date and place of his birth; but not happening to be learned in these particulars, and moreover being aware that the present fashion does not run high in favor of *historical* painting or sketching, I shall only tell you that his father was a learned man, principal of one of the Oxford Colleges, the friend of Johnson, as touching his fortunes prosperous, and who dying bequeathed a good name and a large fortune to his son Charles. I shall pass over the records of the youth's school days, for the same reason that they are often passed over in biographical notices; nor shall I dwell upon his college career, but the reader may depend upon it that he was called to the bar sometime between the year 1780 and 1810, and further that I first saw him in the year 1826, when he was already Sir Charles, and his Majesty's Solicitor General. One morning in the spring I sallied forth from my chambers in high good humor with myself, having read law for three consecutive hours without yawning much, and brimfull of Blackstone and anticipation of the glories of the wig and gown, I hied me through the rural precincts of Chancery Lane to Lincoln's Inn, where the Chancery Court was sitting, in order to gather inspiration from the learned yet good-humored aspect of that profound sage of the law, Lord Eldon, who then occupied the Chancellor's chair. I found the Court unusually crowded; Lord Eldon sat so silent, and his eyes so shaded with his overhanging eyebrows, that one might have thought he slumbered, but for his favorite exercise of rubbing his thumbs against his fore-fingers, as his hands hung down on either side, while before him there raged a man who seemed as full of obstreperous activity, as if he had heard a voice crying, "Sleep no more." It was one of the cases about Mr. Long Wellesley and his children. Sir Charles was the counsel against him, and he it was who was speaking with so much violence. His left arm was concealed somewhere in the folds of his gown, while the right was raised almost in a menacing attitude. Perspiration stood upon his brow, and it seemed almost as if passion impeded his utterance. At length he burst forth, bringing down his

hand with violence upon the bench before him,—"This Mr.—this—this Mr. Wilney Tong Lellesly;" whereupon he spun round, and turning his back to the Chancellor, addressed the bar behind him, with the same earnest gesticulation as before, "This—this Mr. Lilney Wong Tellesley has had the—the—I think I may say the hardihood, to swear such an affidavit as this, and to put it upon the file of this court;" and thus he went on, forcing out, as it were, his passionate sentences from an overcharged breast, while Hart lifted his lazy lustrous eyes, and thrust out yet further his immeasurable length of legs. Horne drew down his frowning brows and slightly curled his lip, and Sugden, occasionally laying down his pen upon one of his enormous pile of briefs, smiled for a moment, and then plunged again into the intricate mazes of "devisor and devisee," "reversions and remainders," and "terms to attend the inheritance."

Sir Charles is a tall man with a considerable stoop, and a swing in his gait—his face is intelligent and rather remarkable; the forehead expansive, the eyes not large but expressive of humor; the nose straight and rather short, or appearing so from the unusual length of the upper lip and chin; his voice is good but not musical, and his manner is sometimes calm and impressive, but, for the most part, his efforts, even upon the most important occasions, are attended by a whimsicality which is the most distinguishing feature of his manner as an advocate. In former days he used to be accused of idleness, but, whenever he took up a case with interest, there could be no more useful advocate; for, however odd his manner, his views were shrewd and to the point, and there is no beating him down; he will insist on having the last word; and yet there is nothing offensive or overbearing in his pertinacity, but it seems so much the result of honest zeal, and is so mixed up with his strange peculiarities, so garnished with odd quotations and ludicrous illustrations, that his opponent is forced to yield to his humor, and to join in the laugh, though he does not win.

His oratory is a most curious combination of really serious and sound argument with out-of-the-way irrelevancy, or what seems irrelevant, until he, by some odd application, which no one under heaven but himself would have thought of, contrives to connect it with his argument. His violent excitement about matters of dry equity, is of itself sufficient to give a character of extreme singularity to his pleading in the Court of Chancery; but when we add to this his unusual gesticulation—his frequent use of uncommon and antiquated words—his bits of Latin so oddly and familiarly introduced, and his circumlocution, where the use of an ordinary phrase would express his meaning, we find they all combine to make up his character for eccentricity as a Chancery Barrister. When he goes forth into the street, he is more strange than even in Court. He wears clothes that seem to have been suddenly grabbed from some shop-window in Monmouth street, without any consideration as to the fit. He scorns the appendages of suspenders, and only sometimes wears a waistcoat long enough to meet the other garment, which, for lack of the appendages aforesaid, are wont to sink below the ordinary level—his inside coat is old, his outside one, for he often indulges in two coats, is of great antiquity, and commonly flies behind him in the breeze, while he strides along, muttering to himself, with his hands lodged deep in the recesses of his breeches-pockets—his cravat seems as if it had been not folded, but

rolled up, and tied on in the dark, by hands not of the cleanest—he wears huge shoes, tied with great black tapes, or what should be black, except that, like his hat, the vicissitudes of time hath turned them to a hue of brown. In this costume he moves along, cheery and pleasant, nodding to many, talking to some, and recognized by many, who say, “There goes honest old Charley Wetherell.” I am persuaded there is not a particle of affectation in his singularities—they arose, perhaps, out of the darling notion of his mind, “independence,” and have become confirmed by long habit. Many stories are told of the strange way in which he lived in Chambers, when it was not his custom to come to Court: they say he had a bit of looking-glass fixed into the wall, which answered all the purposes of his toilet, and sometimes, when some one would come in after he had commenced the process of shaving, he would quite forget to complete it, and has been found in the evening with a crust of “lather” upon his face, which had remained from the morning, without his being conscious of it. Sometimes he will be seen walking quickly along, his mind evidently full of something, which he indistinctly mutters as he goes, when some article in a pawnbroker’s shop-window will attract his attention, and he will travel from pane to pane for half an hour, in diligent examination of the miscellaneous collection which such windows present. But it is time to leave these eccentricities, and look at Sir Charles Wetherell in a higher point of view.

His knowledge as a lawyer is considerable, and his general reading more extensive than lawyers in such practice as he has been, commonly find time for. He possesses great force of common sense in looking into a question, and great courage and energy in conducting it, though, as I have said, those higher qualities are dashed with a degree of oddity, that takes from their dignity. Previously to his obtaining a silk gown, his practice was extensive, and very lucrative, in the Courts of Chancery and Exchequer, and before the Parliamentary Committees. This practice had so little connection with *Crown* or *Criminal Law*, that it excited great astonishment when he voluntarily came forth and undertook the defence of Watson, when he was tried for high treason. To this hour it is difficult to say what could have been his reason for taking such a task, and were the truth known, it would, perhaps, be found to have arisen chiefly from the proneness of his nature to do strange and unexpected things. It must have cost him great labor to prepare himself with the knowledge which he required for a kind of practice so unusual to him, and he acquitted himself with great ability. His defence, however, had the usual characteristic of extreme oddity, combined with a straightforward, bold, and convincing argument, which showed both that he was quite in earnest, and knew how to apply his earnestness with skill towards the desired end. His speech, which lasted for eight hours, is in many instances eminently happy for the force of its ridicule and the pungency of its satire. The Spa-fields’ riot had been described with all the gravity and minuteness of a serious rebellion, and it became Wetherell’s task to turn this statement into ridicule, and give the whole affair the complexion of an ordinary riot. Probably no other man would have been so successful in this important task, because none but he could, upon such an occasion, where the life or death of his client hung upon his exertions, divest himself of that pervading solemnity of feeling, which would have deprived him of the power of

casting an air of ridicule and absurdity upon that which the Crown lawyers had described as a levying of treasonable war against the King. Yet a due solemnity was not altogether forgotten, and if the speech of Sir Charles was occasionally ludicrous, it was also occasionally not only deeply impressive but affecting; and with all its singularity wanted nothing of the qualities most likely to influence the jury in favor of the prisoner whose life was at stake. His efforts were successful, and in spite of the adverse opinion of the judge, he wrought upon the jury so as to obtain an acquittal. This, however, was but a brief excursion into the domain of the criminal law; the Court of Chancery, the House of Lords, and the room at Gray's Inn Coffee House, where the Commissioners of Lunacy are wont to sit, continued to be the usual field of his exertion, and his business was very extensive. With Lord Eldon, possibly from a similarity in political sentiment, as well as from the known integrity of his character, he seemed to be always a favorite, notwithstanding the marked opposition between the mild and measured gravity of his Lordship, and the passionate irregularity of Sir Charles.

Amongst his professional brethren at the bar, notwithstanding the slight squabbles which the heat and haste of his temper might sometimes excite, Sir Charles has always been much respected; he has ever firmly and manfully stood up for their privileges, not merely in cases where he was individually interested, but where his juniors required the aid of his superior standing at the bar, and his undoubted courage to say what other men would shrink from saying. The fear of causing displeasure to a judge had never the effect of deterring him from demanding what he believed to be fair and reasonable, and frequently by the manly yet respectful tone of his remonstrance, he has been able to serve others, while, far from injuring, he elevated himself in the opinion of the very judge whose rules of practice he arraigned.

But it is in the House of Commons that the subject of our sketch is to be seen "in all his glory." He there throws off all restraint, and, unincumbered by rules of equity or evidence, or the necessity of informing and conciliating a jury, gives way to the full bent of his genius, and knocks right and left, with a richness of whimsicality, that none but those who have witnessed it can well imagine. In the House of Commons the key to success may be said to be the power of amusing the House without forfeiting their respect. In this Sir Charles is particularly fortunate—he is armed so strong in honesty, is so well known to be sincere in his enthusiasm, and to possess an almost romantic scorn of all shuffling and subserviency, that there is a feeling of respect even for the least unfortunate joke of the independent ex-Attorney-General, and a disposition to enjoy his humor whenever he is in the vein. I have no business here with his political opinions, but merely to say that the vigorous pertinacity with which he clings to them, abandoning every advantage of wealth and professional promotion for their sake, gives him even in the eyes of those who hold his political notions to be antiquated and absurd, a degree of respectability, which they do not award to others who possess more facility of change. It is well known that he was Attorney-General when the Tory Government determined to concede the measure of Catholic Emancipation, and his conduct upon that occasion was marked with a fierce opposition to the Government, combined with such a whimsical excitement of temper, as will be long remembered by those who had an opportunity of seeing him at that time. He would not resign his office, but waited to be turned out

for his principles, and he strode about the lobbies of the House banging the doors after him, as if he absolutely felt, to the points of his fingers, the power and dignity of being "independent member for Plympton," while he bearded the Government, whose officer he was, and poured upon them his indignant sarcasm, not caring a jot for the official power and emolument which he knew it must cost him.

Those who heard Sir Charles's famous speech upon that occasion will require no proof that a man may combine most extraordinary powers of vigorous and effective eloquence, with a humorous oddness of manner, that almost provokes laughter, at the very moment that our admiration of his power is at the highest.

From that time Sir Charles has figured more as a political than a legal character, and it was very remarkable to find a man giving up the office of Attorney-General, and instead of applying himself, as generally happens, more diligently to private practice, becoming all at once less frequently employed than any other eminent counsel at the bar. It is hard to say whether this arose from a voluntary resignation of business on his part, or from a notion on the part of the public that he had got so wild upon political subjects, that there was little hope of engaging his attention upon matters less important. Probably both causes combined to diminish his practice, and for some time it was but a chance to find him in the Court of Chancery; latterly his practice seems to be reviving, and it may be that he finds some satisfaction in bringing his quaint learning to bear upon Lord Brougham, who has no longer the same freedom of reply as when "independent member" for Winchelsea or Yorkshire.

EPILOGUE TO THE SCHOOL FOR COQUETTES.—By E. L. BULWER.

[LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.]

WHAT have I done?—Renounced the power to vex—  
 The will to flirt—that charter of our sex :  
 Chain'd to one home the thousand aims of life,  
 And grown—oh heaven!—domestic, yet a wife.  
 'Tis not too late : stay ! am I yet resign'd ?  
 So young—not ugly—shall I change my mind ?  
 Shall I reform but gently, bit by bit,  
 And grow—a very moderate coquette !  
 A change too hasty, should I not repent ?  
 And, after all, what husband is content ?  
 If once, to please the wretch, I stoop to mend,  
 Say, can ye tell me where the thing may end ?  
 May not the creature next contrive to see  
 My weekly routes, require a schedule B ?  
 May he not lop exclusive seats away,  
 And place the opera under schedule A ?  
 Nay, not content to curb my faults alone,  
 Ask universal suffrage for his own ?  
 Extend the elective franchise of his frown,  
 And bring my wardrobe to an annual gown ?  
 Well, let me hope : I've said, and, come what will,  
 I'll stand, if you permit me, on the bill.

True is the truth, where'er our sex may turn,  
 Home hives the joys for which at heart we yearn :  
 With love at home how rarely have we err'd ;  
 But scathe the nest, and aimless flies the bird—  
 And each wild flight but speaks the baffled breast,  
 Whose very wanderings are the wish for rest.  
 Come, then, reform'd ere yet it be too late,  
 And the light folly grows the cureless fate ;  
 Come, then, reform'd while yet the art to tease  
 Is half forgot beneath the power to please ;  
 Bid the heart cease thus idly far to roam,  
 And make, like travellers, all its tours at home !

Come, fly the snare—agreed, it does no hurt ;  
 'Tis yet no sinecure to play the flirt.  
 Dull are the wretches who your charms adore—  
 You gain the lover to secure the bore.  
 Think of your spouse asleep in Piccadilly,  
 And own the Colonel is extremely silly ;  
 Think of the cautions of your anxious mother,  
 And see, Lord Charles is flirting with another :  
 I grant your shawl is lovely and all that,  
 And yet your rival has a prettier hat ;  
 I grant last night your beauty fired Sir James,  
 But lo ! to-night extinguish'd are the flames :  
 In short, believe me, no affliction frets  
 Like that which crowns the conquests of coquettes ;  
 Each tree of life will grow the fruit vexation,  
 But, lord ! you buy an orchard in flirtation.

Come, then—I own the lesson I impart  
 Must oft be heard before 'tis learnt by heart ;  
 Come, then, as often as ye will to school,  
 And your Honoria shall repeat the rule ;  
 Come, then, each fair whose heart for conquest pants,  
 Ye married nieces and ye maiden aunts,  
 Or young or not so young, unwed or wives,  
 Coquetting lasts its votaries all their lives ;  
 Come, if the men your footsteps will pursue,  
 Why each true convert may select a few,  
 Some sober major or demure Sir John,  
 To practise now and then her scorn upon !  
 Come, then, nor fear our school should be too small,  
 We can contain—may we content you all !

#### ANECDOTES OF MR. ABERNETHY.

[METROPOLITAN.]—The eccentricities of a man of genius usually constitute the most prominent feature in the personal character ; and in general, wherever there is talent of any kind, some peculiarity of manner exists. With respect to Mr. Abernethy there was no real moroseness of disposition ; and his impatience of loquacity arose from a great degree of sagacity, clearness of judgment, and a feeling



of independence. He neither sought to recommend himself, nor win his patients, by any of those tricks which are daily practised at the expense of sacrificing opinion and feeling to policy. His mind disqualified him from adopting that affected interest which distinguishes many of the well-bred physicians, and he heartily despised their little arts to acquire popularity. He seemed to feel as if he mentally expressed himself thus:—"Here I am, ready to give my advice if you want it; but you must take it as you find it, and if you don't like it, egad, (his favorite word,) you may go about your business, I don't want to have anything to do with you; hold your tongue and be off." In some such mood as this he received a visit from a lady one day who was well acquainted with his invincible repugnance to her sex's predominant disposition, and who therefore forbore speaking but simply in reply to his laconic queries. The consultation was conducted during three visits in the following manner:—First day—Lady enters and holds out her finger—Abernethy. "Cut?" Lady. "Bite." A. "Dog?" L. "Parrot." A. "Go home and poultice it." Second day—Finger held out again—A. "Better?" L. "Worse." A. "Go home and poultice it again." Third day—Finger held out as before—A. "Better?" L. "Well." A. "You're the most sensible woman I ever met with.—Good bye—Get out."

Another lady having scalded her arm, called at the usual hour to show it three successive days, when similar laconic conversations took place. First day—Patient, exposing the arm, says—"Burnt." A. "I see it," and, having prescribed a lotion, she departs. Second day—Patient shows the arm, and says—"Better." A. "I know it." Third day—Again showing the arm, Patient—"Well." A. "Any fool can tell that.—What d'ye come again for?—Get away."

In all cases of obesity and repletion Mr. Abernethy was especially impatient, and indisposed to prescribe. A portly gentleman from the country once called on him for advice, and received the following answer:—"You nasty beast; you go and stuff yourself, and then you come to me to empty you."

A young lady was brought one morning by her mamma, complaining of difficulty of breathing when taking exercise and after her meals. Perceiving her to be very tightly laced round the waist, Mr. Abernethy seized a pair of scissors, and, without saying a word, ripped up the stays from top to bottom, and then desired her to walk about for ten minutes. The injunction being complied with accordingly, he demanded how she felt. "Better," was the reply. The mandate was repeated, and, the walk being finished, he asked—"How now?" "Quite well," was the answer. Abernethy. "That will do.—Take her away,—and don't let her wear tight stays." In such a case a common physician would probably prescribe, to oblige the apothecary and to please the patient. The eccentric professor went directly to the cause at once, and removed it, without caring who was pleased or who not so, having no sinister object in view. Another young lady was one summer's morning brought to him by her mother in consequence of the former having swallowed a spider. Mr. Abernethy dextrously caught a blue-bottle fly as it fled by him, and told the patient to put it into her mouth, and if she spit it out in a few moments the spider would come out with it.

A lawyer having called to show the state of his leg, proceeded to remove the bandages, which Mr. Abernethy endeavored to prevent,

every now and then repeating—"No, no—that will do,—shut it up—shut it up." Accordingly the lawyer yielded at length, but determined on revenge. Mr. Abernethy having simply prescribed for the stomach without regard to the leg, the patient tendered a shilling, and prepared to depart, when the former, missing his expected sovereign, observed that there must be some mistake. "No, no," said the lawyer, advancing to the door, "that will do—that will do,—shut it up—shut it up."

Whenever there was anything seriously or unavoidably the matter, Mr. Abernethy would rivet his attention to it. It was only when tormented with superfluous questions and details, and a narration of symptoms arising from indolence and indulgence, that his impatience became manifested. His manner to the poor under his care in the hospital, was kind, attentive, and humane; and to all who knew him he was confessedly a man of excellent heart and amiable disposition, however roughly he might appear to behave at times towards some who consulted him.

As a proof of his humane and kind-hearted feelings, which his eccentricities could not conceal, the following may stand as one among many instances:—A widow lady from a remote county, brought up her daughter to consult our professor upon a chronic case which occupied many weeks to relieve, and a great consumption of regularly-tendered fees was entailed. It was obvious that the lady's affection for her daughter, and confidence in her medical adviser, were beyond all pecuniary considerations, although it was equally obvious that her means were scarcely equal to the widow's expenditure on the occasion of her town visit. When the period arrived for the parties to return into the country, Mr. Abernethy presented the young lady with a small parcel to take home with her, in which he informed her was a little present to reward her good behavior under bodily affliction. On opening the parcel it contained ALL THE FEES which the mother had given the professor; by which delicate mode of proceeding he avoided the ostentation of conferring an obligation, and obviated the embarrassment which the widow's feelings would otherwise have been exposed to, in continuing to receive gratuitous advice for her daughter from a professional character upon whom she had no claim.

However, in spite of the doctor's well known confidence, he was to be managed—and he was frequently defeated against his will, when he least expected it; although eccentric to the very echo of eccentricity, yet the eccentric man had the best chance with him in overcoming his peculiarities; the blunt man often got the better of the doctor's rudeness; and the bold hero, something after the manner of "Greek to Greek," more than once or twice proved his master. The following incidents will illustrate his eccentricity. A jolly-hearted fox-hunter in the neighborhood of Doncaster, one of those choice spirits who had lived rather "too fast" for his constitution—devoted to his lass and his glass—fond of his dog and his gun—and "Voicks! hark forward, tally ho!" to him far sweeter sounds than Braham's "Beautiful maid"—felt himself out of sorts—in other words, he could not tell what was the matter with him; he therefore consulted the Bolus of the place, of whom the whole parish declared no man could better

Gild a pill,

Make a bill,

Or bleed, or blister!

But the country apothecary, with all his *Caleb Quotem* sort of talent, proved of no use to the fox-hunter; the complaint of the latter got worse and worse, and he was determined to consult, without any more delay, one of the faculty in London. Abernethy was pointed out to him as most likely to make him hearty again: but, at the same time, it was intimated to him the reception he would probably meet with on making his bow. "Never mind," said he, "if I do not prove myself a match for the doctor, may my mare refuse the first leap she comes to; may I never again be in at the death." On stating the nature of his complaint to Abernethy, the latter replied, "Sir, the sooner you go back the better; you have come on a fool's errand! I am no doctor." The fox-hunter, in great surprise, observed, "Perhaps I have mistaken the house; and if I have intruded myself into your company I am sorry for it. May I ask, Sir, is your name Abernethy?" "Yes," replied the doctor, "Abernethy is my name." "Abernethy and no doctor!" said the fox-hunter, "but I have been told you are a joker—though a joke to a man who has come two hundred miles is rather too much out of place for him to relish it!" "Joke or no joke," answered Abernethy, "you will find I am no doctor; and the sooner you quit my house the better," (getting up to ring the bell for the servant). "Hear me, doctor Abernethy," replied the fox-hunter, (pulling out his purse at the same time,) "I have not much knowledge it is true, but I trust I have too much sense to put my purse in competition with my constitution; therefore, name your fee, and, be it great or small, I will give it to you! That you are a doctor, and a man of great skill, Fame reports all over the kingdom: your talents have induced me to travel two hundred miles expressly for your advice—therefore none of your tricks upon travellers! I will not be disappointed! Advice I come for—and *advice I will have!*" (running immediately up to the door, locking it, and putting the key in his pocket). He then held out his wrist to the doctor. "You *will* have advice," echoed the doctor in a rage, "insolent man! not from me. I again tell you that I am no physician." The fox-hunter, putting himself in a boxing attitude, advanced towards Mr. Abernethy, and in an offensive manner exclaimed, "then by G—, I will make a doctor of you; and if you do not feel my pulse without any more equivocation, I will feel yours, and also administer to you some points of my practice. I will likewise give you an emetic, without the smallest particle of physic in it, that shall make you sick for a month." The doctor, retreating, said with astonishment, "what are you about? are you going to strike me?" "Yes," replied the fox-hunter, "I am as cool as a cucumber; and nothing shall stop me in my pursuit: dangers I fear not; and to leap over a steeple is a trifling thing to me when the game is in view: therefore, I again repeat, feel my pulse, or else —." The doctor immediately laid hold of his arm, and in a sort of whisper, as the players have it, aside exclaimed—"and a d—d strong pulse it is!" then in a louder tone, "suppose I had not felt your pulse—what then!" "Why," replied the fox-hunter, with a most determined look attached to the expression, "I would have run you down sooner than I would a fox; and have made you more timid than a hare, before you could have sung out for the assistance of either of the colleges!" "The devil you would," said the doctor, "nevertheless I admire your candor; and I am not at all disposed to quarrel with your bluntness, and as you have been so extremely explicit with me, I will render myself

as perfectly intelligible to you, and also with as much sincerity. Your pulse tells me that you are a far greater beast than the horse you ride, indeed the animal is the most preferable character of the two by comparison—you horse feels the spur and attends to it; the whip to him is not applied in vain; and he eats, drinks, and takes his rest more like a rational being than his master. While on the contrary, the man with a mind, or at least who ought to possess something like the exercise of intellect, is all excess—he drinks to excess—he eats to excess—he hunts to excess—he smokes to excess.” “Bravo, doctor, nay more, my friend,” replied the fox-hunter, quite pleased, “only say that my pulse has been abused, but not worn out—that I shall once more be upon the right scent, and that the effects of training will enable me again to enjoy the “view halloo!” accompanied by rosy health, and I will be yours, &c. forever—I will do anything, I will apologize to you——” “Retract one word that you have uttered,” suppressing a smile, answered the doctor, “and I will be dumb! and you will lose that advice you almost fought to obtain: first, buy my book, then let Nature be your principal guide in future, and when you are at fault, Mr. Fox-hunter, consult page——and you will be able to decide upon your own case.” “Buy your book?” said the fox-hunter, “aye, that I will; and I should think it cheap, if it cost as much as Rees’s *Cyclopædia*. I will purchase it in a canter, and it shall be as bible-proof to me for the remainder of my life.” “Do then, and make your exit without delay—I have lost too much time already,” answered the doctor. “I am off like a shot,” replied the fox-hunter, “but the first toast I shall propose at the club on my return home, will be, ‘Long life to Dr. Abernethy.’” “Fox-hunter, farewell!” said the doctor, “Remember that your horse is your example—drink only when you are dry—satisfy your hunger, when it requires it—and when Nature points it out to you, take rest!” The fox-hunter behaved liberally as to the fee—they shook hands together like men who had a respect for each other—the doctor being perfectly satisfied that his patient belonged to that class of persons who are vulgarly denominated “rum customers;” and the fox-hunter did not quit the house of Mr. Abernethy, without being equally impressed that the doctor was one of those extraordinary men not to be met with amongst twenty thousand human beings!

A little sporting butcher, well known in Fleet-market, but possessing a delicate constitution, and frequently unable to attend to business through illness, was advised by his friends to take the opinion of Abernethy as to the nature of his complaint. On obtaining admission to the doctor’s house, he met with Mr. Abernethy in the hall, who rudely accosted the butcher with “What do you want?” “Your advice, doctor,” said the butcher in a very submissive style. “Pray, Sir, who told you that I was a doctor?” asked Mr. Abernethy. “All our market, Sir,” replied the butcher—“the people—everybody—all the world!” “Then, Sir, your market knows nothing about it,” answered the doctor, quite in a rage, “the people, or everybody as you say, are fools; and the world’s a liar!” the doctor hastily making for his parlor-door. “Stop, Sir, if you please,” said the butcher, “you have forgot——” “What have I forgot?” replied the doctor impetuously—“Your fee, Sir!” said the butcher, bowing; and holding out the guinea to him. The doctor, surprised, and rather off his guard, observed, “Your head appears to be screwed on the right way

—follow me.” The little butcher having entered the parlor, the doctor said, “Who are you?” “I am,” replied the little man, “one of the cutting-up tribe—a sticker—a kill-bull, according to the common slang of the day; but, after the old style of expression, I am nothing more nor less than a humble butcher at your service.” “Indeed!” said the doctor, with a sort of grin on his countenance, “you are cutting me up, I believe—what is your complaint?” “I can’t get rid of my grub, Sir,” answered the butcher. “What!” replied the doctor, laughing outright—“not get rid of your grub, when the streets are so crowded with beggars!—you are a strange sort of fellow.” “No, that is not what I mean—everything I eat gets no further than here; it stops by the way,” said the butcher, (putting his finger up to his chest,) “the victualing-office, as we call it, is out of repair.” “Oh, I understand you,” answered the doctor,—“indigestion is your complaint.” “Yes,” replied the butcher, “that is the word you physical gentlemen name it.” “Read my book,” observed the doctor. “Perhaps that is more than I am able to do, as I am but a very indifferent scholar, and have been more engaged with beasts than with men,” answered the butcher. “The first schoolboy you meet with, tell him to read to you page —, and listen to it with attention; follow it as closely as an informer sticks to an Act of Parliament, and your victualing-office will soon have a free passage through it, and your grub will no longer be a burden to you,” said the doctor, ringing his bell for the servant to show the butcher out. “I’ll book it at all events—it is as good as gold to me,” replied the butcher; “and now, Mr. Doctor, or whatever you may be, I wish to behave handsome in return—I will send you the primeest rump of beef in all our market, that you may cut and come again; and when you are tired of cutting it, send for another—” “John!” the doctor called out, “open the street-door; this butch—gentleman wants to be gone.” “What a nice man I don’t think!” observed the butcher in a sort of whisper, and winking his eye towards the servant, “there are stranger fellows to be met with than the doctor, if you know where to find them.” Then raising his voice, “If you should want a steak at any time, Sir, don’t mention it, I shall always be grateful—I am not particular to a shade—” “The door, I say, John!” urged the doctor; and the servant almost elbowed the little butcher into the street.

EVENING IN ITALY. By Miss PARDOE.

[ROYAL LADY’S MAGAZINE.]

It is a lovely evening—o’er the sky  
 There is a blended gold and crimson dye:  
 The sun has set, but still the quivering trees  
 Glitter like gems when answering to the breeze;  
 And the broad river, as it rolls away,  
 Bears on its wave that last and lingering ray,  
 Which slowly fading in the glowing west,  
 Yet sheds its brightness on the water’s breast

How glorious is the scene! this is the hour  
 When young hearts beat with passion; and the pow’r

Of fancy is unlimited—when mirth  
 Wakens glad echoes on the listening earth—  
 When dance and song are sweetest ! Look on them—  
 The merry dancers—neither gold nor gem  
 Sparkle in that gay group ; but flashing there  
 Dark eyes are shedding lustre : foreheads fair,  
 And smooth, (as *hers*, who won with woman-wile  
 The sage Ulysses to her blooming Isle,)  
 Wreathed with their long black tresses, mingle there ;  
 And smiles are on each lip, and in each tone,  
 For theirs are hearts which never yet have known  
 The cold corroding of a world of guile !  
 How glorious is the scene ! Far as the eye  
 Can take its beauties in, you may descry  
 The windings of a soft and smiling stream,  
 Rippling and dancing in day's dying beam.  
 Mountains which seem to rest against the clouds,  
 And half infolded in their vapory shrouds ;  
 Looking like giant guardians of the land,  
 Which nature deck'd with such a lavish hand ;  
 The land of loveliness, the land of song—  
 Of beauty, grace, and music—heavenly throng !  
 Where his soft lyre Apollo sweetest strung,  
 Where Titian painted, and where Tasso sung !

More near, half hidden among leafy trees,  
 A holy convent stands ; the choral strain  
 Raised by the sisters, swells upon the breeze,  
 And reaches the gay dancers on the plain ;  
 While ringing shrilly down the narrow dell,  
 They hear the warning of the turret-bell.  
 Sudden their revel ceases ; with bent head  
 They turn in reverence towards that convent dim,  
 And with clasp'd hands, and lips whence smiles have fled,  
 They mingle in the Virgin's Evening Hymn.

'Tis done—the prayer is said—again are met  
 The merry laugh and lively castanet ;  
 And twilight steals full many a scene from view,  
 Ere ling'ringly they murmur out " Adieu ;"  
 And, winding homeward, seek that sweet repose  
 Which Innocence can yield, and Virtue knows.

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#### DISCOVERER OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

"Honor to him to whom honor is due."

[THE ATHENÆUM.]—Discussions have recently appeared in some of the public prints, respecting the voyages of Sebastian Cabot, and the first discovery of the continent of North America. It is not my intention to enter the lists among these combatants, who have handled the subject with as much testiness as candor, but I would fain put in a word in favor of old John Cabot, the discoverer, whose laurels have been nearly torn from his brow amid these warm contentions.



Giovanni Kabotto (in plain English, John Cabot) was a Venetian pilot distinguished for his skill in navigation, who left his native city, like another Columbus, to seek employment in a foreign land. He made his home in England, and established his residence in Bristol; but made occasional voyages to other parts, and visits to Venice, in which he was accompanied by his youthful son, Sebastian, whom he brought up to a sea-faring life.

Stimulated by the recent discoveries of Columbus, John Cabot made a successful application to Henry VII. (who had accidentally missed the services of that great admiral) for vessels in which he could seek a passage by the northwest, to the rich countries of the East Indies, and discover such other unknown lands as might intervene. Henry acceded to his proposition, as he is said to have previously done to that of Columbus, made through his brother Bartholomew.

On the 5th of March, 1496, a patent was accordingly granted by Henry VII. to John Cabot and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancius, and to their heirs or deputies, to undertake voyages of discovery in all seas of the east, west, and north, in search of countries hitherto unknown to Christians. A voyage was accordingly undertaken in the spring of 1497, in which John Cabot appears to have been accompanied by his youthful son Sebastian, and in which land was discovered (believed to be the continent of North America) on the 24th of June, 1497.

Recent discussions render it of some importance to ascertain the age of young Sebastian at that time. We find him to have been alive on the 29th of May, 1557, at which time he received a renewed grant of a pension from the English government. The time of his death is not known, but it is presumed by historians to have occurred soon after that date, and that he had nearly attained the age of fourscore. Sebastian Cabot must, therefore, have been about eighteen or a little more, when the patent for a voyage of discovery was granted to his father on the 5th of March, 1496. It is not probable that application should have been made by him to the Crown for authority to undertake so great an enterprise, or that the patent should have been acceded to so mere a youth. The name of his father, specified in the commission, shows to whom the expedition was entrusted.

It is possible that the young Sebastian may, in fact, have been the first person who set eyes upon the American continent, though no such a surmise has ever been advanced. Yet, even in that case, he would have been no more entitled to bear away the honor of the discovery from his father, than would the ship-boy at the mast-head, who should have been the first to descry and cry out "land!"

A case, in some degree in point, occurred in the first voyage of discovery of Columbus. At dead of night, when in anxious hope of at last discovering land, the admiral descried a light in the horizon, which seemed in movement like a lamp or candle borne in the hand of some person. He judged it a certain sign of land, and his opinion was confirmed at the first peep of dawn, when one of the sailors, in a vessel more advanced, announced the fact. The honest seaman, it is said, fancied himself the first discoverer of this novel world; and, it is added, took it so to heart, that others should deny his claim, that he forsook his country and his faith, abandoned Spain for Africa, and thenceforth lived and died a Mussulman. I will not vouch for the entire veracity

or aptness of this anecdote : nor do I mean to predict or to insinuate that such a fate is in any manner likely to befall the mistaken discoverer of the discoverer of the continent.

An ingenious writer, anxious to assign the fame of the discovery of the continent to Sebastian Cabot, has remarked that the fact of the father being named in the patent, does not furnish conclusive evidence that he embarked in the voyage. He proceeds to suggest, that there may at least be a doubt whether the father really accompanied the expedition. He persuades himself, that there is nothing to control in the slightest degree, the idea that the project had its origin in the son. He infers that the father did not go at all on the voyage, or that, if he did, it was merely for the purpose of turning to account his mercantile skill in the traffic connected with the expedition—doubtless in selling glass beads, hawks' bills, and nose-drops to the natives. He insinuates, that the name of the father was merely introduced into the patent, through the wary precaution of the King, to secure his own pecuniary interest, as he was to have one fifth of the gains. In the course of his pleading, the boyhood of Sebastian has no weight with this sanguine advocate. He convinces himself by the force of his own eloquence, and comes to the conclusion, that Henry VII. "yielded a ready ear to the bold theory and sanguine promises of the accomplished and enthusiastic young navigator." We can excuse and almost applaud the friendly zeal with which this gentleman pleads the cause of his adopted client.

It is fortunate for old John Cabot, that a document has been recently drawn from among the rubbish of the Rolls Chapel, where it lay interred in the accumulated dust of ages, and has been brought forth like another Lazarus, with all its grave-clothes about it, to bear testimony in his favor.

On the 3d of February, 1498, Henry VII. granted a second patent "to John Kabotto, Venecian, his deputie or deputies, to take six English ships and proceed to the land and isles of late found by the said John." The names of the sons are not expressed. The literary gentleman, whom we have just mentioned, is entitled to all the credit of bringing this authentic paper to light, which establishes the claim of old John Cabot to the honor of having discovered the American continent. He has also distinguished himself in his Memoir of Sebastian Cabot by the scrutinizing minuteness with which he has detected and developed the inaccuracies of former writers of voyages. It is, perhaps, more a matter of regret than of surprise, that he should have himself fallen into somewhat of a similar error, in transferring to the son the honors due to the sire.

We hear nothing further of old John, and nothing for some years of the operations of young Sebastian. It is probable that the father died soon after the date of the second patent ; and some obscure intimation of his death is to be found among historians. It is probable also that the intended expedition was therefore abandoned or postponed. The task of further discovery devolved on Sebastian Cabot, who distinguished himself during a long life as an able navigator. As he made himself thus celebrated during more than half a century, it is not very extraordinary that the actions of father and son have been confounded together by many writers, and the whole ascribed to the latter. This has, perhaps, been in some instances promoted by the consideration that the son was by birth an Englishman.

## TRUE LOVE.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]

NE'ER call it love, if beauty bright  
 With roseate charms thy soul delight,  
 And rapture crown thy days ;  
 If pouting lips, and eyes of fire,  
 With soul-subduing art conspire,  
 Say—who to love delays ?

But if the front of wrinkled age,  
 Dim eye, and wither'd lip, engage  
 The amorous flame to feed ;  
 If shrilly voice thy senses charm,  
 And bony clasp thy bosom warm,  
 Why then—you love indeed !

## THE DISCOVERY OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—Among the earliest missionaries sent to convert the Indians to the Christian belief, was Joseph Price, a young man who had received directions to penetrate farther into the vast forests which clothe the continent of America towards the north than had been at that time accomplished. In this hazardous undertaking he was accompanied by Henry Wilmington, who, actuated by the same religious motives, had volunteered to attend him. They had been landed at Boston, then a very small but thriving village, about a month previous, where they made the necessary preparations for their expedition, and recruited themselves after a passage of thirteen weeks from Plymouth, for so long a passage was not uncommon in those times in traversing the Atlantic.

It was a fine morning in the latter end of May when they bade adieu to the inhabitants, by whom they had been hospitably entertained, and, accompanied by the good wishes of all, proceeded towards the hitherto unexplored forest.

The buds were now beginning to expand into leaves, and the sun was often darkened by the vast flocks of migratory pigeons, which, when the woods allowed, sometimes flew so close to the ground, that the travellers could beat them down with their sticks. Before sailing from England they had often heard persons who had crossed the Atlantic mention this circumstance, but they suspected them of exaggeration until they witnessed it themselves.

It was their intention to visit a distant tract of country, of which nothing was known except vague reports of sheets of water so immense, that, but for the circumstance of their being fresh, might have led them to suppose they were on an island. These reports were for the most part gathered from the Indians, on whose testimony little reliance could be placed, as none of their informers could speak from their own knowledge.

To aid them in their pursuit, they were provided with compasses and armed with fowling-pieces. They, directing their course towards

the place to which most of the Indians alluded, had, it is true, but slight grounds on which to rest their hopes of success; animated, however, with the desire of fulfilling what they had undertaken, they thought little of the difficulties which might attend it; accordingly, it was without regret that they were now leaving the settled part of the country.

Having traveled several days without seeing anything worthy of notice, they arrived at the ultimate farm they could expect to meet with before their return. After remaining there for the night, they continued their journey through the forest, which had most likely never been previously trodden by the feet of civilized man. The startled deer frequently crossed their path, and a few birds were the only objects that varied the silent solitude around.

Guided by their compasses, they continued their progress many days, until they arrived at the banks of a large and rapid river, which they in vain endeavored to pass, as its breadth and swiftness precluded the hope of their being able to swim across it. After proposing many expedients, all of which they soon found to be impracticable, they determined on trusting themselves to some one of the many fallen trees which lay in every eddy along its banks; and having selected one whose branches lay in such a manner as would prevent it from turning over, they entwined boughs to form a small kind of basket, into which, having provided themselves with stout poles, they entered, taking care that neither their guns nor ammunition suffered from the water; they then steadily pushed it from the shore into the stream, and continued doing so until the water grew so deep that the poles were of no avail, and they were obliged to trust to Providence to carry them to the other side.

For some time they continued in the middle of the river, without inclining to either bank, when they perceived that, by the help of the wind, they were quickly gaining on a large pine, which was slowly floating downwards. On reaching it, they stretched out their poles with a great effort, and succeeded in pushing themselves into water where they could again find bottom. After much labor, our travellers touched the bank, on which they quickly leaped, having taken out their arms, and continued their journey, rejoicing.

They soon after arrived at a spot where they deemed it fit to wait till the next morning, and, it being their custom, they went out hunting, in order to provide provision for the next day's wants, at that time easily accomplished, as the forests abounded with herds of deer, which, having been seldom disturbed, were exceedingly tame. On this occasion they soon beheld a great number watching a furious encounter between two large bucks, which, with the utmost animosity, were endeavoring to gore each other. Surprised at a sight they had never before seen, they determined to await the result; and after some time, one of the combatants, by an amazing leap, sprang past the other, and, swiftly turning round, drove his horns into the side of his adversary, and instantly killed him.

The missionaries running to the spot, frightened away the remainder of the herd, while they took possession of the fallen one, and, having taken what would serve them for several days, left the carcass to the wolves.

In about a week after, they reached a chain of mountains, where they rested for the night, and next morning proceeded to ascend their

steep and sandy sides, up which they were enabled to drag themselves by grasping the trees ; nevertheless they were several times nearly precipitated into the gulf below. Wilmington, on one occasion in particular, when they were ascending a very dangerous part of the mountain, inadvertently seized a rotten branch, which, giving way, caused him to be hurried downward to the very brink of a precipice, where he saved himself by catching hold of a projecting bough. Thus they advanced for the remainder of the day, in the evening of which they took advantage of a small space of level ground to remain until the morning. About noon, they succeeded in gaining the summit of the ridge ; and in order that they might view the surrounding country, they with some difficulty ascended a barren crag that reared itself high above the others, for without having met with this, the trees would have excluded every prospect. Having reached its loftiest pinnacle, they turned their eager eyes to see if they could behold any traces of the mighty seas of fresh water which had been described to them by the Indians ; but, to their sorrow, as far as the sight could stretch, only vast woods met their anxious gaze.

While thus engaged, they sometimes heard the piercing cries of the hawk in pursuit of his prey ; far under them, and among the trees, the drumming of the partridge and the tapping of the woodpecker could be clearly distinguished. Being somewhat disappointed, they silently commenced wending their lonely way down the side of the mountain ; but notwithstanding their utmost exertions, they could not succeed in descending the range that evening, and were compelled by the approaching darkness to seek a spot where they might safely rest. Early in the morning they awoke, and, continuing their descent with renewed energy, soon surpassed the formidable obstacle which the hills had opposed.

Having rested for the remainder of that day, they again began to cross the level country, and continued doing so for many days without having seen a single human being since their departure from the farm, when, one day, in a glade of the woods, they saw a band of Indians among the trees, who, having approached, spoke in a pleasant but to them unknown language. Their gestures betokened their surprise at beholding people so different in color to themselves, and armed with what appeared to them only polished sticks. While thus employed, a flock of wild geese flew high above their heads, at which the Indians discharged their arrows, but they fell short of their intended mark ; when Price and Wilmington, raising their guns, fired, and, to the astonishment of the natives, two of the flock came fluttering to their feet. The spectators crowded round the Europeans, and with much curiosity began to admire the weapons which they had formerly despised. Their wonder was not diminished when they saw what they imagined pounded cinders put into the muzzles of the guns, and then, on pulling a small piece of iron, a flash of fire, accompanied with smoke and a loud report, immediately followed. The chief, by signs, appeared to ask them to accompany him, that the rest of his tribe might see what seemed to them exceedingly wonderful ; and, having followed him, they soon arrived at a place where several Indians were engaged in erecting small wigwams of bark. The chief, however, made them understand that this was only their hunting ground, and told them that their village lay far off, in the direction of the sun, which was then sinking behind the trees, and to which they should soon return. From

this time the missionaries commenced learning the language of their entertainers, in which they were able to converse with some facility by the time that the Indians returned to their village, which was situated on the Oneida. Having arrived there, Price began to teach them ; but they having patiently listened to his first sermon, to his great sorrow never assembled to hear him again ; and, in consequence, he told Wilmington that he would try to discover whether there was any truth in the reports they had heard at Boston concerning the inland waters, and asked him if he was willing to be his companion. Wilmington assented ; and having endeavored to inform the Indians of their intention, the chief, who had conducted them to the village, made them understand that the river which flowed past led to an immense basin, which they supposed was formed by the continual running of several large rivers, but that few of his tribe had ever paddled far round its borders. There was, however, an old man, who in his youth had ventured to proceed in his canoe for many suns along it, and returned with the report that he had arrived at an immense river which ran into the fresh sea, where, having landed for the purpose of hunting, he had heard a terrific roaring, as he thought, of waters, and, advancing through the woods towards the sound for some miles, the stream became so rapid that no canoe could go up against it. Being very much alarmed, he had hurried back to his bark, and instantly commenced his return ; but he was the only one of the tribe who had ever dared to sail so far, and from his account they supposed it the source of the lake.

Having learnt this, they asked the chief, whose name was Maiook, whether he would allow any of his Indians to accompany them down the river to the lake, and ascertain from whence the sound that had alarmed the aged Indian arose. He at first tried to dissuade them, by every argument in his power ; but finding his endeavors of no avail, he said that he would himself join them in their expedition. It was therefore agreed that they should sail down the river the week following ; but before the time determined on, an event occurred that considerably delayed their departure.

On rising one morning, they remarked that large clouds of smoke were drifting over their heads, accompanied by an overpowering pressure of heat, which the Indians said was occasioned by the woods being on fire ; and as the wind was high, showers of ashes frequently fell around them. To avoid these they took shelter in their wigwams, but the hotness of the air, together with the smoke, increased so much, that, being in danger of suffocation, the chief proposed that they should cast themselves into the Oneida ; and as no better proposition could be made, they hurried into it, and remained with only their heads above water, being often obliged to immerse them likewise : they were thus situated many hours, while the water was black with the ashes that fell around them. The wind, at last, to their great joy, changed, and relieved them from their perilous position by driving the flames in the contrary direction. They did not, however, quit the water, as the ground was still covered with burning embers. On leaving the river, they saw, to their mortification, that the village was on fire in several places, and it was some time before they succeeded in stopping the progress of the burning ; the canoes which they had drawn up on the shore were also consumed. After repairing the damage and making other canoes, they began their expedition ; and having paddled for



several days, one calm and beautiful evening they were astonished at the sight of Lake Ontario. As far as the eye could reach, they could only see what appeared to them boundless water, which lay without the slightest ripple on its glassy surface, undisturbed by the softest breath of wind. They then continued paddling round the shore, looking out for a place where they might safely moor their canoes during the night, and, among the many small inlets, they soon discovered one fitted for their purpose, which they immediately entered. At sunrise they again advanced on their adventurous expedition. As they coasted along, the deer would sometimes look at them from among the thickets which fringed the borders of the lake; and at other times they saw them swimming across the mouths of the various creeks or rivers which they passed in their progress. They were, however, too much engaged in admiring the lonely magnificence of the surrounding scenery to interrupt the playful gambols of the deer by endeavoring to wound them, which they only did when their necessities compelled. Thus they paddled onward for several days, without perceiving anything that might lead them to suppose they were approaching the spot to which the old Indian had alluded; when, one hazy morning, having proceeded many miles before the sun had power to dispel the thick mists, they were delighted at seeing themselves, as the air at noon cleared, about to enter a large river which flowed rapidly into the lake. As this in some measure coincided with the first part of what had been related to them, they determined on entering it; but after paddling up it for some time, the current grew so strong that they were compelled to disembark, and continue their journey by land on the edge of the high precipitous bank.

The wind, softly blowing, rustled among the trees, but sometimes they fancied that a distant rumbling could be distinguished.

Having followed the course of the stream along the edge of the cliff for some distance, Price proposed that one of them should ascend a tree and follow the course of the river upward with his eye, and try if he could discover whence the sound that reached them arose. Maiook, therefore, told one of his Indians to climb up a lofty pine which grew apart from the rest; and he had hardly ascended half-way, when, uttering a cry of astonishment, he hastened to the ground and told his comrades that he had seen immense clouds of spray rising far above the trees, but he could not perceive from what cause they arose. Encouraged by this report, after refreshing themselves (being much wearied by their toilsome march), they hastened along the edge of the cliffs, while the rushing sound that had been gradually increasing was every instant becoming more and more tremendous, and the velocity of the stream made them imagine that they were in the vicinity of a furious rapid, when, on advancing from the thick bushes, they suddenly found themselves on a bare ledge of rock which overhung an immense chasm, into which two streams and a mighty river were tumbling with a noise that drowned all their exclamations of surprise, and which was louder than the voice of the ocean in a storm. Springing back with terror from the edge of the precipice over which they had nearly plunged, they eyed the thundering and foaming torrent with amazement, not noticing that part of the rock on which they had just been standing was tottering, and slowly separating itself from the adjoining mass, till roused by the crash with which it was precipitated into the gulf below, shaking the living rock from whence it had been detached, and resound-

ing through the woods, far above the roaring of the stupendous cataract. The missionaries involuntarily leaped back among the trees, not daring to return to the place where they had been, and viewed with more composure the awful prospect before them. The river above the falls was for some distance a furious rapid, rushing with incredible force towards the precipice ; but when on its very brink, it, in some parts of the great stream, became calm ; other parts were white with foam. While thus engaged, Maiook, with a loud cry, directed their attention to a large deer, which, in vain struggling against the overpowering suction of the falls, was rapidly coming to destruction. They watched its fruitless endeavors to reach the shore ; but on arriving at the deceitful calm, it looked wildly, with distended nostrils and outstretched neck, and seemed to be crying ; but the roar of the cataracts drowned its voice, and it was soon precipitated into the boiling abyss.

The French, from the province of Quebec, may have reached as far before, but Price and his companion believed they were the first who had penetrated to that spot ; and when they returned back to the settlements, their description of the unparalleled magnificence of the cataracts to which Maiook gave the name of Niagara, or the thundering waters, was deemed incredible. But the wilderness has now been banished from the scene, and festivity and commerce have there established themselves amidst the simple sublimity that distinguishes this, the most impressive spectacle of the kind to be seen on the whole earth.

## Journal of Fashions.

### THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

##### MORNING DRESS.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—Dress of emerald green satin, made high. The *corsage* is made in an entirely novel style. It is cut in points from the shoulder to the waist, the points becoming smaller as they descend, and partially displaying a chemisette of white *crêpe lisse*, laid in very close plaits over the bust. The points of the *corsage* are held together from the throat to the waist by small enameled buttons. The sleeve is full at top, and the fulness extends further down the arm than those lately worn. It is terminated at the waist by a pointed cuff of satin, confined by a bracelet of plain gold. An *epaulette*, composed of five pointed leaves, fastened on the shoulder with a bow of satin, forms an elegant ornament of the brace kind, and displays a fine shape to very great advantage. The skirt has a beautiful trimming of bell-shaped ornaments, terminating in obtuse points at the top of the hem. A very elegant bonnet accompanies this dress ; it is made of the lilac *gros de Naples*, and straw-colored satin. The front, which is rather open, is lined with straw-color, and has a deep fall of blonde, set on full. The crown is low, and flat at the top, sloping a little forward, and trimmed on one side with a light garniture of indented leaves of straw-color edged with lilac, and relieved with bunches of the Chinese aster. The hair is arranged in soft ringlets, which fall rather low at the sides. Boots of green silk ; gloves of straw-colored kid.

## EVENING DRESS.

Celestial blue crape, superbly embroidered in white floss silk, worn over white satin. The sleeve short and very full, finished with a band of embroidery. The *corsage* is cut quite plain, and is richly worked at the upper part of the bust. A brace of worked crape crosses the bust, and terminates in an acute point, a little below the *ceinture*. The skirt is very full, and has a splendid border of work at some distance from the bottom, but not so high up the skirt as in our last. The hair is parted in front, and arranged in full curls on each temple. The back hair is disposed in four *coques*, and a broad Grecian plaid on the crown of the head. A comb of tortoise shell, inlaid with gold, is placed at the back, and a double row of pearls, with an *agraffe* of pearls and rubies, crosses the fore part of the head. Ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets, of pearls and rubies; shoes of white satin.

## [WORLD OF FASHION.]—MAKE AND MATERIALS OF MORNING DRESS.

—Silks are very little seen in dishabille; the few that are worn, are made with *corsages*, a three-quarter height, partially covered either by the collar of the *chemisette*, or by a cambric or embroidered muslin *pele-rine*. Dresses of white jaconet muslin, the *corsage* made nearly, but not quite up to the throat, with an embroidery round the top of the bust, at the waistband, and round the border, are coming much into favor; and printed muslins are in very high estimation. These latter are always worn with a *canezou*.

Small silk aprons are indispensable in morning dress; some are embroidered in different colored silks, others are trimmed with a *ruche* of the same material, cut to resemble a wreath of wild endive. The pockets are of different forms, and are ornamented, some with acorns, others with rosettes, or tulip knots.

Morning caps are no longer trimmed with bows, placed in all directions, they are decorated with two round knots of the cockade form, inserted in the trimming in the front.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF EVENING DRESS.—Crape, *gaze polonaise*, and *tulle*, all worn over sarsnet or *gros de Naples*, are the materials most in favor; the most novel form is a *corsage uni*, trimmed round the bust with three folds, arranged *en schall*, placed one above another, and edged with narrow blond lace, set on with very little fulness. A row of *dents*, of a very novel form, edged with blond lace, is placed immediately above the hem. We have seen a few crape dresses, trimmed round the border with two flounces of the same material, cut in *dents de loup*, and edged with satin rouleaus of the smallest size. Long sleeves of *gaze de Paris*, or blond lace, are more generally worn in the evening dress, than *bérets*; many of the former have the upper part *en mameluc*, the latter have not altered in shape or size.

COIFFURES IN EVENING DRESS.—Besides the head dresses of last month, which remain in favor, a new one, of a most original description, has just been introduced by a distinguished *élégante*; it is a cap composed of *tulle*, quilled in front, in such a manner as to form a *demi-capote*; the *tulle* is edged with a narrow blond lace of a very light kind; this trimming is sustained by a wreath of flowers placed inside; it is very small upon the forehead, but forms a tuft on each side. The caul, which is of the shape of the head, is crossed by bands of ribbon, one of which falling loose at each side, forms *brides*.

**HEAD DRESSES.**—The hair dressed in the Chinese fashion, and ornamented with a bouquet of flowers, placed far back, and a *ferronnière* on the forehead, is the favorite *coiffure* for young ladies. Those more advanced in life appear in *bérets* of plain gauze, or crape, ornamented only with a knot of ribbons, placed on one side. A new and most elegant style of head dress, is a blond lace *capote*, ornamented with a very large wild rose, encircled with light sprigs of foliage, placed on one side of the crown; the pattern of the lace passes the edge of the brim, and being drawn with a slight degree of fulness, forms a new and pretty kind of *ruche*.

**JEWELLERY.**—Among the new fancy ornaments are bracelets and neck-chains of plaited hair, with gold clasps, wrought in open work. Mock ornaments continue in favor.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Parasols are now made very large. Some of the new ones are of brown silk, with a palm border, either painted or embroidered in white or blue silk; others have the point of each stick marked by an acorn.

## Varieties.

**SEBASTIAN CABOT, BY HOLBEIN.**—This picture, now exhibiting at the British Institution, is mentioned by Purchas, as having been painted for King Edward. It was purchased not long since by Mr. Biddle, author of the Memoir of Cabot, of a gentleman at Bristol, for 500*l.*, and is to be sent to America. It is understood that there are many descendants of the celebrated navigator settled at Boston, in the United States; and one of them, a lady now in England, is said to bear so strong a resemblance to the picture, that she might be taken for the old man's daughter.

**DISTANCES OF THE PLANETS FROM THE SUN.**—The vast extent of the solar system is but vaguely to be conceived from the ordinary mode of stating it in millions of miles. To demonstrate it in a more striking and impressive manner, a continental astronomer has proposed, or rather renewed the proposal, that the computed distances of the planets be measured by comparison with the velocity of a cannon-ball, rated at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  German mile per minute. With this velocity, a cannon-ball, fired from the sun, would reach the planet Mercury in 9 years and 6 months; Venus in 18 years; the earth in 25 years; Mars in 38; Jupiter in 130; Saturn in 238; and Uranus (Herschel) in 479 years. With the same velocity a shot would reach the moon from the earth in 23 days, little more than three weeks.

**HORTICULTURE.**—In imitation of the Horticultural Societies of London, Holland, and Belgium, the Horticultural Society of Paris made, for the first time, a splendid exhibition of flowers and fruits, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of June; and on the 15th adjudged a number of prizes to the various exhibitors.

**CIVILIZATION.**—At the last bull-fight at Aranjuez, the most celebrated *matador* in Spain was emboweled on the spot, amidst the loudest applause of the court and the other spectators!

**LITERARY IMPOSTOR.**—Towards the end of last century, Sicily exhibited an instance of literary imposture that has rarely been equaled. A man named Vella, who came from Malta, pretended to an intimate acquaintance with Arabic, although he knew not a word of that language, nor so much as the alphabet. It happened that the government was just then solicitous to inform itself on the subject of the history of the kingdom in the time of the Saracens; this was a point of some importance in the disputes, with the Sicilian barons, in regard to their feudal rights and claims. Vella contrived to play his cards so skilfully, that he was employed to translate an Arabic manuscript found in the old archives; and he performed his part for a length of time with such consummate address, as to obtain honors, dignities, and even the professorship of the Arabic language and literature in the university of Palermo! His translation of the Arabic manuscript was nothing but a tissue of his own inventions. He even went so far as to bring forward a Norman manuscript, which he gave out that he had found in an ancient collection. The Sicilian literati, however, began at length to smell a rat, and strove to tear the mask from the impostor. This proved to be no easy task—for the juggler had found means to gain powerful protection. At last he was brought before the regular tribunal on a charge of fraud, convicted, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.

**TORTOISE SHELL.**—At San Blas, on the coast of Darien, a small settlement of Indians is established, for the sole purpose of taking turtle. It is under the management of three English, two American, and three Columbian traders, who make a vast profit from the shell. The quantity of tortoise shell taken by them amounts, on an average, to 15,000lbs. per year, the value of which is about 28,000*l.* The produce of them varies very much, according to the nature of the season, as in some years they take as much as 32,000*l.* worth of shell, an enormous produce for one out of the many like establishments on this coast. It is a curious fact, that the handsomest shell, and consequently the most valuable, is stripped from the animal while living, the beauty of the shell always becoming less as the animal dies. The dreadful torture which the animal endures by the operation, finds no consideration in the minds of the traders.

**PRESENT TO GOETHE.**—A desk seal, quite a gem for taste and elegance, has been lately manufactured by Mr. Salter in the Strand, as a present to Goethe from some of his English admirers. Among the subscribers we hear that Sir W. Scott, Lord Leveson Gower, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Rodgers, Mr. Carlyle, Dr. Maginn, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Churchill, and other German scholars, have enrolled their names. The device is a star encircled by a serpent, and the motto, *Ohne hast aber ohne rast*—Without haste but without rest.—The setting is highly wrought and most tasteful. In the lower rim are the red and white roses, relieved by oak leaves, emblematic of England—above, an owl's head peeping from out the ivy—a fine and boldly-carved satyr's head—and the whole surmounted by a rich bouquet representing the flowers of literature. Encircling and entwined with the ivy branches, there peeps forth a label, inscribed, "To the German Master, from friends in England, 28th of August, 1831."

**EARTHQUAKE AT SAMOS.**—Samos has lately been visited by an earthquake of an extraordinary nature, for it produced a large opening in one of the highest mountains of the island, from which suddenly

issued an enormous torrent of water, overflowing the country, and making its way to the sea. By degrees the inundation subsided, and terminated in forming a river, which has its source at the opening formed in the mountain. If the river should continue to flow with the same abundance, it will be a great benefit to the country.

OCTOGENARIAN REMINISCENCES.—Johnson and Pinkethman were two actors in the time of George II. Johnson dabbled a little in picture-dealing, and wished very much to get possession of a painting of a macaw, which he had remarked at a broker's shop near Drury Lane, but for which, from its excellence, he feared a high price would be asked. He accordingly laid a little plot with his friend Pinkethman, which was developed in the following scene :—

*Johnson (alone, and seemingly attracted by the picture for the first time—in a careless, off-hand manner).—Pray what do you ask for this fish ?*

*Broker.—Fish, Sir ! You mistake—that's a bird.*

*John.—Poh ! nonsense, bird ;—I tell you it's a fish.*

*Bro.—I say, Sir, it's a bird—and if you say it is not, you know nothing of the matter.*

*John.—It's a fish—*

*Bro.—It is not, Sir ; and I believe you know better when you say so.*

*John.—I know better than you, if you mean that ; it's a fish.*

*Bro. (enraged).—It's false, Sir ! and you ought to be ashamed of yourself.*

*John.—Come, come, man—don't be angry—I want to deal, not to quarrel with you ;—what do you ask for the fish ?*

*Bro.—It is not a fish, Sir—it's a bird, and the price is ten guineas.*

*John.—You're a very obstinate man, and the price is high ; but, if you have a mind for a wager, I'll bet you ten guineas against the picture itself that it is a fish.*

*Bro.—With all my heart ;—who shall decide it ?*

*John.—Oh, I don't care—anybody (raising his voice that his cue may be heard)—The first man who passes by—*

*Bro.—Agreed ;—here comes one.—(To Pinkethman, who is seen approaching with a demure step, and apparently lost in thought)—Sir, Sir !—Come here, Sir, if you please—*

*John.—Aye, Sir—pray do.*

*Pinkethman (with affected astonishment).—Good heavens ! gentlemen—What can you want with me ? Is there anything the matter ?*

*Bro.—No, Sir—nothing the matter ; only we want you to be so good as to decide a bet for us. This gentleman says that this is a—*

*John.—Stop, Mr. Broker ; I insist upon it that you don't put words into the gentleman's mouth—it's not fair ; ask him simply what that picture represents.*

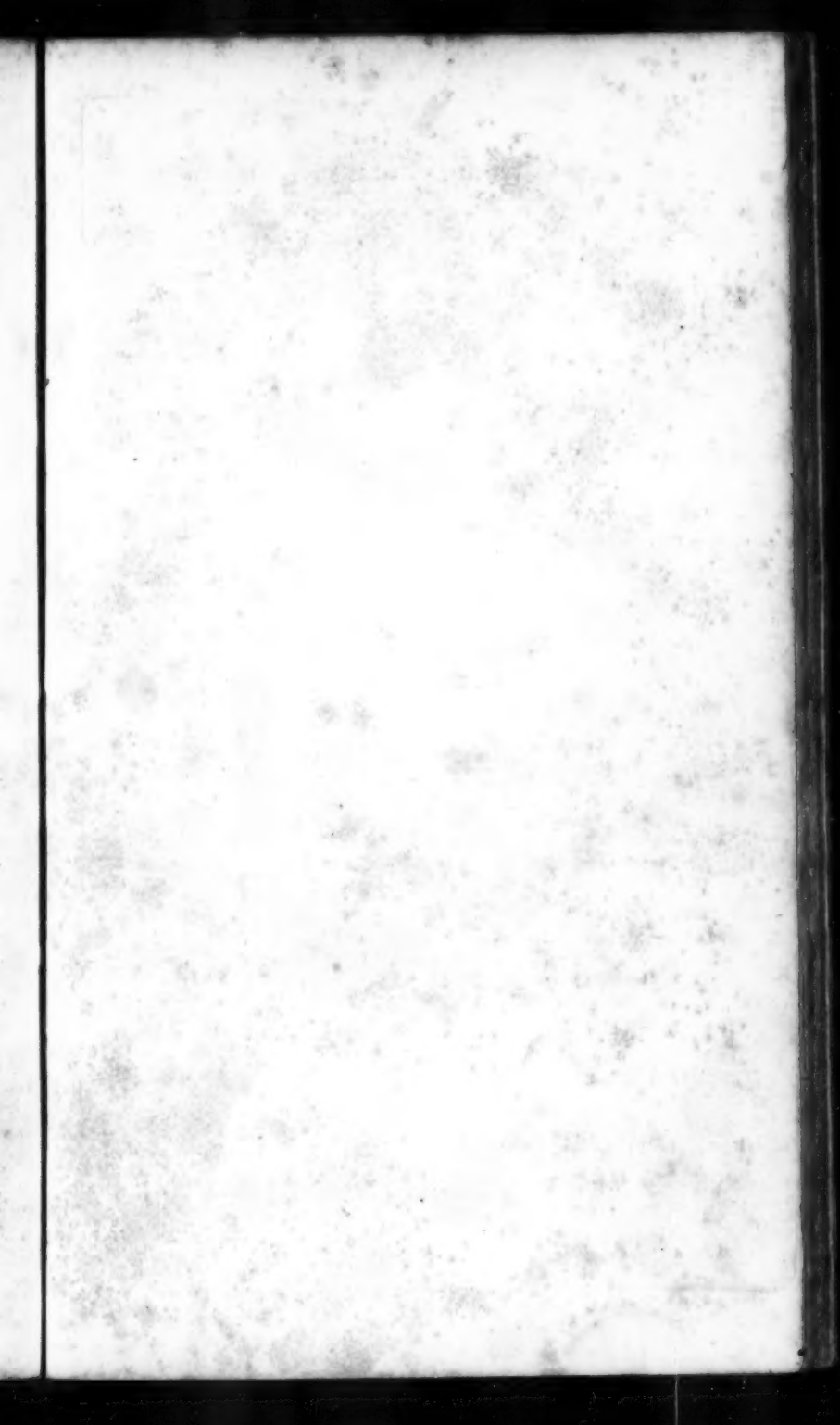
*Bro.—Well, just as you like—be it so. Pray, Sir, what does that picture represent ?*

*John.—To be sure—that's the only fair way.*

*Pink. (Takes out his spectacles—wipes them deliberately, and puts them on ; then looks attentively at the object for two or three minutes).—Bless my soul, it's very strange now—I can't, for the life of me, recollect what it is they call it ; but I certainly have seen the fish somewhere—*

*Bro. (snatching down the picture in a rage, and throwing it at Johnson's head).—D—n you and the fish too—take the picture.*







GOVERNMENT PALACE, WARSAW.

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## MEMOIR OF BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN, ETC. ETC.

His purpose chose, he forward press'd outright,  
Nor turn'd aside for danger or delight.—COWLEY.

[MIRROR.]—The illustrious subject of this Memoir is the eldest son of a gentleman of small fortune, but ancient family, in Cumberland. His mother was the daughter of a Scotch clergyman; in the mansion of whose widow, on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, the father of Lord Brougham lodged when prosecuting his studies at the University there. Chambers, the laborious topographical historian of the Modern Athens, says that Lord Brougham was born in St. Andrew's Square, in that city, though this has been disputed. The family of the late Mr. Brougham consisted of four sons:—Henry John, an extensive wine-merchant in Edinburgh, who died at Boulogne, about two years since; James, the Chancery Barrister, who formerly sat with Baron Abercromby in Parliament, for Tregony, and sits at present for Downton, Wilts; and William, who has recently been appointed a Master in Chancery, and elected Member for the Borough of Southwark.

In early life Mr. Brougham was called to the bar of the Supreme Court of Edinburgh, where he practised for some time, and with considerable success, if we may judge from his frequent employment in Scotch appeals. His selection, too, on the part of persons charged with political offences to conduct their defence, would imply him to be well read in the institutions of his country. It was while at the Scotch Bar that, in conjunction with the late Mr. Francis Horner and Mr. Jeffrey, he planned and established the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was for many years a most able and constant supporter. About this time also he became a member of the celebrated Debating Society at Edinburgh.

Although professionally a lawyer, Mr. Brougham's ambition soon became directed to the senate; and, observes a clever contemporary, "it is an instructive example of the working of our admirable system of representation, that, up to the 16th of October last, Henry Brougham, the greatest orator and statesman that perhaps ever enlightened Parliament, was indebted for his seat to the patronage of a borough-holding Peer." He first took his seat for Camelford, a borough in the interest of the Duke of Bedford. In 1812, he contested Liverpool with Mr. Canning, and failed; and, in the same year, he was nominated for the Inverkeithing district of Boroughs, and failed there also. He was, however, subsequently returned for Winchelsea, in Sussex. During the discussions in parliament respecting the Princess of Wales, Mr. Brougham, we believe, was honored with the confidence of her Royal Highness, and espoused her cause with much effect. His earliest efforts as a British senator were likewise distinguished by the same regard to the rights of individuals, and the liberties of the country, which he has uniformly manifested to the present time. Nor was he then less firm in opposition to what he deemed the encroachments of the crown, and the extravagances and abuses of the government, than he has since proved. His bold denial of the sovereign's right to the droits of the Admiralty, in 1812, will not soon be forgotten.

In the early part of 1816, Mr. Brougham brought forward a motion for preserving and extending the liberty of the press, for which the ministers, particularly Lord Castlereagh, (who knew well how to use "the delicious essence,") passed on him the highest encomiums; and miscalculating the firmness of the bepraised, some persons thought the minister's eulogy a lure for the member's vote; but the result proved that Mr. Brougham was above all temptation. In the same year he made a tour on the continent: in France he was the object of much attention; and he afterwards visited the residence of the Princess of Wales, in Italy, as was supposed, on a mission of some importance.

In this year, also, Mr. Brougham delivered two speeches in parliament, which are memorable for the truth of their prospective results. In one of them, on the treaty of the Holy Alliance, occurs the following almost prophetic passage: "I always think there is something suspicious in what a French writer calls, '*les abouchemens des rois.*'" When crowned heads meet, the result of their united councils is not always favorable to the interest of humanity. It is not the first time that Austria, Russia, and Prussia, have laid their heads together. On a former occasion, after professing a vast regard for truth, religion and justice, they adopted a course which brought much misery on their own subjects, as well as those of a neighboring state—they made war against that unoffending country, which found little reason to felicitate itself on its conquerors being distinguished by Christian feelings. The war against Poland, and the subsequent partition of that devoted country, were prefaced by language very similar to that which this treaty contains; and the proclamation of the Empress Catherine, which wound up that fatal tragedy, had almost the very same words."—The second speech to which we allude was on the abuses of ancient charitable institutions. Speaking of schools, the funds of which were landed and freehold property, Mr. Brougham remarked, "In one instance, where the funds of the charity are £450, one boy only is boarded and educated. In another case, where the revenue of the establishment is £1,500 a year, the appointment of the master lying in the lord of the manor, that gentleman gave it to a clergyman, who out of this sum paid a carpenter in the village £40 for attending the school. The funds in the country, applicable to the education of the poor, cannot," he added, "be less than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds." The result of these and similar representations was the appointment of a committee to investigate the state of the various charities of the kingdom, and inquire into the application of their funds; from which measure great public good has already resulted.

In 1818, Mr. Brougham was invited to become a candidate for the county of Westmoreland, where his family have been settled for the last sixty or seventy years: he could not, however, withstand the powerful influence of the Lowther family, and thus lost his election. He made another effort, at the dissolution of parliament, consequent upon the death of George III., but was again unsuccessful; and a third time in 1826.

We are now approaching one of the most eventful eras of Mr. Brougham's parliamentary life: we mean his intrepid defence of the late Queen. Mr. Brougham was the first to despatch M. Sicard, the old and faithful servant of the Queen, with the intelligence of the death of George III. The Queen immediately replied to Mr. Brougham, that she was determined to return to England; and on

February 22, 1820, Mr. Brougham received from Lord Castlereagh an assurance that no indignity should be offered to her Majesty while abroad. Mr. Brougham was now appointed her Majesty's Attorney-General, on which occasion he was admitted within the bar, and assumed the silk gown, which was subsequently taken from him, but restored.

The Queen having arrived at St. Omer, on her way to England, Lord Hutchinson, on the part of the King, was despatched to prevent, by a liberal offer, her leaving the continent. Mr. Brougham consented to accompany his lordship, willing to co-operate in the purpose, yet bound by office and by friendship to secure for the Queen the best possible terms. The Queen, however, was resolved, and while the deputies were exchanging notes, her Majesty sailed for England, and proceeded to London amidst all the demonstrations of popular triumph. Mr. Brougham, with Mr. Denman, on behalf of the Queen, next met the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh, on behalf of the King, to propose measures for an amicable arrangement, but the insertion of her Majesty's name in the Liturgy being refused, the negotiation failed. The struggle was now fast approaching. The notable green bag was laid on the table of the House of Commons, and Mr. Brougham commenced by deprecating a hasty discussion. The next day the minister developed the projected prosecutions of the government; Mr. Brougham replied, and concluded by demanding for the Queen a speedy and open trial. We need only advert to his subsequent reply to the note of Lord Liverpool, to the speech of Mr. Canning, and to the conciliatory proposition of Mr. Wilberforce. Then followed his speech at the bar of the House of Lords against the intended mode of investigation—his speech against the bill of Pains and Penalties—his reply to the crown counsel, and afterwards to the Lord Chancellor—and finally his defence of the Queen against the several charges. His *defence*, it will be remembered, lasted nearly two days, and Mr. Brougham, amidst profound silence, concluded one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard within the walls of parliament—with this pathetic appeal:—

"My lords, I call upon you to pause. You stand on the brink of a precipice. You may go on in your precipitate career—you may pronounce against your Queen, but it will be the last judgment you ever will pronounce. Her persecutors will fail in their objects, and the ruin with which they seek to cover the Queen, will return to overwhelm themselves. Rescue the country; save the people, of whom you are the ornaments; but severed from whom, you can no more live than the blossom that is severed from the root and tree on which it grows. Save the country, that you may continue to adorn it—save the crown, which is threatened with irreparable injury—save the aristocracy, which is surrounded with danger—save the altar, which is no longer safe when its kindred throne is shaken. You see that when the church and the throne would allow of no church solemnity in behalf of the Queen, the heartfelt prayers of the people rose to heaven for her protection. I pray heaven for her; and I here pour forth my fervent supplications at the throne of mercy, that mercies may descend on the people of this country richer than their rulers have deserved; and that your hearts may be turned to justice."

The result need scarcely be alluded to. Men of all parties, however discordant might be their opinions upon the point at issue, acknow-

ledged and admired the intrepidity and splendid talents of Mr. Brougham on this memorable occasion.

Brilliant as has been the parliamentary career of Mr. Brougham from this period, our limits will allow us only to advert to a few of its brightest epochs. Whether advocating the rights and liberties, and a spirit of social improvement at home, or aiding the progress of liberal opinion abroad, we find Mr. Brougham exercising the same uncompromising integrity and patriotic zeal. Spain, in 1823, became a fitting subject for his masterly eloquence. His remarks on the French government, on April 14, in the House of Commons, on the consideration of the policy observed by Great Britain in the affairs of France and Spain, will not soon be forgotten: "I do not," said Mr. Brougham, "identify the people of France with their government; for I believe that every wish of the French nation is in unison with those sentiments which animate the Spaniards. Neither does the army concur in this aggression; for the army alike detests the work of tyranny, plunder, cant, and hypocrisy. The war is not commenced because the people or the army require it, but because three or four French emigrants have obtained possession of power. It is for such miserable objects as these that the Spaniards are to be punished, because they have dared to vindicate their rights as a free and independent people. I hope to God that the Spaniards may succeed in the noble and righteous cause in which they are engaged."

In 1824 (June 1), we find Mr. Brougham in the House of Commons, moving an address to the King, relative to the proceedings at Demerara against Smith, the missionary; but, after a debate of two days, the motion was negatived.

During the period of Mr. Canning's ministry, his liberality gained Mr. Brougham's support. This is the only instance of Mr. Brougham's not being opposed to the minister of the day; and, observes a political writer, "he has been as much above the task of drudging for a party as drudging for a ministry."

The year 1828 is a memorable one in Mr. Brougham's parliamentary life. Early in the session, upon the debate of the battle of Navarino, we find him expressing his readiness to support the ministry as long as the members who composed it showed a determination to retrench the expenditure of the country, to improve its domestic arrangements, and to adopt a truly British system of foreign policy. It was on this occasion that Mr. Brougham used the expression which has since become so familiar—"The schoolmaster is abroad." On Feb. 7, Mr. Brougham brought forward a motion on the State of the Law, in an elaborate speech of six hours' delivery. The debate was adjourned to February 29, when Mr. Brougham's motion, in an amended shape, was put and agreed to, requesting the King to cause "due inquiry to be made into the origin, progress and termination of actions in the superior courts of common law in this country;" and "into the state of the law regarding the transfer of real property." Even the heads of this speech would occupy one of our pages. A passage much quoted at the time of its publication is a good specimen of Mr. Brougham's forcible style of illustration: "He was guilty of no error—he was chargeable with no exaggeration—he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we can see about us, King, Lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system and its varied workings, end



simply in bringing twelve good men into a box." In the same month, Mr. Brougham spoke at great length in support of Lord John Russell's motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. On March 6, Mr. Brougham spoke in support of Mr. Peel's motion for Catholic Emancipation, which he described as going "the full length that any reasonable man ever did or ever can demand; it does equal justice to his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects; it puts an end to all religious distinctions; it exterminates all civil disqualifications on account of religious belief. It is simple and efficacious; clogged with no exceptions, unless such as even the most zealous of the Catholics themselves must admit to be of necessity parcel of the measure."

In the session of 1829, Mr. Brougham explained the proceedings of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into Public Charities, who, it appeared, had examined sixteen counties, and partially examined ten; altogether amounting to more than 19,000 charities, being more than half the number in the whole kingdom.

In 1830, Mr. Brougham supported Lord John Russell's plan for Parliamentary Reform, as an amendment to a motion of Mr. O'Connell; in which Mr. Brougham opposed universal suffrage and vote by ballot. In the same week, also, he spoke at some length on the punishment of Forgery by death. The opinions which he expressed, Mr. Brougham said, he had learned from his great and lamented friend, Sir Samuel Romilly; and he concluded by expressing his hope that he should live to see the day when this stain should be removed from our statute-book. In the following month Mr. Brougham brought in a bill for local jurisdictions in England, for diminishing the expense of legal proceedings. On June 24, Mr. Brougham spoke at great length upon the inadequacy of the ministerial bill for the reform of the Court of Chancery. On July 13, he moved for the abolition of West India Slavery, and expatiated at great length and with extreme earnestness—first, on the right of the mother country to legislate for the colonies, and next on the legal and moral nature of slavery.

Upon the dissolution of parliament, consequent upon the death of George IV., Mr. Brougham was invited to the representation of the extensive and wealthy county of York. In his speech to the electors he alluded to Parliamentary Reform, a revision of the Corn Laws, and the extinction of Colonial Slavery, as three grand objects of his ambition; and concluded by thus explaining his becoming a candidate—"because it would arm him with an extraordinary and a vast important accession of power to serve the people of England." It need scarcely be added, that his election was secured; his return was free of all expense: indeed, never was triumph more complete.\*

Soon after the assembling of the new parliament, Mr. Brougham, in connexion with the topic of the recent revolutions on the continent, and parliamentary reform in this country, concluded an interesting debate by saying—"He was for reform—for preserving, not for pulling down—for restoration, not for revolution. He was a shallow politician, a miserable reasoner, and he thought no very trustworthy man, who argued, that because the people of Paris had justifiably and gloriously resisted lawless oppression, the people of London and Dublin ought to

\* In one day, during his visits to the freeholders, Mr. Brougham spoke eight speeches to eight meetings, traveled 120 miles, and entered court the next morning, wigged and gowned, as if he had never quitted his chambers.

rise for reform. Devoted as he was to the cause of parliamentary reform, he did not consider that the refusal of that benefit, or, he would say, that right, to the people of this country (if it were a legal refusal by King, Lords, and Commons, which he hoped to God would not take place), would be in the slightest degree a parallel case to anything which had happened in France."

Mr. Brougham's elevation to the exalted station which he now fills need be related but briefly, since the particulars must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. Upon the resignation of the Wellington ministry—with the title of **BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX**, he took the oaths as Lord Chancellor, November 22, and his seat in the Chancery Court on November 25, 1830.

In the House of Lords, in reply to some censurable observations on his acceptance of office which had been made elsewhere, his lordship explained his motives with great candor. After an allusion to his difficulty in resigning his high station as a representative for Yorkshire, Lord Brougham said, "I need not add, that in changing my station in parliament, the principles which have ever guided me remain unchanged. When I accepted the high office to which I have been called, I did so in the full and perfect conviction, that far from disabling me to discharge my duty to my country—far from rendering my services less efficient, it but enlarged the sphere of my utility. The thing which dazzled me most in the prospect which opened to my view, was not the gewgaw splendor of the place, but because it seemed to afford me, if I were honest—on which I could rely; if I were consistent— which I knew to be matter of absolute necessity in my nature; and if I were as able as I knew myself honest and consistent—a field of exertion more extended. That by which the Great Seal dazzled my eyes, and induced me to quit a station which till this time I deemed the most proud which an Englishman could enjoy, was, that it seemed to hold out the gratifying prospect that in serving my king I should be better able to serve my country."

Already has the official elevation of Lord Brougham been attended with manifest advantages, and promises of still greater benefits to the nation. Such as are unaccustomed to the cares of office can form but a faint idea of the perplexities which beset the Lord Chancellor on the recent dissolution of parliament; yet in this arduous scene Lord Brougham is believed by all but the bitterest of his political opponents, to have comported himself with becoming equanimity. A political contemporary observes, upon his recent appointment—"There is no instance in modern times of an elevation marked with the same characters. Lord Brougham had never before been in office; he had passed through none of the degrees which for the most part lead to the proud eminence where he now stands. We have had learned Chancellors, and political—or, we would rather say, polite Chancellors—but never before Lord Brougham (with, perhaps, the exception of Erskine), have we had what may be justly called a popular Chancellor. \* \* The consideration which he disdained to accept from party or from power in the House, his conduct has won from the great mass of his countrymen out of it. We speak the plain and simple truth when we say—and that not for the first time—that at no period of our history since the era of the Commonwealth has any one Englishman contrived to fix so many eyes upon him as Lord Brougham has for the last few years."

Of Lord Brougham's qualifications as a barrister we have already

spoken. To the hearing of appeals in the House of Lords, an important section of the public business, his Lordship brings qualifications not possessed by any of his predecessors. Seven years' practice at the Scotch bar, and a very extensive employment in appeals from that country (for he has been engaged in almost every case of importance for the last ten years), have made him familiar with the machinery of the law on which his decisions bear; and he therefore undertakes his judicial task with professional confidence.

Besides contributing to the *Edinburgh Review*, as we have noticed, Lord Brougham has been the author of several papers in *Nicholson's Journal*, and in the Transactions of the Royal Society, of which his Lordship is a distinguished member. The chief entire work which bears his name is entitled, "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European States," 2 vols. 8vo. 1823; and a masterly pamphlet "On the State of the Nation," which has run through many editions. Several of his speeches have likewise been published.

It is, however, in connexion with *Public Education*, that the pen of Lord Brougham has been more extensively employed. His zealous co-operation with Dr. Birkbeck, and other patriotic men of talent, in the establishment of Mechanics' Institutions in the year 1824, must be gratefully remembered by thousands who have enjoyed their benefits; and, for the advantage of the London Mechanics' Institution, were republished, from the *Edinburgh Review*, his excellent "*Practical Observations upon the Education of the People*, addressed to the Working Classes and their Employers."—The twentieth edition of this pamphlet is now before us, and from its conclusion, to show the practical utility of the author's suggestions, we quote the following:—

"I rejoice to think that it is not necessary to close these observations by combating objections to the diffusion of science among the working classes, arising from considerations of a political nature. Happily the time is past and gone when bigots could persuade mankind that the lights of philosophy were to be extinguished as dangerous to religion; and when tyrants could proscribe the instructors of the people as enemies to their power. It is preposterous to imagine that the enlargement of our acquaintance with the laws which regulate the universe, can dispose to unbelief. It may be a cure for superstition—for intolerance it will be the most certain cure; but a pure and true religion has nothing to fear from the greatest expansion which the understanding can receive by the study either of matter or of mind. The more widely science is diffused, the better will the Author of all things be known, and the less will the people be 'tossed to and fro by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.' To tyrants, indeed, and bad rulers, the progress of knowledge among the mass of mankind is a just object of terror: it is fatal to them and their designs; they know this by unerring instinct, and unceasingly they dread the light. But they will find it more easy to curse than to extinguish. It is spreading in spite of them, even in those countries where arbitrary power deems itself most secure; and in England, any attempt to check its progress would only bring about the sudden destruction of him who should be insane enough to make it.

"To the Upper Classes of society, then, I would say, that the question no longer is whether or not the people shall be instructed—for that has been determined long ago, and the decision is irreversible—but whether they shall be well or ill taught—half informed, or as

thoroughly as their circumstances permit and their wants require. Let no one be afraid of the bulk of the community becoming too accomplished for their superiors. Well educated, and even well versed in the most elevated sciences, they assuredly may become ; and the worst consequences that can follow to their superiors will be, that to deserve being called their *bettors*, they too must devote themselves more to the pursuit of solid and refined learning ; the present public seminaries must be enlarged : and some of the greater cities of the kingdom, especially the metropolis, must not be left destitute of the regular means within themselves of scientific education.

"To the Working Classes I would say, that this is the time when by a great effort they may secure forever the inestimable blessing of knowledge. Never was the disposition more universal among the rich to lend the requisite assistance for setting in motion the great engines of instruction ; but the people must come forward to profit by the opportunity thus afforded, and they must themselves continue the movement once begun. Those who have already started in the pursuit of science, and tasted its sweets, require no exhortation to persevere ; but if these pages should fall into the hands of any one at an hour for the first time stolen from his needful rest after his day's work is done, I ask of him to reward me (who have written them for his benefit at the like hours) by saving threepence during the next fortnight, buying with it Franklin's Life, and reading the first page. I am quite sure he will read the rest ; I am almost quite sure he will resolve to spend his spare time and money, in gaining those kinds of knowledge which from a printer's boy made that great man the first philosopher, and one of the first statesmen of his age. Few are fitted by nature to go as far as he did, and it is not necessary to lead so perfectly abstemious a life, and to be so rigidly saving of every instant of time. But all may go a good way after him, both in temperance, industry, and knowledge, and no one can tell before he tries how near he may be able to approach him."

We may here mention that in 1825, Lord Brougham was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow ; his opponent, Sir Walter Scott, lost the election by the casting vote of Sir James Mackintosh, in favor of Lord Brougham.

Among the originators of the London University, Lord Brougham occupies a foremost rank, and partly by the aid of his indefatigable talents, that establishment was opened, in 1828, within seventeen months from the day on which the first stone was laid.

Early in the year 1827 was established "the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," of which Lord Brougham became, and continues to this day, chairman. In the original prospectus, issued under his sanction, we find "The object of the Society is strictly limited to what its title imports, namely, the imparting useful information to all classes of the community, particularly to such as are unable to avail themselves of experienced teachers, or may prefer learning by themselves." The Society commenced their labors by a set of Treatises, the first or "Preliminary Treatise," "*On the objects, pleasures, and advantages of Science*," being from the pen of Lord Brougham ; and in perspicuity and popular interest, this treatise is unrivaled in our times. His Lordship is also understood, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Bell, to be engaged in illustrating with notes an edition of Paley's works, to be published by the above Society.

Of the eloquence and general character of Lord Brougham, we have the following excellent portraiture by the late Mr. Hazlitt :—

“ Mr. Brougham is from the North of England, but he was educated in Edinburgh, and represents that school of politics and political economy in the House. He differs from Sir James Mackintosh in this, that he deals less in abstract principles, and more in individual details. He makes less use of general topics, and more of immediate facts. Sir James is better acquainted with the balance of an argument in old authors ; Mr. Brougham with the balance of power in Europe. If the first is better versed in the progress of history, no man excels the last in a knowledge of the course of exchange. He is apprized of the exact state of our exports and imports, and scarce a ship clears out its cargo at Liverpool or Hull, but he has notice of the bill of lading. Our colonial policy, prison discipline, the state of the hulks, agricultural distress, commerce and manufactures, the bullion question, the Catholic Question, the Bourbons or the Inquisition, ‘ domestic treason, foreign levy,’ nothing can come amiss to him—he is at home in the crooked mazes of rotten boroughs, is not baffled by Scotch law, and can follow the meaning of one of Mr. Canning’s speeches. With so many resources, with such variety and solidity of information, Mr. Brougham is rather a powerful and alarming, than an effectual debater. In so many details (which he himself goes through with unwearied and unshrinking resolution) the spirit of the question is lost to others who have not the same voluntary power of attention or the same interest in hearing that he has in speaking ; the original impulse that urged him forward is forgotten in so wide a field, in so interminable a career. If he can, others *cannot* carry all he knows in their heads at the same time ; a rope of circumstantial evidence does not hold well together, nor drag the unwilling mind along with it (the willing mind hurries on before it, and grows impatient and absent)—he moves in an unmanageable procession of facts and proofs, instead of coming to the point at once—and his premises (so anxious is he to proceed on sure and ample grounds) overlay and block up his conclusion, so that you cannot arrive at it, or not till the first fury and shock of the onset is over. The ball, from the too great width of the *calibre* from which it is sent, and from striking against such a number of hard, projecting points, is almost spent before it reaches its destination. He keeps a ledger or a debtor-and-creditor account between the government and the country, posts so much actual crime, corruption, and injustice, against so much contingent advantage or sluggish prejudice, and at the bottom of the page brings in the balance of indignation and contempt, where it is due. But people are not to be *calculated into* contempt or indignation on abstract grounds ; for however they may submit to this process where their own interests are concerned, in what regards the public good we believe they must see and feel instinctively, or not at all. There is (it is to be lamented) a good deal of froth as well as strength in the popular spirit, which will not admit of being *decanted* or served out in formal dribbles ; nor will spleen (the soul of opposition) bear to be corked up in square patent bottles, and kept for future use !

“ Mr. Brougham speaks in a loud and unmitigated tone of voice, sometimes almost approaching to a scream. He is fluent, rapid, vehement, full of his subject, with evidently a great deal to say, and very regardless of the manner of saying it. As a lawyer, he has not hitherto been remarkably successful. He is not profound in cases and reports,

nor does he take much interest in the peculiar features of a particular cause, or show much adroitness in the management of it. He carries too much weight of metal for ordinary and petty occasions : he must have a pretty large question to discuss, and must make *thorough-stitch* work of it. Mr. Brougham writes almost, if not quite, as well as he speaks. In the midst of an election contest he comes out to address the populace, and goes back to his study to finish an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, sometimes indeed wedging three or four articles (in the shape of *refaccimentos* of his own pamphlets or speeches in parliament) into a single number. Such indeed is the activity of his mind that it appears to require neither repose, nor any other stimulus than a delight in its own exercise. He can turn his hand to anything, but he cannot be idle. There are few intellectual accomplishments which he does not possess, and possess in a very high degree. He speaks French (and, we believe, several other modern languages) fluently : is a capital mathematician, and obtained an introduction to the celebrated Carnot in this latter character, when the conversation turned on squaring the circle, and not on the propriety of confining France within the natural boundary of the Rhine. Mr. Brougham is, in fact, a striking instance of the versatility and strength of the human mind, and also in one sense of the length of human life, if we make a good use of our time. There is room enough to crowd almost every art and science into it. If we pass 'no day without a line,' visit no place without the company of a book, we may with ease fill libraries or empty them of their contents. Those who complain of the shortness of life, let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden minutes. The more we do, the more we can do ; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have. Mr. Brougham, among other means of strengthening and enlarging his views, has visited, we believe, most of the courts, and turned his attention to most of the constitutions of the continent. He is, no doubt, a very accomplished, active-minded, and admirable person."

Lord Brougham married, in 1816, Mary Anne, relict of John Slade, Esq., of Hill street, Berkeley square ; by whom he has one daughter. Lady Brougham's maiden name was Eden : she is nearly related to the Auckland and Handley families. At her marriage with Mr. Slade, in 1808, she was accounted an extremely beautiful young woman ; and she was still possessed of great personal charms at the period of her second union. Lady Brougham had by her former marriage a son, who inherits his father's estate, and is an officer in the army ; and a daughter. Lady Brougham brought no property to her husband but her jointure of £1,500 a-year, and the house No. 5, Hill street.

Lord Brougham was born in 1779, and is, consequently, in his fifty-second year.

THE MINSTREL'S WARNING.—BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

[ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.]

"HEAR her not ! she plays her part  
With a cold and loveless heart,  
Skill'd in every crafty charm  
That can lure the soul to harm ;



Wanton glance and low-breathed sighs—  
Caution's tongue that still denies.  
Master, dear ! oh ! hear me now,  
Rise and break thy sinful vow !

“ When the curled lashes rise  
From those dark and laughing eyes,  
Stealthily, as if to show  
All the light that lurks below ;  
Like the sun from greenwood breaking  
When the forest leaves are shaking—  
Turn not then to gaze again,  
Rise, and burst th' unholy chain !

“ When her cheek to thine is prest  
And those taper fingers rest  
Lightly on thy arm, to know  
Why such anger clouds thy brow ;  
When that voice whose simplest word  
Thrills thy fond heart's inmost chord,  
Tempts thee with a prayer to stay—  
Rise and fling that hand away !

“ Man doth fear the coiled snake  
Glitt'ring in the leafy brake ;  
Yet in woman's serpent eyes,  
More of death and danger lies ;  
More of poison and disgrace  
In the coil of her embrace.  
Master, dear ! the choice is thine—  
Rise and burst the serpent twine.

“ Rise ere yet thy honor'd name  
Is breathed with scorn, and heard with shame !  
Rise, already in the fight  
They have miss'd thee, laggard knight ! ”  
Vainly loud the minstrel sang—  
Vainly loud his wild harp rang—  
Rosy lips were whispering near,  
Which almost touch'd the listener's ear.  
And the battle day was past,  
When the knight awoke at last.

Where's the voice shall cheer him now  
Or bid him raise his humbled brow,  
While the past doth only seem  
Like a wild and fever'd dream ?  
Hath he given his all on earth  
But to share a wanton's mirth ?  
Hath he barter'd honor, fame,  
For a hope without a name ?

From the topmost battlement  
His eagle glance is downward sent,

"My Wife!"

Where his fellow warriors come,  
Marching gladly to their home,  
While their pennons all unfurl'd  
By the welcome breeze are curl'd.  
The fosse is deep—the wall is high—  
He gazes, and resolves to die!

To the hill and to the dell  
He bath groan'd a last farewell;  
To the standard which may wave  
O'er the conquering soldier's grave,  
But o'er that of recreant knight  
Flings no shadow thwart the light:  
To all, with feeble voice and low,  
He falters a farewell of woe!

"Thou! whose bright blade never fail'd  
When the foeman's hand prevail'd—  
Thou whose foot, though fleet it be,  
Never yet hath learn'd to flee—  
Thou whose mute and faithful eye  
Watch'd when I slept wearily—  
Hound, and steed, and trusty sword,  
Ye must seek another Lord!"

From the battlement he sprang,  
And the winds his requiem sang.  
Words of pity, or of scorn,  
Trampling march, and warder's horn,  
Rouse not from that dreamless sleep,  
For his rest is long and deep!  
And brave he was, though born to die  
By a wanton woman's eye!

"MY WIFE!"—A WHISPER.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—"My Wife"—she is gone out of town, and I seize the lucky moment to paint her portrait, and to tell my story. They shall not be full-lengths.

Wives!—what a word. There is "the creaking of shoes and the rustling of silks" in the sound; the rattling of keys, and—no, not the chink of money; but there is the sly, subtle, single knock of a dun in it, the scolding of servants, and the squeaking of children. Wife!—it sounds like the requiem of liberty, the knell of genius, the sad, sullen adieu to all the rhapsodies and ramblings of youth—the *ipse dixit* of destiny, pronouncing sentence of imprisonment for life, upon the unfettered and untameable spirit. It is a dictionary of itself—it means everything, good and evil. It is the *open, sesame!* of mischief—the sound of the creaking hinges of Pandora's box—the riveting of chains—the cabalistic word that is to call spirits from the deep, seraphs or satyrs, as it may happen—the flapping of the sails of the departing vessel, that is leaving us on an island, peopled probably with hyænas that hate laughing, and bears too sulky to dance. But then, on the other hand, there

is a certain sweetness—not a sweetness exactly, but a something or other in the sound, that certainly does—but all this is not what I was going to say.

Wives in general—for I have a word for those of other people before I come to my own—are as varied as the weather. There are hot and cold ones, fair and foggy, damp and dry. Your "damp" wife will be barely civil to you when you ask for her husband, and will perhaps say something about "people calling to take him out." If you open the door suddenly, you will perhaps see her putting the decanters away. The "dry" wife works by hints; she will quiz you, if single, upon your dissipated habits, and intimate that she considers you the cause of all her husband's wickedness before marriage, and some of it since. But your "foggy" wife is more disagreeable than all—one with whom it is impossible to see an inch before you, where you don't know whether you are to go or stay, who seems to entertain you with entire indifference, or regards you as a part of the live-stock upon her husband's estate; who neither invites you nor declines your visits, forgets your name twice a week, and if asked who you are, says—"Oh! it is *only* a friend of Mr. M.'s;" who, in short, just endures you, because there was a sort of understanding in the marriage contract, that the husband was to have his friends and dogs as often as he pleased. This is a sad clog to friendship, but it is a common one. I have a dozen friends whom I never think of visiting for this reason, because I know I should be placing myself in the situation of that person who apologized to Dr. Johnson for his long stay, and was answered, "Not at all, Sir; I had forgotten you were present."

When a man makes you stay to dinner whether you will or no, you may understand what he means; and when, on the other hand, he kicks you down stairs, you may, in general, pretty accurately guess what his intentions are. But an indifferent or an indefinite sort of reception is what I never, under any circumstances, run the risk of encountering twice.

How provoking is it, when you have made a call upon a friend who is delighted to see you, and with whom you have made up your mind to stop the evening, to be mercilessly interrupted by his wife, with—"well, when will you come and take a cup of tea with us?" as if she had detected the lurking intention as soon as it was formed. Really, I cannot understand how it is that human nature is still willing to submit to such inconveniences; and that in spite of Doctors' Commons, people are constantly found, not only perpetrating marriage, but persisting to their last breath in justifying their conduct, gilding their miseries till they look like transports to all but themselves, and preaching up their independence till, like patriots, they half delude themselves with a notion that they are in earnest. I do not go quite so far as the philosopher, who wished that the human race could be continued like trees; so that when a man wanted an heir he might only have to plant himself in his garden—set his housekeeper to water him—and wait for the shoot sprouting forth. This is a philosophy that is beyond me; but I do wish that there were some modification in the article of marriage; that the practice of widows throwing themselves on the funeral-pile of their husbands, were not confined to the Hindoos, but that something of the kind could be adopted here—as, instead of worrying us to death, it

would then become the grand aim of their existence to keep us alive as long as possible.

Or perhaps if the husband were to incur the penalty, it would be as well; it would certainly tend to a diminution of the number of marriages—a result which, besides setting the Malthusians at rest forever, no slight advantage—would have a sensible effect in the marriage-market, by humbling the coquettish and taming the termagants. It is the natural prejudice of the human mind in favor of marriage, and a proneness to commit it when about nineteen, that creates the mischief. If men were less ready to fall into the snare, women would be less disposed to make them sensible they were in it. The more is not the merrier, in this case. There are instances, I know, where marriage is indispensable; such as, when a man has made up his mind to take to drinking. Nothing is more uncomfortable, after spending an evening in the society of a few glasses of brandy and water, than to return home late, knock at the wrong door for half an hour, repeat the operation at the right one for three quarters, then recollect that you have got the key in your pocket after all, open it, grope about in the dark, find your way into any room, careless whether it be the landlady's or not, and fall fast asleep before you have got one boot off. All this is unpleasant, and any person so intending to indulge should certainly matrimonize his condition, in order that he may have somebody to take care of him. In cases like this it would be excusable; but we are every hour seeing marriages committed upon the most frivolous pretences, when there is really no earthly occasion for it. One would think it was considered quite a pleasure to repeat the responses and to pay parsons their fees—to eat fifteen shillings' worth of cake, and go to Richmond in a shabby chaise.

I make not these observations about wives with any desire to depreciate my own. Luckless and ill-fated is the wight who hath a partner prone to cards or paint, to throwing teacups, or dancing with first cousins not absolutely ill-looking. I pity him from the very depths of my spirit—yet I envy him. Yes, his is an enviable state of existence to mine. What is a simple fracture or two, or a slight scar on the temple—or a dinner-service demolished—or the loss of the money which you had put by for your summer expenses at somewhere, to an old card-player that you hate; or even the elopement with the not-ill-looking first cousin, which is the consequence of your remonstrance? All these are nothing to my sufferings, but they spring from a different cause. I am not tormented with a *bad* wife; but I am tortured—that is not the word, it does not express what I mean—with a *good* one. All my calamities arise from my good-fortune; my indescribable misery lies at the door of my unspeakable happiness. I am like a man who having unfortunately drawn a prize of ten thousand pounds, is immediately thrown into prison by his creditors for twenty thousand; or I resemble the unhappy winner of the prize-ox lately raffled for, whose appetite reduced the envied possessor of the beast to the verge of bankruptcy. I am ruined, I repeat, by my good-fortune. Had "my wife" been less amiable, I had been less afflicted; but she is perfection—and I am undone. Oh! ye, who love—but have the incalculable advantage of not being beloved in return; ye, whose wives reward your devoted attentions with the most profound and unmitigated hatred; ye, who never knew what it was to be doated on to a degree of inconvenience, which, as novels and newspapers remark, "may be more easily con-

ceived than described"—how little able are ye to sympathise with me! I am the very victim of "my wife's" idolatry, the martyr to my own felicity. Her affection for me is of that microscopic kind that she is perpetually detecting some horrible omen in what I had foolishly looked upon as a prospect of pleasure. She finds blots upon my sun when I fancy it all brightness. She sees poison in everything that I happen, by any chance, to have a partiality for. She is such a faithful guardian to my happiness, and takes such extraordinary care of my comforts, that she never lets me have any for use. Every disaster that has happened to me for these ten years may be clearly traced to her precautions for avoiding it. Lest I should get into any danger, or rather lest her affectionate spirit should miss the delight of sharing it with me, she never trusts me out of her sight. There she is always at my elbow, taking care, as she says, that I want for nothing—

A form of life and light,  
That seen became a part of sight!  
And rose where'er I turn'd mine eye.

In fact, I can't turn it, upon the most trivial object, without undergoing a cross-examination as to my motive for looking at it. If my eye happen to fall upon the window or be turned towards the sky, I am saluted with—"What is the matter? Are you going out?"—if my glance wanders round the room she remarks it, and says—"Can I get you anything?" or if it be fixed for a moment on the fire—"You are cold. Shall I wring for some coals?"—nay, if I glance, though ever so carelessly, at the girl who brings them—the same question is ready;—"What do you want? anything that I can get you?" Her tender regard for my health takes place of every other feeling; I have been a most pitiable invalid for many years,—not that I feel ill—quite the contrary; you would think me remarkably strong and healthy; but "my wife" knows better—she is aware that I am of a most delicate and sickly constitution, and she accordingly abridges my beef-steak, and locks up my cigars, with a firmness that amounts to something philosophic. She sees the water come into my eyes—or my mouth—but without relenting. In short, she is the most sensitive of women. She detects a fever in the very opening of a door, and discovers a rheumatism in every keyhole. She never uses an umbrella until she is sure it is thoroughly aired; is seized with an ague at the sight of the damp newspaper regularly every morning; and once experienced inflammation, which she attributed to having incautiously drank some water out of a *wet* glass.

I said that I would paint her portrait and then tell my story; I have finished my pen-and-ink sketch; and my story will bring me to the end of my paper. The adventure arose out of that incessant and amiable anxiety for my health which I cannot too much admire—or lament.

"People cannot be too careful of themselves, particularly at this trying season. Now do take it, dear L."

"Oh! no, it will be quite unnecessary."

"You are so careless. Who is to nurse you if you catch cold? Now, oblige me by taking it—you had better."

"Ridiculous! How can you press it upon me when I say so positively that I don't want it. I never heard of such a thing, and it would be really absurd."

"Not so absurd as your refusal. I can't conceive why you should make so many scruples—when it's all for your own good. I'm sure you'll catch cold. You know your cough is very bad already—there, it's coming on now; it will spoil all the folds of your cravat before dinner. Pray oblige me; be reasonable and put it in your pocket. Well, it's very teasing of you—I'm sure you might as well."

The article which was so assiduously and tenderly pressed upon my attention, but which I perseveringly declined accepting, was by no means a romantic one. It was not one of those infallible and heaven-invented restoratives for which all females—but elderly ones especially—are so deservedly celebrated. It was neither charm nor cordial: no, it was nothing more nor less than—a nightcap! The dialogue took place just as I was on the point of going out to dinner, *alone*, for the evening was wet, and "my wife" for once hesitated to share the horrors which she saw accumulating round my head. It was too late to send an excuse; I was obliged to go—"my wife" insisting that I should not think, under any circumstances, of returning home through the night-air, but that I should make up my mind to take a bed at my friend's. Having without much difficulty gained this point, she pertinaciously petitioned for another; and ever watchful for an opportunity of exercising the privileges of a guardian-angel, insisted on my taking with me my nightcap. Vainly did I assure her that it was unnecessary; that where I found a pillow I should find a cap; or in the event of the worst, that I should still be able to hit upon some means of protecting my temples from cold and my curls from disorder. I was set down for a visionary, a rash, thoughtless enthusiast. "Besides," said my amiable torturer, "even if you *should* find a cap upon the pillow, which, considering the uncertainty of this life, does not appear more than probable; but even if you should, it may not be aired as it ought to be. As for trusting to chance, I own I am surprised at your imprudence. A dependence upon providential interference is a becoming feeling in some cases, but not in this, when the means of averting calamity are in your own power. Now take it without another word—here it is, as white——"

"As your arm."

"Nonsense! But besides all the reasons I have stated, I must confess that I should not like you to wear any but your own natural nightcap. You would look like somebody else in another, and I should have unpleasant dreams. I should see you approach in an odious caricature of a cap; not in a nice, neat, becoming ornament like this. I'm sure I never saw a more graceful head dress, considering its shape. Oh, I can't bear the thought of your wearing another.—If you love me, if you wish to dream of me, you'll take this—unless you expect to find Fortunate's."

I reasoned and romanced—smiled, scolded, and humored: but I persisted in adhering to my principles, and rejected the nightcap in disdain. At last the point was given up; my wife threw her arms round me, and assured me that her anxiety was only for my good—I repeated the usual affectionate phrases in such cases made and provided—and we separated with a world of protestation on my part, and a universe of advice upon hers.

When I arrived at my place of appointment I found a pleasant party. Everybody was in high spirits. The ladies listened to our compliments as if they had never heard them before, and we all laughed at each



other's jokes as if we had never told them ourselves. We sat down to dinner.

Among the company was one of that class of females who may be designated languishing ladies. She was young, handsome, possessed extreme sensibility, an ardent fancy, and refined nerves. A whisper affected her like an earthquake, and a hint threw her into hysterics. It was necessary, in addressing her, to speak with profound caution, in case of giving alarm to her sensibilities, or treading upon a spring-gun. It was impossible to keep out of danger, unless every sentence had been a safety lamp. I felt, in offering a compliment, as if I were presenting a spark to a barrel of gunpowder; and was obliged to extinguish its meaning before it was fit for use.

We were seated in a circle of elegant enjoyment, not dreaming of disaster, when the genius of this sensitive plant—she wrote poetry, just by way of escaping the imputation of singularity—was served up as a subject for discussion. Unlucky theme for me! I was sitting opposite to her, and was appealed to, in a manner that rendered it impossible to escape, for my opinion upon the merits of an unpublished poem, which she had a little time before sent me to read, and which I had returned, (having read three lines of the three thousand,) with the usual flourish about an "admiring world," and "Mr. Murray's good fortune" in obtaining so extraordinary a production. Of course, nothing is so easy as to give an opinion—*mine* was, that the poem could not fail of becoming a dangerous rival to the "statue that enchants the world," and that it was, in short, nothing less than a miracle in manuscript. I hate your bit-and-bit eulogists, and like to do the thing handsomely when I do begin. This was all very satisfactory; but when I was asked to *describe* the poem—the stanza, the scene, the subject—I was puzzled. All I knew was, that it was written with a light hand and a new pen, and stitched in a pink wrapper. But to describe it!—I was confident, of course, that the heroine died broken-hearted, because that's a rule without a single modern exception—but that was not enough. My hesitation already, I perceived, began to affect the aspen nerves of the fair author. She was beginning to suspect—while those who had barbarously driven me into the dilemma, were beginning to titter. Something must be done—and so I determined upon venturing on the last resource in these cases, and on trusting to candor to help me out. I confessed that I could not satisfactorily describe the poem, as I had not been able to read it quite through. At about the two hundred and fifty-third page an accident, which I could not particularly describe, had prevented my reading farther, and I had never after been able to complete it. The nature of this mysterious accident was then inexorably demanded, by my persecutors—and to relieve my embarrassment, and to gain time, I had recourse to my handkerchief. A very good effect is sometimes produced, by taking a neatly folded one by the corner, and giving it a graceful jerk, so as to scatter the perfume as you raise it to your lips. I took it from my pocket for this purpose—it was folded up. I held it by the corner accordingly, and elevated it to a becoming height, in order that it might fall with proper elegance and effect. Imagine my astonishment, my agony, my shame. It was—not my handkerchief, but my—nightcap! Alas! my too fond, too careful wife, had, without my knowledge, slipped it into my pocket, when she embraced me at my departure.

No culprit at the fatal tree—no young lover of money, with an old bride—no monarch when the emblem of liberty, or revolution, is borne through his palace halls—ever saw a cap with such utter consternation. I held it up between my finger and thumb—not by the corner, for it had none—but by the white tassel that adorned it. I was deprived of the power of motion, my eyes fixed upon it; and I could neither drop it, nor the hand to which it seemed to grow. There it hung, like Mahomet's coffin. It looked pale with horror. It was suspended before me, like a winding-sheet. It seemed like a concentrated snow-storm ready to burst on my head. I at length cast a glance round the table. The female portion of the spectators were endeavoring to look grave and angry, amidst their laughter. The rest did not attempt to conceal the nature of the emotions my inadvertence had produced. The laughter was undisguised, and I felt that I must fight a duel with every man in the room. I ventured one half-averted look at the fair poet, who had thus unintentionally conspired with "my wife" to bring this disgrace upon my head. I read my history in her eyes—the truth was too clear to be a moment questioned. I had been praising her poem—I had dwelt with delight upon its beauties—I had confessed that an accident had interrupted the perusal; and when asked what that accident was, I had in the most pointed, public, and deliberate manner, elevated a nightcap! Could any declaration tell more plainly, that I fell asleep over the production I had so satirically admired. What!—to display a nightcap to a young and innocent creature, who had probably never seen her grandfather's!—not even her little brother's, after the border was taken off? The offence was beyond the hope of pardon, and apology was useless.

The lady spoke first—what, I know not. I only heard her stammer out something, like an Æolian harp afflicted with the palsy, or a pianoforte with an impediment in its speech. I could not reply. I had borne the laughter, but it was impossible to encounter the condolence of the whole room. Retreat was my only refuge, and I determined at once to decamp. I feigned a fish bone in my throat, or something equally inconvenient, pulled the cap furiously upon my head—nay, over my eyes—and without uttering a word, or stopping to answer one, rushed hatless into a hackney-coach.

"My wife" watched over the progress of my fever for three months, with the truest and most tender affection. How thankful the kind-hearted creature was that the incident had taken so serious an effect upon me!—it afforded her such an admirable opportunity of evincing her devotion. How grateful was she for my sufferings!—she had the exquisite enjoyment of alleviating them. I sometimes think that she almost wishes me dead—for the pleasure of being utterly inconsolable.

#### BLIGHTED HOPE.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]

There's grief in the pale cheek,—but who can tell what placed it there!—SCOTT.

Oh, say not—think not that I'm false,  
Nor scorn me as untrue;  
I am not faithless, though forlorn,  
And now despised by you.

The world may spread a wanton tale,  
 But heed not what they speak ;  
 I know my grief 's of no avail,  
 But read it on my cheek !  
 I'm silent,—Why ?—Ah, there 's the pain.  
 The cause !—'Tis madness quite ;  
 My hopes arose in fairy dreams,  
 They set in endless night.  
 I have no voice,—I dare not speak,  
 I must not tell my thought ;  
 Oh no,—thou'rt sacred, must not be,  
 The fatal lesson taught.  
 And I will bear the agony,  
 Suspected,—aye,—and scorn'd,  
 E'en, o'en by thee !—still think my heart  
 Perverted and deform'd.  
 Why should I foster still the hopes  
 That once appear'd so bright :—  
 Why sear thy young and faithful soul  
 With fate's untimely blight ?  
 I dare not link thy fate with mine,  
 No !—that would be unkind ;  
 For I must wander, lone,—and pine,  
 And battle with the wind :  
 Alone, on stormy billows tost,  
 Nor venture once to sigh  
 For that pure treasure I have lost :  
 No ! 'Twould be mockery !  
 You deem that falsehood lurk'd conceal'd  
 E'en in our last farewell ;—  
 Ah, in that word, that little word,  
 Lay more than tongue can tell !  
 Could you have read my aching heart,  
 Have known the anguish there ;  
 Reproaches now you would not dart,  
 You'd pity, and you'd spare.  
 Enough,—I dare not dwell upon  
 The fearful, madd'ning theme ;  
 I dare not linger on the thought,  
 The bliss of young Hope's dream :  
 But only this,—though silent, still,  
 Yet deem me not unkind ;  
 Think of the cause that seals my tongue,  
 The fetters now that bind.  
 Deem me not false, and I am blest ;  
 Deem me not cruel, and you spare  
 Pangs that I dare not, love, confess ;  
 Believe me—and forbear !  
 I am not false !—No, witness heaven !  
 Though still my soul forbids reply :  
 Still, dearest, I would be *forgiven*,  
 Then let the weary wanderer die !

AN AUDIENCE OF THE GRAND DUKE CESAROWITCH CONSTANTINE, BEFORE THE POLISH REVOLUTION.

BY A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

[ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.]—I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a loud knocking at the chamber door, and instantly a man entered, dressed in the uniform of a *chasseur*. He came to inform me that I was to follow him to the hotel of the Russian governor of Warsaw, where all the travellers were obliged to make their appearance, who had arrived at the capital, during the absence of the Grand Duke. Thence they were to be conducted to the palace, in order to be presented to his Imperial Highness, who had returned from a tour the preceding evening. In obedience to this untimely summons, I dressed myself hastily, and in a costume half civil, half military, followed my guide. The clock at the hotel of Wilna just struck five, as I paced, in the darkness of a November morning, through the sombre streets, to the audience-chamber of the Cesarowitch. When I arrived at the governor's hotel, I found the vestibule and the ante-chamber filled with a multitude of persons, whose dresses offered so *bizarre* and varied a sight, that at first I fancied myself in the midst of a masquerade. In one corner was a group of Jews, huddled together; in another, a dozen of general officers; a third nook was occupied by strangers of rank; a fourth, by deserters in chains. The governor had already started for the palace; but he had left two of his *aide-de-camps* to conduct us there with the customary ceremonial. These gentlemen arranged us together in pairs, without any regard to character or condition; and our procession, composed of fifty or sixty persons, advanced slowly between two files of mounted Cossacks, who, grasping their long lances, guarded us with as much precaution as if we were on the road to Siberia.

"Can you tell me what this means?" I said to my neighbor, an honest merchant from Hamburgh.

"No, Sir," he replied. "I was awakened this morning at four o'clock, by a police officer, who ordered me to accompany him forthwith to the governor general, as the Grand Duke had recently arrived, and was desirous of seeing me. Accordingly I arose, and put myself on a march through the midst of ice and snow. This nocturnal visit is not very inviting; but it appears that his Imperial Highness sometimes takes it into his head to appoint very singular hours for his audiences."

We soon arrived at the palace. We found the garrison of Warsaw marshaled on the place before the Belvedere, ready to be reviewed at day-break. At the gate of the palace our escort quitted us; and, for some minutes, we were allowed to promenade, amidst a vast number of Poles and strangers, of every rank and description. I was then placed between a Sicilian general and a soldier who had deserted. Our position was scarcely adjusted, when a confused noise indicated the arrival of the Grand Duke. A door opened, through which several officers passed; and, in a second, Constantine appeared. He wore the uniform of the Russian Imperial Guards. His portraits have made his Tartar visage sufficiently known in Europe, and it is, therefore, superfluous for me to paint him in words.

He commenced his compliments with an air of severity, fully calcu-

lated to give those a chill, who were not already half frozen to death. Approaching an Englishman, he asked him a few questions respecting his country, but in language so harsh and cutting, that the Briton proudly replied, "I have the honor to inform your Imperial Highness that I have a letter of credit for several thousand pounds on a banker, in St. Petersburg. I intended to spend that sum in the Russian capital; but after this prelude, I suppose I shall not be tempted to push my curiosity further."

"Just as you please," said his Imperial Highness, turning on his heel.

The presentations were for a moment delayed by a lady in mourning, who threw herself on her knees before the Cesarowitch, soliciting permission to go to Zamosk, in which fortress her husband, a Polish colonel, was confined. After rudely dismissing the fair supplicant, the Grand Duke addressed himself to my neighbor, the deserter, in a tone equivalent to a sentence of death. He did not leave the poor wretch long in suspense, but doomed him to receive three hundred lashes with the knout, a punishment, which, had he been master of twenty lives, would have abridged them all. No sooner was the condemned man removed, than his Imperial Highness came towards me, and demanded my name. I gave it.

"Where do you come from?"

"From Paris."

"Where are you going to?"

"Into the Ukraine, on a visit to the Countess Potocki."

"Good bye."

Then turning to the Sicilian general, who stood near me, and who was decorated with the grand *cordon* of the order of St. Januarius, he allowed him twenty-four hours to quit Warsaw, and eight days to withdraw from the kingdom of Poland.

Such were the courtesies of the deceased despot. I felt as if I were treading on bristling bayonets, until I had turned my back upon his hateful presence.—How long will men continue to uphold the sovereignty of scorpions?

REST.—BY LAURA PERCY.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]

THERE'S a rest for the troubled heart,  
 A repose for the care-worn mind,  
 A balsam for sorrow's smart,  
 A retreat from the piercing wind;  
 There's a home for the outcast and lorn,  
 The victim that none will save.  
 There is peace!—'Tis the peace of the tomb,  
 And the rest, is the rest of the grave.

What should the spirit fear,  
 When the visions of hope depart?  
 There's a thought that the soul will cheer,  
 That will bear up the drooping heart;  
 Why should the orphan mourn,  
 When the storm of the world he can brave;

He will meet with repose in the tomb,  
And he'll rest in the welcome grave !

See'st thou a terror in death ?  
That terror is idle and vain,  
All that we loved upon earth,  
We shall meet—we shall meet with again,  
Where brightness and bliss ever reign,  
More pure than hope's visions e'er gave ;  
We must first quit this valley of pain,  
And the road winds its way through the grave.

## BORELLI AND MENOTTI.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES IN POLAND."

[*ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.*—"Nineteen — twenty — twenty-one," muttered old Pietro, stretching his grey head out of the window, as he listened to the thunder of cannon, which echoed majestically through the valley, reverberating from the opposite cliffs of Santa Maria.

"That's a salute," continued the old man. "What it will bring Heaven only knows ! Should it be that we are fortunate—" he muttered, drawing in his breath, like one afraid of being overheard, and looking anxiously around, and then into the distance, from which at intervals swelled a distracted clamor. The cause of the noise seemed rapidly approaching.

"Protect us, Jesus, Maria, and Joseph, and all the blessed army of saints !" said Bettina, the wife of old Pietro ; "All the people of Reggio are in the park, men, women, and children. I saw Memmo and Guiseppo whetting their daggers behind the cascade—"

The old man turned with a vacant stare towards the speaker, who went on.

"And I asked them what they wanted, and they said 'that they had a right to be here, and to look after Jacobins and infidels ; and that our time is out, and that the Duke is come.'"

"Save us from evil !" said the old man, signing himself with the cross, and turning towards a folding-door, which he opened, and passed through.

"—And she still reposes, unconscious of what is going on around us, and before us, and we are utterly powerless ! Alas ! my limbs, how feeble they are ! I can scarcely move."

Pietro faltered towards a bed, and opening the curtains, looked wistfully on a female who lay upon it, whether slumbering or dead it would at first sight have been difficult to tell.

Her form was of exquisite beauty and of the truly Roman cast. Whiter than the sheet around her, she lay like a marble statue of antique workmanship. She seemed a vision, without breath or motion. Only at long intervals of respiration her pale lips opened slightly and tremulously, but with as little of vitality or volition as leaves fluttered by the wind.

\* The fate of these high-minded men was truly deplorable.—Encouraged to raise the standard of independence by the assurance of French assistance, they were basely left to the Austrians and the scaffold.—Must Italy be forever in bondage to the "Corinthian boor ?"

"So she has continued for the last seven nights!" said Bettina, bending anxiously over the bed.

"We must not disturb her," said Pietro in a whisper, drawing his wife back.

The sounds, at first faint and distant, and only perceptible from the echo which had returned them, like the rushing and roaring of mighty waters, assumed gradually a more distinct character. Wild tumultuous shouts ever and anon swelled nearer and nearer. The lovely sleeper opened her lips, murmured some inarticulate syllables, and closed them again. The noise increased; the cries, "Long live the Duke!—Religion! the Pope!" were repeatedly heard. On a sudden a discharge of musketry shook the whole windows and building, and the gates of the villa were burst asunder. Pietro, who had been standing unconscious of everything, his eye bent on his mistress, now hurried out of the room. He was not gone long, when a shrill cry arose from below. The slumbering form shuddered slightly, again opened her lips, and faltering "*Dio!*" relapsed into a state of suspended energy. The confusion had, in the meanwhile, spread all over the villa, above and beneath, and in the adjoining room. An occasional crash was heard, which made the fabric rock to its foundation.

"They show their valor on our furniture," said Pietro, who re-entered the room, his bloody head tied up with a handkerchief.

"These miserable men, who have run away before the *Tedeschi*, are breaking chairs, and tables, and sofas, and bottles, and casks. They are in the cellars, in the buttery, in the library—Matteo and Filippo are at their head."

While he was speaking, the door was dashed open, and two men entered, dressed in the uniform of the Ducal police, followed by ten soldiers, all armed with muskets and swords, their hats decorated with broad yellow and black cockades.

The chief of the party paused for a moment on beholding the lady on the bed, then elevating his head with an authoritative mien, he traversed the apartment and began to scrutinize its contents. All at once his attention was fixed by a portrait which hung over the fair sleeper; his eyes were filled with fury, and brandishing his sword he thrust it through the painting, and brought it to the ground.

"Ah!" whispered one of the men, "how valiant Filippo is!"

"*Abiano te trovati!*" exclaimed the furious Italian, "*te trovato finalmente? Voleva essere un' re et dar' lege alla sua Altezza Imperèale*"—so saying, he cut the painting and frame into fragments. "*Ma lui sta qui sono sicuro que sta qui; deve essere in questa stanza!*" and leaping forwards, he, with a single jerk, flung aside the sheet which mantled the pallid wife of Borelli, and exposed her to the gaze of his companions.

The men had been standing in deep silence; a couple of them now sprang forward, and replacing the sheet, drew the officer from the bed; their attention was attracted by a light movement of the lady—a protracted shivering crept over her frame; her teeth chattered; she stretched forth her hands, as if to withdraw somebody from the grasp of an enemy; she struggled with all her might—"No," she cried, "No, barbarians, you shall not have him!" and with a fearful shriek she added, "All in vain! All in vain!—They have him! They have him!"—Convulsions seized her, and again she sank into a lethargy.

\* \* \* \* \*



It was on the 10th of April, 1831, two days after the scene just described, when from the road which winds through the dreary flat that spreads from the vine-covered hills of Reggio towards Modena, two carriages were seen entering the city gate, surrounded by a detachment of Austrian cuirassiers; an immense multitude flocking at the same time from all sides. Ducal dragoons, in their primitive uniforms, just recovered from the pawnbrokers; mendicants, half naked, with black and yellow ribbons round their necks; women and children in a similar *dishabille*, and with the same decorations, in honor of their Austrian deliverers, intermingled with robbers, monks, and Ducal soldiers, were pressing with furious execrations towards the carriages. These carriages contained Borelli and Menotti, the two leaders of the popular party of Modena, who had at length come within the grasp of sovereign vengeance. The news had been brought by an express to Reggio, and the people had been called upon to testify their loyalty, and to deliver his Imperial Highness from the Jacobins. The loyal subjects had assembled in consequence, and they were not a little disappointed when they found the object of their hatred in the hands of the Austrians. To the right, towards the St. Maria gate, a troop of cuirassiers were trotting up and down to keep off the crowd, which, recoiling under shouts of "Live the Duke," advanced again, shouting "the Austrians!" Some Modenese *employées*, more daring than the rest, climbed up the arcades and windows, to throw stones and all sorts of missiles at the carriages, and those who protected them; while from the opposite quarter, the peasants came in crowds, with their priests riding on mules, and waving exultingly their broad-flapped hats. The carriage was approaching towards the Ducal palace, from which Francis the IVth had fled six weeks before, and where his life was saved by the firmness of Borelli, from the infuriated mob, that now demanded the blood of their late idol. The balconies and windows were filled with the creatures of the Duke; the cries of "Death to the Jacobins!" waxed louder and louder, and the same populace, who, a fortnight before, a squadron of *Tedeschi* would have chased the whole length of the Peninsula, now pressed forward upon the cuirassiers, regardless of blows and swords, to satisfy their vengeance—Italian vengeance.

They had succeeded in stopping the carriages. "Death to the traitors?" shouted the monks. One of the most ferocious-looking of the mob sprang upon the coach-step, and holding fast by the left hand, aimed with the right through the window. At the moment, the sword-hilt of a cuirassier descended on his neck, and knocked him down so effectually, that carriage and riders passed over his loyal corpse. The cavalcade neared the bastions of the citadel, the gates of which were guarded by a numerous detachment of Polish lancers. The sight of blood had stimulated the Italians, and again they pressed upon the escort; but the Poles wheeled forward, the carriage rolled into the arch-way, and the subjects of his Imperial Highness, men, women, monks, and robbers, tumbled over each other in angry confusion. The gates closed, the vehicle moved a few steps farther into the open courtyard, and there halted. The two prisoners descended; a deep melancholy sat upon the face of the first. It was Borelli—the ardent, the enthusiastic Borelli. His companion evinced more resignation: he caught his faltering fellow-sufferer by the arm, and led him through the gloomy passage into the subterranean chamber of their prison. A

slight smile passed across Menotti's lips when the rusty wings of the heavy iron door unfolded. "Ah!" he said, "they are afraid of our escaping. Alas! what a worthless thing is life after what we have just witnessed!"

There was no chair—no table—no bed in the room; Ducal littleness thought it necessary to show its cruelty even there. Borelli reeled into the arms of his friend, and then with the words, "*O Luigia!*—*Luigia!*"—dropped on the damp and chill stone floor.

At the hour of the promenade, the arcades of the main street of Modena were deserted. Save in the quarter of the populace, the city seemed to be uninhabited; no sound was to be heard—no serenade of the gay lover—nothing except the trotting of the cuirassiers and lancers, who rode up and down the *Strada Ducale* with a motion as regular as the piston of a steam-engine. Before the ducal palace stood Baron Geppert, the Austrian General, surrounded by his staff and a bevy of officers, damning, in good German, the French and the insurgents. At length he bowed, and the crowd dispersed as the cavalry trotted through the different streets towards their quarters. The clatter of horse-hoofs gradually died away, and nothing was audible save the "*Wer da*" of the guards, as they called through the night upon the solitary passenger.

It was in the evening of the next day, when Count Morovsky, Captain in a regiment of lancers of his Austrian Majesty, entered the room of his friend Baron O'Donnel, a Captain in the same corps. The Baron was so fortunate as to have his quarters assigned in the palace of the Most Illustrious the Contessa—. He sat before a looking-glass, while his servant arranged the fine curls that clustered around his forehead.

"*Ma foi*, Charles!" exclaimed the Baron—his countenance flushed as if he had been in pursuit of a troop of Independents—"ma foi! she loves me even more than I was aware of! By Jove! what a delightful creature! She herself bandaged this scratch on my left arm. Oh, these tears!—these dejected features!—these sighs!"

"You have heard the order of the day?" said the Count. "No trifling with women—"

"Pshaw! away with your order! The old grey-beard would turn us into Maltese knights. Here we are watching and guarding, and what? men who are not worth guarding, and who will run as fast as tailors, and women who are worthy of the noblest men. Besides, you know, she is the sister of the confidant and favorite of the Duke. I would barter all the *frauleins* of Germany for this widow: no coquetry—no grimaces. Let her once answer yes, and you know your ground. And then, rich as a daughter of Israel—beautiful as an angel, or an Englishwoman, and fervid, impetuous, like a daughter of her own impassioned country. One condition alone she demands, to be mine—mine forever,—and adieu service. But hush! I hear a carriage—her uncle is driving out this very hour."

"Probably to have some poor rogue of an Independent made quietly away with. The Duke, I understand, named him a member of the Secret Military Commission."

"The better—the better—let this country be a little cleansed of the *canaille*, and it will not look the worse for it."

The speaker was interrupted by a slight tap at the door.

"What now?" whispered the Count, "I'll step behind the alcove."

"No—no;" said the Baron, but his friend was already concealed. No sooner had he gained his retreat, than a female entered—it was the proud and noble Contessa —, the fair and youthful widow. She had been weeping—a tear still glittered on her eyelids—she glided towards the Baron. She was a voluptuous figure, with a neck and shoulder of ivory.

"O'Donnel!" she said, with a voice of music, "O'Donnel! you shall hear the condition;" she paused. "Life of my soul! you must kill my uncle!"

The Captain stared; "Kill your uncle?"

"The sole condition," said the dazzling woman.

"Kill your uncle, with my sword?"

"Ay, or with your poinard—this poinard."

She unwrapped a paper, and exhibited a sharp Roman dagger.

"This is the condition—fulfil it and I am thine."

She fixed her hurried glance on him—she grasped his hand—she led him to a sofa—her mouth hung over him, as if the quicker to catch his utterance; but her lover passively ejaculated, "Kill her uncle!"

"Kill your uncle?" said the Count, drawing the curtains of the alcove, and stepping towards the beauty—"Why kill him?"

The bright-eyed Italian seemed no ways disconcerted; bounding from the sofa, she playfully aimed the dagger at the breast of the officer, who stood quite calm.

"Ah! you are my man," and she burst into a laugh. "If Signor O'Donnel will not accept my condition, you will—will you not?"

"I kill your uncle, Contessa! You are merry."

"No, no," said she, throwing herself on the sofa, "No, no—kill him—deliver me from him, or he will"—she paused.

"And is there no other means?" demanded O'Donnel.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Contessa, after a moment's musing, "I have it—Count, you are mounting guard to night?"

The Count replied in the affirmative—"But how know you this?" said he, shaking his head distrustfully.

"Will you exchange with the Baron?"

The two officers looked at each other in surprise.

"Will you?" demanded the Contessa, stepping before them, and surveying them with the fiery glance of a love-glowing Italian.

"I will," replied O'Donnel.

"And you must!" said the Contessa, seizing his hand, and urging him to make arrangements for the change.

He departed silent and thoughtful. Something mysterious was going on,—something which might secure him a place for life in Mohacz, or some other fortress, but he had given his word of honor, and he went. After he had announced the exchange at the station, he dined at the *Traitoria della Villa*, and then retired to his lodgings in anxious expectation of what was to ensue.

He had opened the smaller wicket in the massive gate, and ascended the marble staircase, when a hollow bass voice resounded from the long corridor, answered by soft feminine accents. The officer listened. It was the voice of his landlord, the Cavaliere S—, in earnest sup-

plication. Saint after saint was invoked in succession. The officer listened in breathless suspense. The old Italian, after the litany was finished, ran over the service for the souls of the dead and dying, and then over a funeral prayer for Menotti and Borelli. He recited the virtues of the two unfortunate citizens, their devotion to the Holy Virgin, their humanity towards the serviles—towards the Duke himself.

"And will they be sacrificed?" cried a female in a heart-broken tone, in the midst of the Cavaliere's prayer.

"Our Lord did no harm—no harm to mortal, he benefited and blessed a sinful race, yet was he crucified!" responded another female.

"May the Almighty dispense mercy to the noble Borelli!" said the aged Cavaliere, arising from his knees and quitting the corridor.

During his devotions his suspicion had been awakened by the foot-step of the Captain; no sooner had he discovered the listener, than retreating, he exclaimed, "I shall follow Borelli—We are overheard."

"Be calm!" said the officer, "be calm, Signor, I shall not betray you, but take care for the future."

"Oh! he will not betray us," whispered Rosalia, the eldest daughter of the Cavaliere, a captivating girl of eighteen. "He will not betray us. Will you, sweet stranger?—Oh, you will not!"

The Count stood gazing at the blooming girl who hung by his side. Her father, mother, and younger sister had left the room. Before he was aware of it he was seated by Rosalia.

"You are silent, Signor!" said she, blushing, and looking upwards with an expression so pious—so confidently pure.

"And you have not mounted guard?" said she, after a pause.

"No, Signora! your friend O'Donnel has had the kindness."

"O'Donnel! O'Donnel," said the girl, and her countenance lighted up, and a smile of exultation flashed across her countenance. "O'Donnel! and the Contessa — has permitted him to go? Oh, she does not know how to love!"

She hesitated.

"But how do you know, Signora, that O'Donnel stays at the palace of the Contessa?" said the officer, releasing himself from her arm.

She hesitated again, and clasped his hands.

"O, you will not bring him to the scaffold!—O no, you will not!" She turned to him imploringly.

"Whom mean you?"

"Borelli!"

"Borelli!" said the Cavaliere, returning and uniting the hands of his daughter and the Count. "Signor," said the old man, "she is the eldest of my children; she has two villas, this house, and a fair dower. Count, she is yours!—Will you save Borelli and Menotti?"

"Save Borelli and Menotti? Why, I thought you hated both, and detested the patriots."

"I hated them so long as I did not know you; but now, Signor, I confide in your honor—Save them!"

"Save them? how can I? You know that I am under military oath—that strict obedience is our point of honor."

"Sleep, then, and we will save them; and still she shall be yours!"

The arm of the beautiful Rosalia was wreathed so tenderly round his neck—her eyes rested so beseechingly on his—her entreaties sounded so seducingly—Heaven knows what he might have engaged in, in spite of Metternich and the fortresses of Laybach and Lugano, and Mohacz

and Brunn. At the instant, however, when love and acquiescence were hovering on his lips, the beat of the drums was heard, succeeded by frequent blasts of the trumpet and the roar of cannon, startling the sleeping city, and scattering the glass panes of the Cavaliere all over the room.

The Captain sprang up.

"What is that?" exclaimed the agitated Cavaliere. "If Borelli and Menotti be not at liberty by this time," said the officer, seizing his sword and cap, "then they will be hanged indeed!" With these words he hastened out of the room and down stairs towards the citadel.

The whole city was in an uproar. The drums rolled with increasing vehemence, squadrons galloped from every quarter to the place of rendezvous. The rumor went, that an attempt had been made on the eastern side of the citadel, by a strong body of disguised Patriots, under the protection of a cavalry officer, by whose orders the Conte—— had been seized, while on his return to his palace, and carried to the guard-house. There he had been deprived of his dress and his insignia, and the conspirators, disguised as Ducal dragoons, had obtained access to the interior of the citadel; they had succeeded in liberating the prisoners, and conducting them through two piquets, when they were arrested and discovered by a third.

Rumor spoke too truly; the two officers had sacrificed themselves without benefiting the captives. It had been discovered, also, that many of the young cavalry felt too much sympathy for the rebel subjects of his Imperial Highness, and, consequently, the next day the whole body of lancers and cuirassiers was marched out of the city, and the garrison duty entrusted to the infantry.

Alas! this only proved an adventure which decided Ducal clemency to hurry the fate of the patriotic pair. His Highness thought it necessary to employ haste, lest his victims should escape him, and his counsellors sympathized with him. On the 25th of May a number of workmen were seen erecting two long posts on the bastion, which overlooks Modena on the western side, with two single beams, ten feet high, and an iron hook on the top. The men had been brought over from Reggio in the dead of night. The posts were the gallows destined for Borelli and Menotti. For the last fortnight they had been nearly starved; and to prevent their answers from embarrassing their equitable judges, they had been drugged with a mixture of wine and laudanum.

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The 26th of May was ushered in by a beautiful morning; not a cloud fretted the blue vault of heaven. A few lingering stars were gradually waning in the east, while one alone shone with undiminished lustre on the western horizon. Towards Reggio, gleams of a reddish hue grew gradually into fiery streaks, then a pale and doubtful light began to diffuse itself, first over the stately steeples and cupolas of the city, and then over its palaces. The bells proclaimed four; here and there was distinguishable the rattling of a distant cart, but as yet there were no signs of civil turmoil. Nothing broke the sepulchral stillness save the challenge of the sentinels, or the step of the early wayfarer. It was a mournful, an impressive calmness. In the citadel alone was there a stir of life. With the din of martial weapons, blended the stern and abrupt words of command. A battalion of Hungarian grenadiers had been under arms in the square of the citadel for a long hour. The clock struck five, as a file of soldiers emerged from the interior. In

the midst of them were two men, supported on the one side by priests, on the other by the executioner. Their hands were fastened before their breasts, and a crucifix was stuck in the knot that confined them. The procession slowly proceeded towards the outer bastion. When arrived before the two posts, they halted, and the soldiers formed around. A man raised a paper which he held in his hand, and uncovering his head, read its contents. The prisoners were then dragged towards the two posts. The executioner ascended the ladder, dropped a cord from the hook, and fastened it around Borelli's neck.—He next mounted the other post and did the same by his companion. He pushed the ladder away, and the victims of tyranny fell, but not to expire immediately. Their bodies were secured by the middle to a noose, which held their weight suspended, till in their agony their eyes protruded from the sockets. The sun now arose from behind the hills of Reggio, and one of the unhappy men was still struggling, till the weight of his frame tightened the pressure to strangulation, and he hung a corpse.

In the evening previous to the execution, a carriage of the Duke was seen leaving the city of Modena, on the road which leads towards Parma, escorted by ten dragoons. Not far from Reggio the road diverges towards the Villa Ombrosa. In the carriage were two men, dressed in the costume of judges of the Ducal tribunal: the haste with which they traveled showed that they were on an errand of importance. When they had reached the park of the villa, they halted till their escort had joined them. Thus protected, they proceeded, and alighting, entered the doorless devastated house; no soul stirred, but everywhere were fragments of desolation. They ascended the stairs and passed through one—two—three rooms; no inhabitant! At last, a man and woman appeared—it was Pietro and his wife.

"Who are you?" demanded the Commissioner.

"The steward of my lady, the noble Luigia Borelli," said the old man.

"I am here," said the Commissioner, "to carry into execution the mandate of the Most Serene Archduke and Duke, by whose orders the goods, and chattels, and estates, of Borelli the traitor are confiscated."

The old man tottered to the wall.

"Ah Signor," said his wife, "the Archduke surely might as well suffer our mistress to die in peace;" she pointed towards the door.

The Commissioner advanced; on the same bed still lay extended the same form, the beautiful Luigia Borelli, as colorless and as motionless as ever; with no sign of animation save the slight quiver of the lips. After a moment's regard, the Commissioner said, "To-morrow, at six o'clock, the house must be cleared." He then retired.

"Who is that man?" inquired Bettina.

"The Commissioner of our gracious Duke."

"He may now repose on the bed which his gracious Duke's servants have prepared for him," said Bettina; "there is not a chair in the whole house, and if I should be hanged, I will not stir for him!"

"Peace," said the old man; "peace be with us and ours."

But no peace came for Pietro and Bettina; it was a terrible lone night for them: below stairs were heard the reveling dragoons, and above, the Commissioners cursing the Independents. When, in the morning, the clock struck six, Bettina sought the chamber of her mistress. She approached the bed hurriedly, and withdrew the curtains.

Luigia Borelli still reclined like a statue, but the lips moved no more. The spirit that stirred them had departed.

"They have killed her at last!" said the faithful domestic; "at last! at last!"

The same hour, the same minute, in which Borelli, her beloved husband, had yielded up his life, she too had ceased to breathe!

SOCIETY.—By ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

[LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.]

SOCIETY—how oft that word profaned  
 We find, in scenes where nothing social dwells!  
 Where numbers mix, but sever'd hearts abound,  
 Each meanly cover'd with a mask of smiles.  
 But when a nature, noble in itself  
 And gifted, from the throne of greatness falls  
 Amid the mass, to sacrifice the soul  
 Round petty altars which the world has rear'd,  
 Who does not mourn a prostituted mind?  
 There was a festival where fairy shapes  
 Of bright-eyed women and of courtly men  
 Convened; and one to whom my fancy knelt  
 In sympathetic, high, and lonely hours,  
 Was there, supreme above the glowing throng.  
 His boyhood was a fiery thirst of fame  
 Which manhood had fulfill'd; and oh, how oft  
 The page of beauty where his thoughts had burn'd,  
 And all the verdure of his soul array'd  
 Each word with life and freshness—fill'd my mind  
 With ecstasy, till e'en this outward world  
 A hue of glory from his heart derived!  
 Love, Truth, and Joy, each varied scene and sound  
 From him a mystic inspiration caught;  
 Where'er I went, some intellectual gleam  
 Or radiance told of his abiding power—  
 For he had clothed the universe with light  
 To me, and everywhere his presence ruled.  
 And oft in secret had I shaped the form  
 That shined a spirit such as I adored.  
 We met; and never on the cheek of life  
 Has death a with'ring change so quickly set,  
 As on my heart fell disappointment's blight!  
 Society had marr'd his noble mind;  
 His thoughts were muffled in unmeaning words;  
 The stately nothingness of gaudy life  
 Alone he worship'd; not a tint remain'd  
 Of his true nature; not a tone reveal'd  
 The lofty music of the soul within.  
 A thing of artifice, and wooing smiles,  
 And fawning speeches, rank with falsehood's breath,  
 Was all he proved, whom wonder had array'd  
 With attributes of glory!—seldom pass'd  
 From light to darkness such a soul as his!



O World ! and is it thus thy victims fall !  
Then grant me, Heaven, some few confiding hearts  
Where truth abounds, and deep affections dwell :  
The stern may laugh, or wisdom call it vain ;  
But life is holy when the heart is free !

ALSINGHAM.

Look upon this face,  
Examine every feature and proportion,  
And you with me must grant this rare piece finish'd ;  
Nature, despairing e'er to make the like,  
Brake suddenly the mould in which 'twas fashion'd.  
Yet, to increase your pity, and call on  
Your justice with severity, this fair outside  
Was but the cover of a fairer mind.—MASSINGER.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—The Alsinghams were an old, respectable, and wealthy family ; one of the name had been a courtier, but it was in the reign of the first Charles, and since that period all political and courtly ambition had been extinct in his descendants. The hall was a venerable old structure, with its deeply-set windows, huge doors, and lengthy galleries, in one of which figured all the Alsinghams, from the doughty founder of the family, and his closely-garbed and pious-looking dame, to its last representative and his more courtly lady, in the undress costume of eighteen hundred and — ; but I hate dates—they identify too much, and enable the over-curious reader, with but a slight knowledge of the *locale*, to determine county, race, and identity.

Burton Alsingham, the present possessor of the domain and independence of his family, had early in youth induced his too indulgent father reluctantly to yield to his deep and settled wish of passing over to the continent, for the purpose of receiving his education in a college of Jesuits ; in an evil hour did he comply. Burton had ever been a sad and a silent boy, and his very selection of such a home for his youth, in preference to the smiling one in which his mother presided, bespoke the waywardness of his mood, and the gloom of his natural temperament. Burton bade adieu to his parents and to his brother, and departed for France ; years rolled away, but he betrayed no desire to return to his native country ; and the self-expatriated youth, at stated periods, announced by a cold but courteous letter, to the inhabitants of the hall, that the heir of Alsingham yet remembered the place of his birth and heritage, and this was all. The health of Mr. Alsingham at length became so precarious that it was judged expedient to urge more strenuously the return of his eldest son, and the summons was obeyed ; but he arrived only in time to lay his father beside his ancestors ; a sudden increase of his disorder had overcome the failing strength of the invalid, and his son looked on him no more in life. Lady Jane, his widow, was still in the full bloom of matronly beauty : she had married very early in youth the man to whom she had given her heart ; and herself the object of a pure, disinterested love, though the sister of a Scottish peer, she had never learned to regret having become the wife of an English commoner. Lady Jane had no daughter.

ter, but benevolence had supplied this void in her affections, when it instigated her to cherish, with all a mother's tenderness, the young and orphaned Alison Graham. Alison was the only child of a dear and lost friend, one who had been compelled to a repugnant marriage, and who had abridged the bitterness of an ill-assorted union by an early and heart-broken death; and it might be that the melancholy of the mother's spirit had descended to the child, for the fair cheek of Alison Graham was seldom flushed with mirth, and her beauty was that of the heart—calm, placid, and reflective. Alison had the golden hair, pure brow, and bright blue eye of her country; she had been the prettiest fairy that ever trod hill-side by moonlight, or playfully scattered the light thistle-down by her breath in the gloaming; but those days were past—the child had looked on her mother's corse, and the maiden still remembered her bereavement! Hitherto Alison Graham had never seen either of the sons of Lady Jane, but she had heard much of the gay mood of the young soldier, and the saturnine habits of the "boy misanthrope," as Burton had been in his youth designated by the neighboring gentry; and many were the tales told by the garrulous old housekeeper: tales treasured in the mind of Alison with the memory of her mother, and listened to with all the energy of a young and unoccupied spirit. Imagination filled up every void in the picture, and even as a stranger, the beautiful orphan had learned to pale at the name of Burton, and to smile at that of Frederick, when Lady Jane, with all a mother's pride, talked of her boys—her first-born exile, and her honor-seeking soldier. Frederick had not visited the hall for eight long years, and Lady Jane awaited with anxiety the termination of a foreign war, when her brave son, for brave she felt he must be, would be again restored to his country and to her.

"Yonder is Mr. Alsingham's traveling-chaise, Madam," said a female attendant to the trembling Alison, as she hurriedly clasped the girdle of the mourning robe in which she was to meet, for the first time, the dreaded master of Alsingham—the dear old hall in which she had passed so many peaceful years.

"Surely not yet," exclaimed the agitated girl, rushing to the window; "but yes, it is—it must be. Heavens! how the horses fly. And Lady Jane, where is she? and his poor father!" and Alison sank on a chair as cold as marble, and as tearless; her attendant withdrew to join the other domestics in the hall, and the orphan remained motionless, with a nameless and indefinable dread. She was aroused by a gentle touch, and she started and looked up.

"Alison, my daughter," said the low subdued voice of Lady Jane, "will you not welcome Burton Alsingham to his paternal home? Come, my child, and smile upon my son, for alas! his best welcome will still be wanting."

Miss Graham obeyed in silence; her extended arm supported the agitated form of her protectress, and together they descended to the hall. The steps of Mr. Alsingham's traveling-chariot were already let down, and in another moment he was beside them. Burton had left England a cold, repelling, silent boy—he now returned to it a colder, more repelling and more silent man; his full black eyes were keen, and clear, and searching; his cheek and brow sallow and bloodless, his step slow and measured, his voice deep, and his accent slightly foreign. He bowed respectfully on the hand of Lady Jane, passed her adopted child without a glance, and desired an attendant to conduct

him to the apartment of his father. Such a meeting, after so many years of absence, chilled the warm heart of the mother. She threw her arms round the neck of Alison, and fainted.

The excitement attendant on her husband's obsequies soon terminated, and Lady Jane felt that she was indeed widowed; her son she met only at the dinner-hour, or by accident. At the first he was cold, dignified, and too studiously well-bred for home—there was no unbending, no moment of mental relaxation, no indulgence of any of the gentler feelings; all was calm, polished, shadowless refinement; if chance produced a second meeting, he bowed seriously and silently, and stood still until Lady Jane had passed him. Once only he inquired for his brother. Eagerly was he answered—told of his advancement, his valor, and his generous spirit. He expressed himself rejoiced at his success, and the subject was never resumed.

Since the arrival of Mr. Alsingham, the old library, hitherto the source of many happy hours to the orphan, became sacred to him alone; it was his favorite and perpetual haunt, and there needed no request on his part to ensure its solitude: hours did he spend there, seated at a window which opened on the old wood, listening to the wild music of a wind-harp, lost alike to his family and to the world. To a woman of Lady Jane's ardent and affectionate nature, this cold, heart-shutting indifference became, after a time, intolerable. "I must, I *will* expostulate with him," she said aloud, as outwearied by the excitement of her own feelings she one day started from her seat; and while Alison gazed on her in trembling astonishment, she left the apartment. There could be but one interpretation of her words, and the orphan shuddered at her resolve; for myself, thought she, I would as readily rouse the lion in his lair as Mr. Alsingham: and she waited in breathless anxiety the return of her protectress.

Lady Jane found her son in his usual haunt; a large black-letter volume before him, and the wind-harp mingling its music with the sighing of the breeze through the old elms. He arose as she entered, placed a chair for her near the open window, closed and clasped the book with which he had been engaged, and resuming his own seat, remained silent; the pause was painful to his visiter, and she strove at once to terminate it. "Mr. Alsingham," she commenced, "this is, if I mistake not, your seven-and-twentieth birth-day, and you will, I trust, pardon my intrusion, caused as it is by my anxiety to tender to you the fondest wishes for your welfare"—her son bowed in silence. "Other considerations also," she resumed, falteringly, "have determined me to presume thus far, as your mother—as your friend,"—Burton smiled, faintly, with the cold smile of grateful politeness, and she continued: "You are yet at the age of hope—a widowed heart is not befitting the mistress of this ancient house."—She paused.

"You would have me marry, Madam," was the reply.

"Yes, Burton, I would have you seek a wife who can participate in your feelings, share your anxieties, and gild your hours of happiness with a brighter gleam."

"I do not ask or wish so much, Madam: my feelings are too deep for a woman's fathoming—my anxieties are few and trivial, and beyond a woman's sympathy—my hours of happiness are of my own creation, independent of external agency, and equally beyond a woman's participation. I shall be content with much less than this."

"Then why," commenced Lady Jane, eagerly, "do you not"—

"I will tell you, Madam," said her son; "because I have learnt that women love not a dark countenance, and a darker spirit—they look for flowers, and sunshine, and smiles, and—all that Burton Alsingham is not." After a moment's silence he resumed. "And were it not so, I could not love a woman because she had a noble dowry; I do not want riches, and were it even otherwise, last of all would I be the debtor of my wife—my family requires no ennobling at my hands, for to add ought to the consequence of the name of Alsingham were but to gild a golden relic—too vain a pastime for me, at least; and thus I seek not to barter my independence for a high-sounding title. When I marry, Madam, I must be loved—loved exclusively, devotedly—and where," he asked bitterly, "where is the woman who could so love Burton Alsingham?"

"Let me entreat you, for my sake, to think otherwise, if you will not for your own," persisted his mother. "These thoughts and opinions, if encouraged, will embitter an existence which would otherwise be brilliant: let me see you more tolerant of the world's ways—more a sharer in its gaieties."

"Madam," replied Alsingham firmly, "I cannot be gay; when did the silent boy and the sad youth ever make a mirthful man? And who would look for light laughter or blithe jest from one who is half a Jesuit?"

"Burton! my son!" exclaimed Lady Jane, and a tear fell on her cheek.

"I said but half a Jesuit, Madam;" and he strove to smile. "I remembered too well what I owed alike to my family and to you, to become more."

"Trust me, Alsingham," said his mother, rallying, "a fond heart and a fair face would soon arouse you from these gloomy visions, were you not too proud to owe your emancipation from this mental thralldom to a woman's love."

"I am not proud, Madam; I have been reared in the school of humility, tutored in self-denial, exercised in self-examination and self-knowledge—they were no lady-lips which taught me the lesson, nor did it fall on a heart likely to forget its import."

"Would that you could love Alison Graham," murmured Lady Jane, "and that she were indeed my daughter."

"Alison Graham!" echoed her son, and for the first time his cheek crimsoned and his voice shook. "Madam, Miss Graham were a fitter bride for the gay gallant who basks in the beam of fashion, and plays courtier to the world, than for me—she is too costly a toy for my hour of pastime—no, no, Madam, she would never be the bride of your son,—of your elder son."

"Could you love her, Burton?"

"Do we love the air we breathe, and the sunlight in which we revel?" demanded Alsingham, passionately, "do we—but I am a child. No, Madam, I could *not* love her, for I have a soul too haughty to be blighted by a woman's scorn. Had I been other than I am, I might have loved her, but now I *will not*."

"It is enough," said his mother, and with a rapid step she quitted the library; but her speed slackened ere she reached the apartment in which the timid Alison sat anxiously awaiting her return. "He has a heart, my child," she said, in an agitated tone, as she took a seat

beside the orphan, "a proud, deep, sensitive heart—one which may indeed break, but which no weight of suffering could ever bend."

"You speak of Mr. Alsingham, Madam," said Alison.

"Yes, of my son, my noble-minded son. There is a shade upon his nature, Alison, I know it; you have seen me weep over the conviction, but I knew not on how beautiful a spirit that cloud rested. He has a proud soul, but it is not—no"—and Lady Jane really believed herself sincere as she said it, "it is not a stern one." There was the pause of a moment, and she resumed. "He wants to be loved, Alison;—to see some fond heart cling to him as its best possession—to be the object of affection, of anxiety, of solicitude."

"Mr. Alsingham, Madam, seek to be so loved?" murmured her trembling and astonished auditor.

"Yes, Alison, with an exclusive, a devoted love, a love to which even the tenderness of a mother must yield in fervor and in depth—it is thus *he* loves, my child, with all the deep, unwearied, silent strength of concentrated feeling, and even thus that he would himself be loved."

"His must be indeed a fearful passion!" breathed the orphan, and she pressed her hand upon her eyes, as if to shut out the idea.

"Fearful only in its blight, gentle one," said Lady Jane, soothingly; "and one which woman may well be proud to win; and now, look on me, my fair girl," and she softly parted the golden curls on the brow of Alison, which had suddenly become blanched with a feeling of prophetic dread; "look on one who feels towards you all a mother's tenderness, and who would fain have a lawful right to be so addressed by her adopted child;—look on me, and tell me—could you not love my son?"

"Love your son, Lady Jane!" exclaimed the affrighted girl, springing from her side. "Love Mr. Alsingham! him, from whom I have ever shrunk with fear and awe? You do not, cannot ask me to love him! Bid me do all but this, and I will obey you—be it hardship, be it suffering."—And she stood in the centre of the floor, and shook back the long tresses which waved over her forehead, and drew up her graceful figure to its full height. "This alone is beyond my power; I remember my mother, and I shrink from the unfathomable gulf of blighted feeling and unhallowed existence—I have been reared in gentleness, and have grown into womanhood amid smiles;—and the contrast"—and she covered her face with her spread hands, and bent her head heavily on her bosom—"the contrast is fearful."

"Unhappy Burton!" murmured Lady Jane: but she breathed it more in sorrow than reproach.

"Forgive me, my more than mother," exclaimed Alison, subdued by that low and heart-inspired tone; "forgive me!" In the next instant she was at the feet of her protectress, with her pale face buried in her robe. "I will—I do love your son, Lady Jane; that he is such is enough. I will learn to love him as he requires to be loved—give him my every thought, my every care. I will be his wife, and from that hour"—and again the bitterness of the sacrifice betrayed itself in her tone, "from that hour I will have no other hope—I will love"—and her voice sank to a whisper—"even unto death, as my mother loved!" And when she looked up, there was a rigidity about her mouth, and a coldness in her eye, which gave a strange calm to her countenance. The silence which ensued was broken only by the sobs of Lady Jane, for Alison breathed slowly and steadily.

"On either side a victim!" murmured the mother; "and which to choose?—the son of my hope, or the daughter of my heart—"

"Be it the last, Madam," said Alison, rising from her knees, "be it the child of your benevolence, whose only duty is to bend to your slightest wish—whose very sacrifice of life were inadequate to cancel the weight of gratitude she owes you. Go to your son, Madam, go to Mr. Alsingham"—and for a moment she paused, and there was a tremulous quivering of the eyelid, and flushing of the brow, "and tell him that from this hour I will love him as fondly as my nature will permit, and that ere long I will feel for him all he requires—all he demands of me—or that my heart shall break in the effort."

"My noble-minded child!" exclaimed the weeping mother, as she strained her to her bosom, "would that—but no—look up, my Alison, my more than daughter: from this hour the fondest hope of our proud and ancient house."

But Alison replied not; a convulsive shuddering passed over her frame: she pressed her lips hurriedly to the hand of her protectress, and withdrew.

Burton heard that his suit had been prosperous, and he sought no further. With such a man, to love was to be devoted, absorbed, jealous of every moment of absence, delirious with a deep unnatural joy; and the heart-sickening Alison was the victim of incessant, tormenting, unrelaxed attentions, so calm, so quiet, and so unobtrusive in their observance, that she almost hated herself for feeling irritable with their author; but however the spirit of the orphan might shrink from the son of her benefactress, the same cold sweet smile was ever on her lip, and neither Lady Jane, or the self-deceiving lover of Miss Graham, remarked the increasing pallor of her cheek, or the deepening sadness of her manner.

Months wore away thus. To Burton they were months of enjoyment, of happiness, of a new and brilliant existence, hallowed by affection and heightened by hope; but with Alison they sped on in that dreary monotony of heart-void and spirit-loathing which saps the very principle of existence, and does the work of ruin more effectually, when woman is its victim, than the most active suffering. I have said that Alison was beautiful—lovely with intellectual beauty—and such loveliness sorrow rather deepens than destroys; her soul shone out in every lineament, and the charm grew with melancholy. To a gayer and a more worldly lover, Miss Graham might have appeared less attractive! but to Burton Alsingham, unconscious as he was of the cause, this gloom became another and a firmer heart-fetter. He could sit beside her for hours, and she never severed the connecting link of his imaginings by a word or a look; she talked not in their moments of converse of the world he hated, for she knew it not. She never combated his sentiments or his opinions, when perchance the proud spirit bent for an instant to give them utterance; for from the day in which she had yielded herself to his suit, all were alike to her, and she held Mr. Alsingham in too much dread to venture a dissent, had she yet felt one. The crimsoning of her usually pallid cheek on his entrance, the nervous tremor which shook her whole frame as he courteously but calmly touched her hand,—these indications of a dread, which baffled all her efforts to suppress them, were read far otherwise by Alsingham; to him they were but the chastened betrayals of affection and devotedness. She smiled, too, on his every effort to instruct

or to amuse, and he sought not to look beyond that smile ; it was a beautiful veil cast over expiring hope, and his hand never raised it. Well had it been for Alison had no other plucked it aside.

It was a lovely evening, in early autumn ; the leaves were yet firm upon the branches which they had clad throughout the gladsome summer, but they now gleamed in a thousand shades of gold and orange, glittering to the setting sun ; the rose-branch still flowered to the zephyr, but its blossoms were paler and less glowing than their wont ; and the low song of the nightingale came languidly on the ear, as though it wailed over the faded beauties of its floral goddess. To Alison such an evening was congenial ; it told of past brightness, of present withering, and of coming decay—she looked into her own heart, and she read the likeness. Still was Lady Jane the same kind and indulgent friend, changed perhaps only by an increase of affection and endearment : but the bent spirit could not rebound as it had once done to every touch of kindness ; it was felt, but it was no longer answered as it had been. Alison's very nature was perplexed ; there were moments in which she wept her weak acquiescence in her own misery—others in which she prayed even for death to release her from her iron destiny ; and utter indeed must be the hopelessness of the heart which in life's morning can sorrow after extinction—gnawing the misery which can prompt its victim in the full rush of beauty and of youth to cast them off forever in the grave ; to exchange the world's smiling courtesies for the darkness of the tomb, and the world's revels for the companionship of the mould-worm and the earthworm. Alison had learned to sigh even for this ; and meanwhile, to use the words of the elegant "Delta,"

She grew the very dream of what she was.

On this lovely autumnal evening the little group had assembled in an apartment which overlooked the spacious gardens of the hall, and the light breathings of the wind came through the open windows, freighted with the perfume of a thousand flowers ; while the sunbeams were cast back by the foliage of the graceful shrubs which basked in their brightness : but the occupants of the splendid apartment reflected not the glow of nature. Lady Jane sat with her eyes fixed on her adopted daughter, with an expression of melancholy consciousness ; those of Burton were also riveted on Alison, but they were vivid with intense happiness. Alsingham had ever been a moody man, and he was a silent lover ; for such a nature as his, passion had no anxiety. Unaccustomed to the blight of contradiction and disappointment, his love was one vast feeling of quiet and satisfied devotion. He loved Alison, and she was to be his—there was no romance in this, his heart's first episode, and Alsingham dreamt not that it could be otherwise.

"What a glorious evening !" at length murmured Lady Jane, anxious to dissipate the feeling which oppressed her. "Sunshine, flowers, and sweet odors, are blended like the colors of a fairy web—we want but music to complete the charm. Burton will reach your harp, my Alison, and you shall be our minstrel."

Alsingham quietly but readily obeyed ; he placed the instrument just where a burst of sunshine entered the apartment, and seated himself beside it. Alison drew her harp into deeper shade, and bent for a moment over its strings. How she had loved it once ! One large tear fell on her calm pale cheek, and but one ; in another instant the



low wild tones of a prelude, replete with pathos and beauty, gave utterance to the sadness of her spirit,—then the strings were swept with a more measured touch, and as she leant yet more closely over the chords, she breathed out, in a voice of the most thrilling melody, two stanzas of a quaint and simple ballad :

The dark knight came to his lady's bower,  
But she said him ever nay;  
"Sir knight, your love-vows have no power,  
For my heart is far away.  
Yet still he sued—fond words were spoken;  
Why did the dark knight stay?  
The hand is but a priceless token,  
When the heart is far away.

"And man stood listening as the syren sung," exclaimed a gay voice, as the last scarce-audible chord ceased to vibrate, and at the same moment the speaker hastily entered the room.

"My son!" gasped Lady Jane, convulsively.

"My mother!" echoed the equally excited Frederick, as he strained his last parent to his heart. It was but the action of a moment, but it told volumes of feeling to the spirit of Alison Graham; volumes, which for her peace she never should have scanned.

"And this," said the young soldier, as he gently withdrew himself from the embrace of his mother, and extended his hand to Burton, "this is then my brother."

Burton took the offered hand, and bowed on it in silence. His dark cheek crimsoned, for the eye of Alison Graham was on the stranger.

"And here, doubtless, I greet Miss Graham," pursued the youth as he met that intense gaze, "her to whom the sons of Lady Jane Alsingham owe uncancelable obligations—let us not meet as strangers," and the hand yet warm from the touch of Burton was extended to his mistress; "but as old, and tried, and——"

"Enough, Sir!" sternly interposed Mr. Alsingham. "We are ordinary people at Alsingham Park, and all unused to scenes. Miss Graham, suffer me to lead you to a seat—you are agitated, Madam, by such unusual vehemence."

Alison obeyed in silence: her hand was withdrawn from Frederick, and placed in that of his brother. The young soldier started as though an adder had stung him, and the blood mounted to his brow; but he met the beseeching eye and pale lip of his mother, and he was silent.

Burton stood beside his mistress, quivering with a new and terrible emotion—every feature was convulsed, every nerve shook—his arms were folded tightly on his breast—his lips were compressed—his eyes distended. Boundless and deep, even beyond his own consciousness, had been the love of Burton; silently and suddenly had it sprung into existence, and even with the same vastness and velocity had a new feeling succeeded it: one look from Alison, one tone from Frederick, had roused the sleeping demon, and Alsingham's jaundiced spirit taught him that he had met in the same hour a brother and a rival. There was no struggle of his better nature—even as he resigned himself to his love for Alison, when he deemed it utterly beyond hope, did he now yield himself up to this new feeling—his gloom deepened into ferocity—his quiet observance of all Miss Graham's wishes degenerated into haughty neglect—and in the moments when his love most swayed him, he would quit her presence, and in solitude and silence

tutor himself to coldness and distrust. This dark and hopeless change was another blast sweeping over the bruised reed, and Alison rather marveled than mourned at a mode of conduct which exempted her from the penance of perpetual solicitude, and promised so soon to terminate an existence which, since her meeting with Captain Alsingham, had become doubly hateful. Need I say that there were moments when the chilled spirit warmed into excitement at the looks and tones of Frederick, when her dread of Burton grew into horror, and her feeling towards his brother almost assumed, to her own heart, the semblance of a new, and unwelcome passion? Frederick was a very sunbeam! what wonder if the clouds of Burton's nature appeared doubly dark from the association?

Autumn was spent, and winter had laid his icy hand on nature, and blighted her last blossoms; no cheering sunblinks softened down the dreariness of hoar-clad vegetation—the days were dark and sullen, and gusty; and the chilled eye shrank from external objects, and the heart clung to home. But Alison's home was not what it had been—many and varying feelings were at war within her, and for the first time in her life there was a sensation of self-accusation mingling with the rest, as her thoughts glanced at Frederick; and too long did those truant thoughts linger there, even at the very moment when they had won blame from her pure heart. She sketched in voiceless vision his high and manly brow, with the dark hair clustering round it in rich masses, looking as though they had been wrought in sable marble by some skilful statuary; the haughty lip with its black moustache; the full clear eye, and the smile which gave a burst like sunshine to the whole countenance; the tall and graceful form, and the almost feminine gentleness which seemed to sport with his military garb and lofty carriage—such was the mental vision of the beautiful orphan. And Frederick had his dreams also, but he had learned from the lips of his mother the hopes of Burton, and he dared not look beyond their fulfilment; as anxiously as Alison herself had Captain Alsingham avoided a meeting, save in the presence of the family—he had begun to fear himself, he scarce knew how, or why—to listen to Miss Graham, to look on her pale beauty, to meet her sad sweet smile—and to remember that she never could be his; this was the business of his life.

Miss Graham was seated near a small workstand, in the same apartment in which she had first seen Captain Alsingham; her embroidery had fallen from her clasped hands, and she sat buried in thought; at intervals a large tear fell on her bosom, but it was unheeded. Little thought Alison, as she gave herself up to the misery which oppressed her, in all the confidence of solitude, that any eye was on her; but at the threshold stood Frederick, gazing upon her with sad and earnest tenderness: "She is thinking of my brother," he murmured to himself, "thinking of her future husband—of him with whom she is to travel through existence—beside whom she is to repose in the grave—from whom she is never more to part while her pulses vibrate! thinking of him," and he shuddered at the conviction, "in bitterness of spirit—in hopelessness of heart."

As the idea crossed his mind, Alison raised her eyes to a likeness of himself, which was suspended immediately before her: unconsciously she extended her arms towards it for a moment, and then cheek, and brow, and bosom, crimsoned with emotion, and she buried her burning face in her spread hands. Frederick saw all, and felt its import—in a

second he was at her feet, but she was unconscious of his presence ; a low stifled sigh escaped her bosom, and again her arms were outspread as if to catch the phantom of a hope which was mocking her bewildered fancy. " Oh ! had such been my fate ! " she murmured beneath her breath, as her hands fell listlessly on the head of Frederick—Alison started, and looked down ; her first impulse was to fly, but she could not ; the blood rushed to her brow, and she burst into tears.

" Alison ! my—sister—" faltered out Frederick, and their eyes met.

" Captain Alsingham—your brother—" uttered Miss Graham with difficulty, and again there was silence.

" What of my brother ? " at length demanded Frederick reproachfully ; " think you that I dread his displeasure, when I thus dare yours ? Would you have me fear him, Alison ? "

" Oh ! no," murmured Alison, " I know you could not—I would not that you should—and yet—rise, Captain Alsingham—there is something strange in this posture—this meeting—"

" Not strange to your heart, Alison ; you had not now to learn—but enough—" he paused, and that pause wrought more on the struggling feelings of his auditor, than the most impassioned words.

" I must fulfil my fate—" said Alison faintly, " I owe it to gratitude, and to your mother."

" And owe you nothing to happiness, and to yourself ? Owe you nothing to the blighted feelings of others ? Even gratitude may degenerate into weakness—and for my mother—think you that she could exact such heavy interest for her past care, as your misery, repaid as it has already been by your own tenderness ? I see your cheek grow pallid at the plainness of my words, how then will you support the reality at which they do but glance ?—Rash girl !—" he continued, losing in the excitement of the moment all memory of the circumstances which had hitherto ensured his silence, " remember that it is a life-sacrifice you contemplate—one effort, and you are free—" " Free,—dishonored—and despicable—alike to the world, and to myself," said Alison proudly, as she withdrew her hand from his grasp, and rose from her seat ; " Captain Alsingham, you have this day outraged both your own feelings and mine—let this hour be forgotten, or remembered only with compunction and regret by both of us—as your friend—as your sister—" and her voice faltered as she extended her hand to the heart-chilled Frederick, " and as such only think of the unhappy Alison Graham."

" I will learn to emulate your virtue, beautiful Miss Graham," said Captain Alsingham, as he pressed the offered hand to his lips. " I will endeavor to remember that you are my brother's promised bride, and I will strive to love even him who has undone us both."

" Hush, Frederick,"—whispered Alison, as her brow darkened for a moment, " no more of this for your own sake—for mine—for the sake of her—" and she drew closer to her auditor, and raised her large eyes steadily to his countenance, " of her who ere long will be your sister."

Alsingham met the look, and felt the gentleness of the admonition, but ere he could reply to it, a step was heard in the gallery which led to the apartment, and he hastily relinquished the hand of Alison, and retreated to a window. In the next moment his brother entered : traces of agitation were yet visible on either countenance, and there still lingered a tear in the eye of the orphan, when she turned it on

Burton ; but he uttered no comment on her evident discomposure, or his brother's presence. It was a gloomy cheerless day, nothing was heard save the dreary sweeping of the wind through the leafless trees, or the chirping of a solitary bird, and nature looked rayless and uninviting. "I came, Miss Graham," he commenced courteously, but coldly, "in the idea of finding you disengaged."

Alison uttered a hasty assurance to that effect.

Burton bowed and continued, "We must not be too nice, Madam, in this dreary season"; and thus impressed, I venture to propose to you a short ramble through the grounds ; and should you politely accept the offer, myself as your companion."

"A ramble, Sir ! Miss Graham !" exclaimed Frederick unguardedly, "in her failing state of health ! surely you must jest—"

"I never was less inclined to jest, Captain Alsingham, and had I sought to do so, I should have chosen a more fitting subject.—Miss Graham has heard the expression of two opposing wishes," he concluded bitterly, "it remains for her to decide between them."

"I am ready, Mr. Alsingham," said Alison hurriedly, as she enveloped herself in a fur mantle, and glanced shudderingly at the case—ment ; "I will not detain you an instant."

Frederick followed them with his eyes as they passed beneath the windows of the apartment in which they had quitted him ; the slight and delicate form of the orphan supported by the arm of his brother, carefully, but not tenderly—not, he felt, as he would have supported her ! her mantle swept rudely by the hoarse gusts of wind which at intervals passed over them, and her fair hair streaming from beneath the hood which she had drawn over it. Nearly an hour elapsed ere they returned, and with the quick perception of love, Captain Alsingham read a dark tale in the eye of the betrothed of Burton ; there was an unnatural hectic on her cheek, too, which accorded well with the cold light of that usually soft and downcast eye—a reckless misery in the glance which she turned on him as she entered, from which Frederick shrank with a spasm of unutterable emotion ; and Alison retreated to her own apartment.

The tale of Miss Graham's increased melancholy was soon told : Alsingham was about to pass over to the continent, he condescended not to say wherefore, even to her ; and he had obtained from the trembling, heart-bowed Alison, a promise to become his even on the morrow. Her consent was wrung from her in bitterness and in tears ; and Burton, ruffled by another and a darker feeling than he had once cherished for her, seemed careless of winning a kinder.

All was astonishment and confusion throughout the household when the intelligence was disseminated, but in no bosom did it create such a pang as in that of Frederick ; unconsciously, despite his better reason, he had clung to the wild hope that the gentle, beautiful, and cherished orphan might yet be his—but that hope was no more. Alison appeared not again that night, and a more than usual gloom pervaded the spirits of the mother and her sons. Burton, after a time, withdrew to the library with his steward, to arrange his departure for the continent ; Lady Jane soon exhausted her preparations for the hurried nuptials, so hurried as to leave her but scant power for preparation, and then with a brow which told but little of bridal hilarity, she joined her younger son. Neither dared to touch upon the subject which alone absorbed

their every idea, and the conversation was in consequence disjointed, irksome, and spiritless.

The dreaded morning rose, dark and frowning; not a sunbeam pierced the murky horizon, and the only smiles which cheered the bridal day were those of the happy domestics of Alsingham. Unskilled in the nicer subtleties of feeling, they knew but that their beloved and gentle Miss Graham was to be the bride of the heir of that noble house, the mistress of all its "pomp, and pride, and circumstance," and beyond this they had not a thought; they beheld the pallor of the lady, but they knew not that it was the result of suppressed anguish; they noted the tremor of her almost inaudible accents, during the irrevocable ceremony which united her to Mr. Alsingham, but they suspected no latent cause for her agitation, and as they uttered their respectful blessings on the newly married pair, they guessed not that one of them at least was beyond the blessing of a kneeling world!

Burton himself, roused into somewhat of emotion, pressed his pale bride to his heart, as they entered the hall on their return, and having in a courteous whisper welcomed her to her home, carefully supported her to the drawing-room where Lady Jane waited to receive her.

"My Alison!—my daughter!—" she exclaimed ardently, as she extended her arms to the victim—

Alison bent one long, despairing, agonized look on Frederick, ere she sank into the embrace of her mother—he forgot it not to his dying hour!—and then threw herself wildly upon her bosom; there was no struggle of emotion, no spasm of suffering, as she lay there, folded in the fond arms of Lady Jane. "My fair, my gentle girl!" murmured she fondly, "my own sweet Alison! look up, my love—" but she spoke in vain—the weight grew heavy upon her neck—the arms relaxed, and fell powerless—the mother gave a wild shriek, and Frederick rushed forward to support his brother's bride. Hurriedly he raised her veil—the lips were parted and colorless, the eyes wide and glassy, the form relaxed and nerveless—Alison was dead!

Mr. Alsingham passed to the continent, and died a Jesuit. His brother gallantly terminated his existence on the field of honor, and the spirit-stricken Lady Jane sank broken-hearted into the grave. The estate passed to a distant branch of the family, and again festivity and happiness reigned through the hospitable mansion. The early and hapless fate of Alison Graham has become a mere family legend, a "tale for the winter hearth," and many a bright eye turns rather with envy of her beauty, than pity for her fate, on her pictured semblance, which occupies a panel on the left-hand wall of the spacious gallery.

*"HE LIES LIKE TRUTH."*

[*THE ATHENÆUM.*].—Although we have been assured by a succession of moralists and philosophers, that human nature is everywhere the same, it took us some considerable time to assent to the truth of the proposition. We found such varieties of character, even in the circle of our acquaintance, that a superficial view of life induced us to consider human nature almost as changeable as Proteus. No two people that we ever yet met with, could even relate the same incident to us, with any very great resemblance between their stories. One friend, in describing an accident, turns up his eyes with an internal shudder

at the appalling nature of the scene: the husband has been thrown from his gig, while the agonized wife has cast herself out in the despair of the moment, and broken both her arms—the two children meanwhile retain their seats, and are found, by miraculous fortune, uninjured, when the horse is struck dead in its mad career by running against a stone wall. Our other friend, who was also a spectator, talks of it as a capital joke—the husband was overbalanced and escaped with a slight sprain of his ankle; the wife walked leisurely out of the vehicle, not missing one of the steps; and the two children were sound asleep, when the horse was stopped by an old Greenwich pensioner with a wooden leg,—and the whole party re-assembled in a few minutes, and drove off in the greatest spirits, after bestowing a shilling upon the aforesaid pensioner for his exertions. Is human nature always the same in the eyes of our two excellent friends? We suspect she is—it was evident to both, that there were present on this occasion, a horse and gig, a man, his wife, and two children. These were the only natural objects; the appliances, and some of the circumstances, were supplied by the internal power. Happy power! which can thus render the most common occurrences the ground-work of the finest feelings,—which can cover the bare realities of life with the sweet flowers or the dismal forest of imagination,—which can see a Waverley Novel in a newspaper advertisement, and to which the list of bankruptcies in the Gazette, can "ope the sacred font of sympathetic tears."

A German seems addicted, by some peculiar confirmation of mind, to discover in every event of life the agency of witchcraft and the devil. If a stranger, a gentleman, we shall suppose, dressed in solemn sables, with a somewhat conceited jerk of his head, maintaining a rigid silence, proceeding, most likely, from his entire ignorance of the language, (for, be it known, this mysterious stranger is a first-classman from Oxford, or perhaps a senior wrangler from the sister University,) should such a person make his appearance in the good old town of Heidelberg—he becomes an object of greater curiosity than the Tun. Every one affixes some history, of his own imagining, to the mysterious traveller; but nine-tenths will give him credit for being Maugrabin or Beelzebub. The week after, when conversation is beginning to flag about the suspicious visitor,—on the same spot, in the same attitude, with the same conceited jerk of his head, the same silence, and in the same style of dress, is seen a tutor from Trinity College, Dublin, so like in feature, manners and deportment, that no doubt is entertained of his being a double-ganger of the other. A hundred stories are now raised upon this slender foundation, and in a few months the public is affrighted with two huge volumes stuffed to the brim with diablerie and horrors. A Frenchman, on the other hand, sees nothing extraordinary in any one—if (forgive us the supposition!) in these days of exiled dynasties, his Infernal Majesty were to be forced to put his sulphureous mark to his abdication, and were to make his dim discrowned appearance in the Palais Royal, Paris would keep the even tenor of her way, or at the utmost write criticisms on his Majesty's dress. The milliners and tailors would be the sole imaginatives here,—and, instead of a three-volume novel in honor of the dethroned, there would be a revolution in the costumes: gowns à l'Enfer would supersede the ordinary dress;—and happy and rich would that it should be, who could place after his name—Habit-maker, by appointment, to his Ex-Majesty The Devil.

The English, we are sorry to confess it, in every foreigner and



stranger, see nothing but a fortune-hunter and swindler. The sound of an un-English pronunciation makes gruff John button up his pockets, and keep a watchful eye over the safety of his bandana. He neither thinks of Tartarus nor tailors, but straightway of his Exchequer-bills and daughters.

Of course there are great varieties in the modes of thought, upon these subjects, as well as all others. Some people have a fine oriental turn of mind, and can see the Great Desart in the park at Holkham. Their fancy teems with images of sterility or magnificence; they put their talents not indeed in a napkin, but in a turban, and think the highest honor in the world is the privilege of wearing green breeches. The other day we went into the Imperial Hotel in Covent-garden—while we waited for our hock and soda water, we entered into conversation with a middle-aged gentleman, in a dark-colored coat, who was sitting at the next table. In the course of our colloquy, he related an anecdote which he said had come under his own observation, while he was in Persia:—"A poor fellow, of the name of Ibrahim, was led one morning before the Cadi, whom I had myself gone to consult upon some business—I was struck with the appearance of the man. A fine bold expression of countenance gave effect to a figure of surpassing strength, and I waited impatiently to hear what his fault had been. An old woman soon appeared, who, making a profound obeisance to the Cadi, and lifting up her veil, began her complaint against Ibrahim; and said that he had been the persecutor of her daughter for several months past. He was, she confessed, the son of her husband's brother,—and though she had interdicted him from any intercourse with her family, her daughter Zobeide could never go to the mosque, without finding Ibrahim waiting for her at the door. He then entered into conversation with her, and accompanied her home, and even thrust himself into the house along with her. The other night, on coming home from seeing a procession, in which the Commander of the Faithful appeared, she was surprised to find Ibrahim along with her daughter, though she had strictly forbidden her to receive his visits. She therefore had summoned him before the Cadi to answer for his conduct. The Cadi asked if the daughter Zobeide was also indignant at the behavior of her cousin; and immediately a young girl stepped forward, and, after an obeisance, said, 'Ibrahim, my lord, is innocent: we were brought up together from childhood,—his father fell in fighting for the Schaw, and he lived with us ever after, like my mother's own son; but now my mother has found out for me a wealthier match, and wishes me to give up all acquaintance with the playmate of my youth.' On saying this, the fair Persian, who was indeed one of the loveliest women I ever saw, burst into tears, and threw herself into the arms of the now happy Ibrahim. The Cadi not only refused to interfere to hinder the meeting of the lovers, but used his influence with the old lady so well, that she even consented to accompany the youthful couple, who proceeded directly to the residence of the Musti."

The middle-aged gentleman in the dark-colored coat, got up on finishing his Persian anecdote, and, with a very civil bow, wished us good morning, and left the room. He had not gone above a minute, when we took up the paper he had been reading before the conversation began, and saw, under the head of Police Intelligence, the following notice:—

"John Jackson, a young man of very prepossessing appearance,



was brought before the sitting magistrate at this office, on the charge of an old lady, of the name of Mrs. Andrews. She stated that the prisoner, who was her nephew, molested her daughter with his attentions on every possible occasion;—that though she had forbidden the slightest acquaintance between them, he watched her whenever she went to church, forced himself into conversation, and even persisted in accompanying her home. On the day of the opening of the London Bridge, where she had gone to see the King (God bless him!), she was surprised, on coming home, to find the young people together. At last she could bear his behavior no longer, and had given him in charge. The magistrate inquired if the daughter was as unwilling to submit to the society of the young man at the bar, as the old lady evidently wished her to be. On this a very pretty interesting girl came forward, and said, ‘Oh, no! poor John and I were always together from our childhood. When his father was killed at Waterloo, he was brought up like my mother’s own son. But she wants me now to marry an old man, who is far richer than my cousin,—but I won’t—I won’t indeed.’ She laid her head on the shoulder of the delighted lover, and melted into tears.

“The magistrate under these circumstances refused to interfere, but pleaded the young people’s cause so warmly, that Mrs. Andrews herself consented to the match; and it was agreed, before they left the office, that the marriage should take place as soon as possible.”

Well, said we, after reading this paragraph, that old gentleman in the dark-colored coat is either a very considerable liar, or human nature is perfectly the same in Ispahan and London.

#### THE GOVERNMENT PALACE AT WARSAW.

(Illustrated with a Copperplate Engraving.)

As an accompaniment to the Engraving in this number of the Athenæum, we quote probably the most recent account of the City of Warsaw. It is from Dr. Granville’s Travels, published in 1829; but as the author is somewhat more diffuse than we can afford to be, his description is abridged:—

“The general appearance of the City of Warsaw is favorable: its details we found still more so. But my observations principally apply to the modern parts of the town, in which are the most fashionable streets and squares! such as the *Miodowa*, (Honey street,) in which our inn was situated! the *Nowy Swiat*, (the New World)—the one the Bond street, and the other the Regent street, of Warsaw; the *Elektoralna* (Electoral street); the *Długa* (Long street); the *Krolewska* and the *Senatorska* (the Royal and Senate streets), together with the *Place de Saxe, de Marierville*, and *du Roi Sigismond*. The streets are badly paved, and have no trottoirs; they greatly resemble those of Paris. Of about four thousand houses, which are large enough to give shelter to a population of 123,000 inhabitants, one fourth only are built of wood, that style of construction being no longer permitted. The houses are numbered, as in the principal towns in Lombardy, in one continued series, throughout the city, beginning at the royal palace, which is numbered *one*. The palaces, public buildings, and many of the mansions of noblemen, or wealthy commoners,

are on a large scale, very showy, and in general very striking for their architectural designs."

"The town is very picturesquely disposed on a hill of considerable elevation, which forms the left bank of the Vistula; and the Zameck spreading its wide wings midway between that river and the summit of the hill, forms a principal and an attractive feature in the landscape, which is crowded with handsome architectural elevations; some striking churches and many towering spires chequering, at different heights, the distant horizon. A bridge of boats, 3,280 feet long, joins the city to the Faubourg of Prague, through which we had entered Warsaw, and which, from an important and almost historical citadel in former times, has, through various vicissitudes of war, been reduced to an insignificant sandy plain, with a few dwelling houses scattered over it."

"A large building which I noticed in the grand square, is called the *Palais de Saxe*, formerly, also, one of the habitual residences of two of the Kings of Poland. At the back of this Palace are the principal public gardens to be found in the interior of Warsaw, which resemble, in some respects, the Park at Brussels, although considerably larger. There is, by the by, another handsome public garden in the town, much frequented at the fashionable hour of twelve, which belongs to what is called the Government Palace. (*See the Engraving.*) This latter is, perhaps, one of the most chaste and really beautiful architectural elevations which I noticed in the Polish capital. It is strictly in the Italian style, and consequently classical, as the reader will have some opportunity of judging by inspecting the annexed view of that building. Within its vast precincts, Melpomene, Mercury, and Themis, hold their court, for the Palace contains the National Theatre, the Custom House, and the high Tribunals. Here are also situated the offices of the Minister of the Interior; but I can find no appropriate mythological rank to bestow upon him.

"My readers are of course aware that the prevailing religion in Warsaw is the Catholic. This fact accounts for the great number of churches to be found in that city, some of which are, like most churches of that worship, of really colossal dimensions. The Cathedral Church of St. John is one of that number, and more particularly that of the Holy Cross. In the former, there is an altar-piece of great merit, by Palma Nova, which had for a few years been placed in the Louvre. From the soffit of the church is suspended a very large standard of Mahomet, wrested from the Turks by Sobieski, at the siege of Vienna. The Lutherans have a magnificent church of their own, which, in this instance, is superior in beauty and boldness of design to all the Catholic churches in the place. Monsieur Zug, the architect, has probably dared more than modern architects are in the habit of doing, in projecting a dome and tower of such prodigious elevation. From the top of this building, where a gallery affords that opportunity, the spectator may enjoy the best panoramic view of the city, and its surrounding villages and villas.

"Whichever way a traveller turns to get to his Hotel in the *Miodowa*, he cannot fail to pass some one of the monuments which stand in the squares to commemorate the reign of a Sovereign, or the achievements of a Polish warrior. The colossal statue of King Sigismund III., cast in bronze gilt, and placed on a lofty pillar of marble of the country, produces a very good effect. It was Ladislas IV. who erected it to the memory of his father; and the equestrian group in

bronze, in remembrance of the valor, and untimely extinction of Prince Poniatowski's career of glory, from the chisel of Thorwaldsen, is another monument worthy of admiration.

"Independently of the public gardens, Warsaw may be said to have in its vicinity some of the finest drives and promenades in Europe, for width and extent. The numerous avenues of the Ujazdow, leading to the Grand duke Constantine's country residence, Belvedere, planted with lofty lime and chestnut trees, are the rendezvous of nearly the entire population of Warsaw on Sundays and other holidays, and are admirably calculated, also, for horse and sledge races, both of which, I understand, take place on this spot, whenever the weather or season is favorable. The Poles, on all those occasions, resemble the rest of the Continental nations, who cannot enjoy the pleasures of a ride or walk in the country, without thinking of their stomach, for which ample provision is made at the numerous *restaurants* of all classes and degrees, scattered in many parts of the avenues in question.

"There is at Warsaw an University, founded by the late Emperor Alexander, in 1816. It consists of a Faculty of Theology; of Jurisprudence and Administration; of Medicine; of Philosophy; of Belles Lettres; and the Fine Arts; and is regulated by a council, composed of a rector, five members, and two secretaries, with forty-eight professors and teachers. The palace occupied by the University was once inhabited by King John Casimir! to which the Emperor, in presenting it to the University, ordered considerable additions to be made, particularly of two large buildings for the cabinets of zoology, philosophical instruments, the fine arts, and academical meetings. In the centre of the great court, in front of the University, a statue of Copernicus, whom the Poles claim as their countryman, has, with an appropriate feeling of veneration for his great talents and modesty, been recently erected. An observatory has just been finished, and many excellent astronomical instruments added to it, most of which were executed by the late celebrated Reichenbach.

"In driving through the streets of Warsaw it is impossible not to be struck with the large number of Jews who seem to inhabit them, and who, ever intent on business, are seen wandering in all directions with quick step and keen eye, looking the images of Care. There are not fewer than twenty-eight thousand of that tribe in Warsaw, who are undisturbed in their religion, although one of the recent measures of Government, the suppression of their Sanhedrins, and the substitution of inspectors of synagogues, was considered by them as an interference, against which they were disposed to protest. The wealth of these people is so considerable, that they have been able to supply all the extravagances of Polish spendthrifts among the nobility and the once rich landed proprietors, by which they have gradually become the mortgagees of nearly all the most valuable estates in the country."

## Varieties.

GROTTO OF SAMOUN.—Not far from Manfalout, and towards the end of the long marsh which closes Upper Egypt, on the plateau of the Arabic chain, and close to the surface of the ground, is the entrance

to this grotto, still but little known to Europeans, and excavated in the centre of the mountain by the unaided hand of nature. It consists of a suite of vast and lofty saloons, connected by passages so narrow, that you are forced to crawl on your knees, and separated from one another by partitions of stalactites, which are now blackened by the smoke of the torches, and the soot which accumulated during a long conflagration; but which originally must have shone with all the brilliancy of crystal. It is a sinuous and profound retreat, of which the termination, after a four or five hours' investigation, has not yet been discovered. At a period too remote to be known, the mummies of crocodiles, of all sizes, have been carried into this gloomy cavern: the largest are ranged in successive layers, from the ground to the roof of the immense halls; those of middling size in separate packages of fifty and sixty, intermingled here and there with human mummies which were once gilt, and large strata of rosin, in which are piled up, in all directions, millions of small crocodiles.

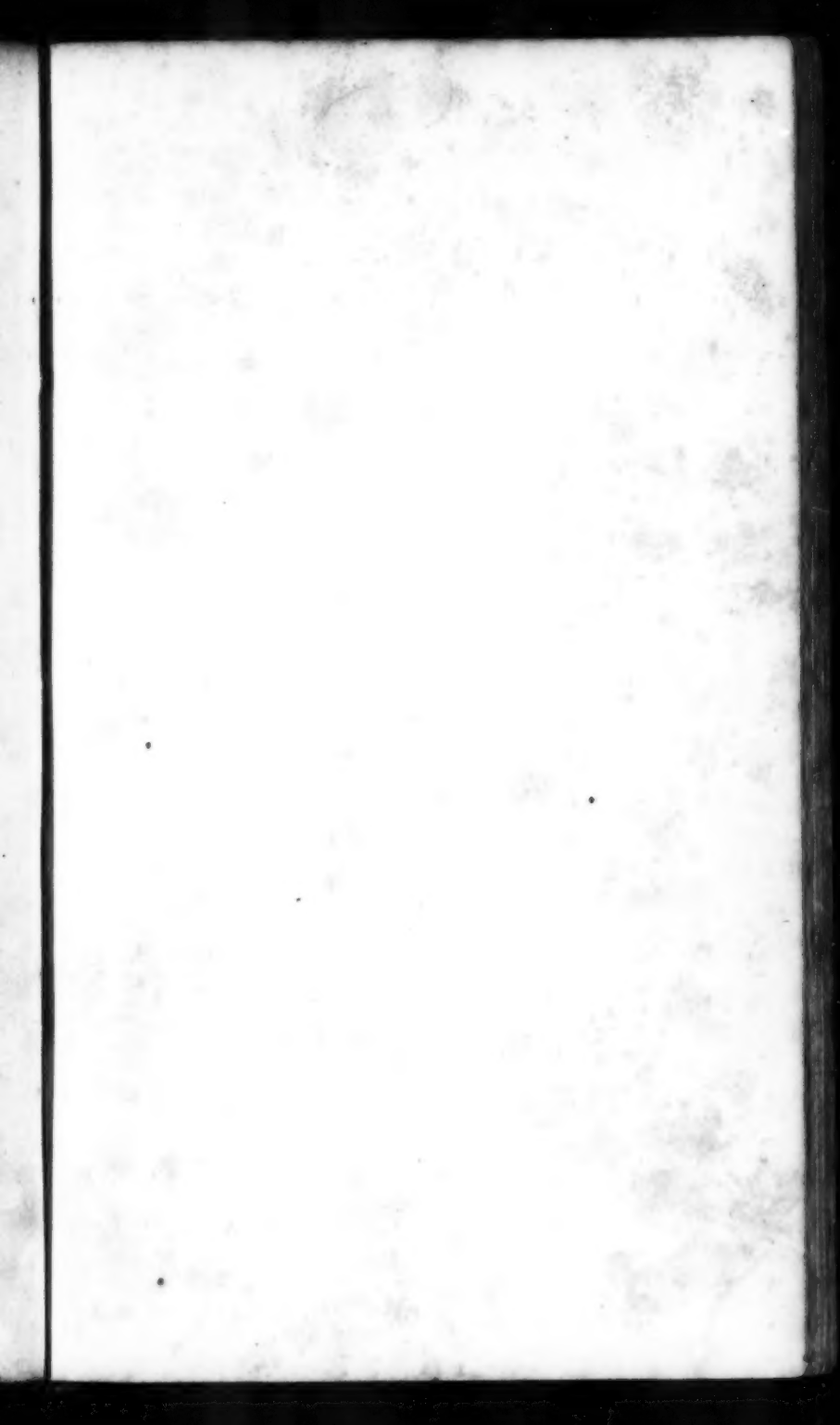
**THE CORONATION MEDAL.**—It is at last determined by Ministers to strike a medal in commemoration of the approaching Coronation of their Majesties. It will be about the size of a half-crown—not with the faces

Kind and billing,  
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,

as the satirist has it—but William will be on one side, and Adelaide on the other. Two thousand will be impressed on silver, and a fourth of that quantity on gold. Talents of the first order have been employed on this work. The models, from the hand of Chantry, are eminently beautiful; that of the Queen was made in great haste: the sculptor had to attend night and day at Windsor, to the neglect of all other commissions, till the head was completed. It then passed into the hands of Wyon, the medallist of the Mint, whose skill of touch, and happiness in seizing character, may be seen on the late coinage, and on many a fine medal.

**GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.**—The French papers report, that at a public exhibition of the Normal Gymnasium in Paris, during the late three days' rejoicings, two platoons of its pupils started and ran round the course at a regular step, which was equal to nine miles per hour. After resting for five minutes, they resumed at an accelerated velocity;—the youngest pupils moved at the rate of ten miles; youths between sixteen and eighteen, at the rate of thirteen; and adults, at that of seventeen miles per hour. Prizes were bestowed on seven of the swiftest runners.—It would have been more satisfactory, had we been informed of the distance run at these rates.

**CUSTOMS OF THE ABYSSINIANS.**—In all the Galla districts, except those converted to the Mahomedan or the Christian religion, the inhabitants, on the appearance of the smallpox, burn their villages, and retire to a place as far off as their district will allow. As the diseased are burnt with their homes,—fathers, mothers, and the dearest relations, alike fall a sacrifice to this barbarous practice. Horrid as it may appear, the Galla think it a very prudent mode of proceeding, and reproach the Christians for not doing the same, as they say numbers of their brethren are thus preserved by the sacrifice of a few.—*Pearce's Adventures.*





CHATEAU D'HAM,  
Département de la Somme.

## THE WISHING TREE.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF HOMER'S HYMNS.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

## PART I.

MARY M'GRAGH sat under the tree,  
 That grows on the skirts of Fairy-land ;  
 " And oh, I wish, I wish," quoth she,  
 " A buckle of gold, and a silver band,  
 And a silken gown of the purest white,  
 Oh, how would I shine at the Ball to-night ! "

Now, Mary M'Gragh, dost thou not see  
 The boughs how they quiver above thy head ?  
 Knowest thou not the Wishing Tree,  
 That every green leaf is a Fairy's bed,  
 And they're bending out over, thy bidding to take,  
 And 'tis that which maketh the leaves to shake ?

Then Mary M'Gragh she wish'd more and more  
 A costly wardrobe all complete,  
 As ever the Queen of Sheba wore—  
 For wishes are seldom too discreet ;  
 And fast as the words flew out of her mouth,  
 Away went the Fairies north and south.

Away went the Fairies east and west,  
 As, by the laws of Fuieric,  
 They are bound to do for every guest  
 That wisheth beneath the Wishing Tree ;  
 But how they sped, and the work went on,  
 Wait but awhile and you'll hear anon.

But first I must ring my magical bell,  
 To call my own dear Sprite to my ear,  
 To read me The Fairy-Chronicle ;  
 And all you can comprehend you'll hear,  
 Yet a thousand to one you take for lies  
 What's read from the book or seen with these eyes.

## PART II.

" Work on, work on," quoth the Fairy Queen,  
 " Work on, work on, my merry sweet elves,  
 In air so bright or on earth so green,  
 Under the boughs or on lichen shelves,  
 Under the pebbles in glassy wells,  
 The bat's dark holes, or in waxen cells."

They stitch, they hammer, they line, they mark,  
 And though fifteen hundred beetles' snouts  
 Are splitting the reeds and sawing the bark,  
 And each master-workman has fifty scouts,  
 Yet you could but hear such hum as floats,  
 When sunbeams sport with the busy notes.



A veil they made of the spider's thread,  
 And the gossamer's floating film they spin,  
 With flowers of jasmine overspread,  
 For a gown of the finest mosselin ;  
 And another they peel from the silken skin  
 That lines the tulip, furthest in.

And to edge and trim the mosselin sleeves,  
 Myriads of insects are set to trace  
 The fibres among the fallen leaves,  
 Of which they make the finest lace—  
 And finer and better, sure I am,  
 Ne'er came from Bruxelles or Nottingham.

The sparkles they fly from the beetle's wing,  
 As they clip it and file it for a clasp,  
 As the golden dust from brooch or ring  
 That shineth beneath a jeweller's rasp ;  
 And as they flew they bronzed the streaks  
 In the tulips, that look'd like Nature's freaks.

Full fifty thousand Dumbledoors  
 The Elves they slew with a forked pin,  
 For a velvet boddice, except the gores,  
 And they were made of the black mole's skin ;  
 The boddice was clasp'd with beetles' wings,  
 Prick'd with needles of hornets' stings.

They took a tuft of the trembling grass,  
 Sprinkled with dust of daffodil,  
 Till it shone as it shook like yellow glass,  
 Or light that sunbeams might distil.  
 And oh, it was a most rare device,  
 For a feather of Bird of Paradise.

From the damask-rose they cull'd drops of dew,  
 And made of them crystals ruby-stain'd—  
 They pinch'd the glow-worms black and blue,  
 And filch'd their light when they were pain'd,  
 Which in sand, in spar, and pebble set,  
 Became amethyst, diamond, pearl, and jet.

A thousand merry-men hunt the shrubs,  
 With links from the wild-foal's mane to bind  
 Living and writhing the hairy grubs,  
 For a tippet of the Boa-kind.  
 And the calceolaria's dew-steep'd woof,  
 They form into slippers water-proof.

Were I of the milliner craft, I ween,  
 I might the trinkums all explain,  
 Nor refer to the Ladies' Magazine  
 For the fashions that enter damsels' brain ;  
 But I know of gowns there were fifty-three,  
 Besides a bright green from the tulip-tree.

And of every texture they were made,  
Mosselin, and velvet, and gros-de-Naples ;  
And the boxes in which they were nicely laid,  
Were all veneer'd with the birds'-eye maple.  
And there they were, all speck and span,  
As ever came home from a milliner man.

## PART III.

Now perhaps you marvel all the while,  
That Fairies should both toil and spin,  
And think that I speak in too loose a style  
Of beings of such a kith and kin.  
But I've learnt their lore, and boldly state,  
They can substances change, but not create.

And suppose they had furnish'd sweet Mary's dress,  
With a snap of the fingers sans stitch or stroke,  
They would be sorry patterns of idleness.  
But Fairies must work like other folk,  
Though with spells over water, earth, and air,  
That can change them to things most strange and rare.

But there must be the seeds, as the syrup laid  
The essence of honey in patient flowers—  
And the sweetest of love that ever was made,  
Has been ta'en from the fragrance of true-love bowers  
And gentle thoughts from sunny looks,  
And the soul of music from running brooks.

You cannot pick love from a pavement-stone,  
For the chisel has chipp'd it all away ;  
But invisible hands have its essence sown,  
O'er that which is cover'd with lichens grey.  
And, pray tell me, who would enter the lists,  
With Fays, the marvellous Alchymists ?

Yet these are but mysteries and cabala,  
That little concern you or me ;  
And have nothing to do with Mary M'Gragh,  
All the while under the Wishing Tree ;  
To whom, at the winking of her eyes,  
The Queen of the Fairies convey'd the prize.

If Thetis brought to her mortal son,  
All nicely pack'd in her own sweet arms,  
An armory suit that might weigh a ton—  
You have learn'd very little of spells and charms,  
Not to know that a box of Millinerië,  
Might drop at the foot of a Wishing Tree.

And Thetis she was but a nymph marine,  
But Englonde, and Scotland, and Erin-go-Bragh—  
Why shouldn't our own good Fairy Queen  
Do much better things for Mary M'Gragh ?  
And the Elves work harder there and then,  
Than ever could fifty milliner men.

## PART IV.

MARY M'GRAGH was still bending her head,  
 And her lips apart show'd rows of pearls ;  
 And her eyes a lucid wonder shed,  
 For I saw it myself through her drooping curls ;  
 And her delicate fingers were poised as much,  
 Or more, in surprise, than raised to touch.

Not the famed fingers of rosy Morn,  
 Nor of Iris, that with one touch of joy  
 Old Somnus awaked at his gates of horn,  
 Nor the fairer fingers of Helen of Troy,  
 When she pointed from tower of Pergamā,  
 Were at all like those of Mary M'Gragh.

She was a beauty of such degree !  
 As a vision seen in a pleasant trance,  
 When the sunshine under the green-wood tree  
 Plays on the pages of old Romance.  
 And who would not be an Errant Knight  
 For a smile from beauty half so bright ?

But Chivalry 's gone,—monies and rents  
 Are the only things "to have and to hold ;"  
 And unless it brings lands and tenements,  
 Beauty 's scarce worth its weight in gold.  
 Now Mary bent down, with a wond'ring look,  
 Like a wood-nymph over a glassy brook.

O but it was the pleasantest sight,  
 And many the pleasant sights are seen,  
 By favor'd eyes, 'twixt the yellow light  
 That flicker'd amid the shadows green ;  
 But all that pass'd between her and the Fay,  
 As I didn't well hear, I will not say.

But the Fairy gave to the Maiden a rose,  
 The which in her bosom she must wear ;  
 That did an invisible Sprite enclose ;  
 "And be this," quoth she, "thy special care,  
 For there needeth that faithful sentinel  
 Potent and perfect to keep the spell.

"Oh ! guard it sure, 'tis a precious flower,  
 For the like it groweth not in ground ;  
 It was gather'd in our innermost bower,  
 That arm'd Elves ever do stand around ;  
 And folded within there lurketh an Elf,  
 That will work thee good as I myself."

## PART V.

Now the damsel stood at her chamber door,  
 Her fingers press'd on her rosy lip ;  
 But the merry Elves had been there before,  
 For they are the porters that nimbly trip.

And when her own boudoir she had won,  
She found the rich presents every one.

Four-and-twenty invisible sprites  
Around her toilet busily run ;  
They rub the mirrors, and trim the lights,  
Till each one blazes a perfect sun ;  
Boxes, and cushions, and pins are laid,  
As if each had been bred a lady's maid.

Nor needed they odors to dispense,  
For the Rose threw airs of such rich spice,  
As gave a new soul to every sense,  
As it was fresh from Paradise.  
And Mary M'Gragh in the midst did shine,  
Like Venus in her own golden shrine.

But little becometh it us to pry,  
Since we are not of the sister choir,  
Or into Venus's sanctuary,  
Or the same thing, Mary M'Gragh's boudoir ;  
One only fact I venture to tell,  
And that I take from the Chronicle.

When Mary, sweet maiden, was finely dress'd,  
Quoth she, " Come hither, thou Fairy Rose,"  
And she took it and placed it on her breast,  
And to fasten it there, alas ! she chose  
A pin, whose head was a painted star,  
A toy she had bought at a Ladies' Bazaar.

This star a lady of vast renown  
Had caused some starving wretch to fix ;  
And bated the price to half-a-crown,  
And sold it for shillings forty-six.  
No wonder the solder would not hold,  
And I doubt myself if the pin was gold.

Oh, Mary, thy lifted fingers stay  
From the brittle ware,—a gentle sprite  
Thrice thrust it aside, thrice push'd it away—  
Oh thou wilt rue the choice to-night—  
But let us turn to a gayer rhyme,  
For sorrow will come in its own good time.

The four-and-twenty serving sprites,  
That waited around her toilet all,  
They tended the maiden as liveried knights,  
As Mary M'Gragh went forth to the Ball ;  
There they attend on Mary M'Gragh,  
And then vanish into the orchestra.

And ere the musicianers did begin,  
Their fairy airs on book they prick ;  
And creep into every violin,  
And new-rozin every fiddlestick :

And the fiddlers wink'd as the music rose,  
For they thought it came from their own elbows

And as Mary M'Gragh walk'd up the room,  
The rose it sent sweet odors round ;  
And the music mix'd with the rare perfume,  
And it verily was enchanted ground,  
And the Master and King of the Ceremoniës  
Clapp'd both his hands in ecstasiës.

## PART VI.

SWEET music, it through the soul doth thrill,  
And dancing is sweet—in the minuet—  
And sweeter still in the soft quadrille—  
But, ladies, beware of a pirouette—  
And never, oh never, be indiscreet,  
To copy the Poet's "twinkling feet."

Let your steps be graceful every one,  
Ne'er put your tender feet in rage ;  
You needn't quite walk ; but oh, never run,  
Nor ape the twistings of the stage—  
But move like the stream of the pleasant Lynn,  
That disturbs not the image of beauty within.

The charm work'd well in each gentle dance,  
And better still in the promenade ;  
But Mary M'Gragh, what sad mischance  
Could make thee attempt the gallopade ?  
It cost thee the heart, it lost thee the hand,  
Of the finest lord in all the land.

A noble youth of a vast estate  
Fell deeply in love with Mary M'Gragh,  
And so felt his heart to palpitate,  
As it never had done at an operâ :  
The Fisherman Cupid his heart had hook'd,  
So he look'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and look'd.

But when Mary encounter'd that fatal dance,  
The Rose it trembled, as if a blast  
Had chill'd all its leaves—but not a glance  
Did the maiden unto the warning cast—  
Thrice the pink leaves changed to a deadly white,  
And the fiddles in sympathy scream'd affright.

Ah ! Mary, why didst thou so dance and spin,  
Or why didst thou go to the Ladies' Bazaar,—  
For, oh, it was that fatal pin,  
That toy with its flimsy faithless star—  
Was it such vile thing as this you chose,  
To hold that precious enchanted Rose ?

The star it snap'd from the brittle pin,  
At the very last turn of a pirouette ;  
And the shock was felt by Sprite within,  
Who boldly the moment of peril met :

For he threw his weight and clung with his might,  
On the mosselin that edged her bosom white.

As mareschal or squire at tournament,  
With chevaux de frise and palisade,  
Parteth the field from the Royal Tent,  
Blazing with beauty and rich brocade—  
So the Sprite of the Rose in the mosselin fold,  
Guarded his fairer field of gold.

And as ever and anon the youth,  
That noble suitor, he whisper'd speech  
That Mary M'Gragh took all for truth,  
That I will not assert or dare impeach—  
Her modest sweet joy and bliss to tell,  
Her bosom it fitfully rose and fell.

And ever it shone as the purest snow  
In the moonlight's soft and magical hour ;  
And the guardian Sprite moved to and fro,  
Like a Cupid rock'd in his cradle bower,  
Or small bark riding as 'twere by spell,  
That rises and falls with the bosom's swell.

But the stoutest bark may prove a wreck,  
The fairest schemes in their fall are found,  
Scarcely the light fan touch'd her neck—  
And the Rose, the Rose it falls to ground.  
Mary M'Gragh, thou hast broken the spell,  
And art but another Cinderell !

Oh, there's nothing on earth can vex me more,  
Than beauty brought to such despoite—  
It woundeth my heart to the very core,  
Till tears do blot the words I write.  
For as much as e'er miser adored his self,  
I'm in love with Mary M'Gragh myself.

The spell it dissolves as the new-fallen snow,  
When it melteth under an April sun ;  
And courting the green bank's genial glow,  
Come sweet primroses one by one.  
So melteth the spell, and alas therefore,  
Her beauty it shineth more and more.

The mosselin it is but gossamer's thread,  
And cobwebs drop for hanging sleeves,  
The boddice shrinks to a wretched shred,  
The Nottingham lace to brown dead leaves :  
Worthless as garlands at morning light,  
That beauty had charm'd in the blaze of night.

Thus at Amphitrite's marriage festoons that hung  
From the chamber of pearls in Neptune's hall,  
As worthless things, were afterwards flung,  
For dolphin and porpoise to sport withal.

The relics whereof, to this very day,  
Float as sea-weeds into creek and bay.

So the nice fabric of charm and spell,  
That dazzled all eyes and shone so bright,  
Or dwindled and shrunk, and wither'd and fell,  
To cobweb, leaf, and dust, or blight.  
Oh, strange is the art of Faierië,  
That can turn such weed to Millinerië !

## PART VII.

Now, think ye the four-and-twenty elves,  
That lackey'd the damsel everywhere,  
Thought only of their own dear selves,  
Like simpering fops around maidens fair ?  
They were quick to see, and quick to come,  
As the seven great Champions of Christendom.

They smear'd the eyes of every beau,  
With an illusion so supreme,  
That what each one saw he did not know,  
Or thought he only dream'd a dream.  
And they damp'd the lights that shone too clear,  
Where she stood beneath the chandelier.

And some they unbraided every braid,  
And let her rich tresses flow and twine,  
Oh, then she was like a fair mermaid,  
Glistening fresh from the sun-lit brine ;  
Or a statue of marble in midst of spray,  
Round which the dazzling fountains play.

But the strangest thing is yet to tell,  
At the which both damsel and dame withdrew ;  
For soon as th' enchanted floweret fell,  
It vanish'd, as from its leaves there flew  
A Cupid in height about inches two,  
Add the eighth of an hazel-nut thereto.

As a partridge under a sandy ledge,  
Warming her unfledged brood in the sun,  
Startled by step through the yielding hedge,  
Far from the path of her nest doth run,  
With straining foot, and outstretch'd wing,  
Thus to conceal their harboring ;

Or in flight shall suddenly drop to ground,  
And feign to be wing'd and wounded sore,  
And flutter and struggle, and run and bound,  
To draw her pursuer away the more—  
Till her brood be safe from obtruding eye,  
Then, whirring away, she bids good-bye—

So he flutter'd and bounded along the floor,  
And partly did run and partly fly ;



And as he approach'd the folding door,  
After him dame and damsel hie ;  
And as ever he twang'd his little bow,  
After him ever the more they go.

But when he had reach'd the anteroom,  
To catch him they all were so alert,  
Poor Mary was left alone—to whom  
He fell as a prize I not assert ;  
Some say Lady Juliet pick'd him up,  
And hid him under a coffee-cup.

But if it were so, Lady Juliet  
Should a lodging more to his taste have found,  
And have certainly known that such a pet  
Is not a stray ox to be put in pound—  
So the moment she thought to be sure of her prey,  
He slipp'd through her fingers and ran away.

Some say, that he vanish'd away in smoke,  
Some in Barbara's bosom, while playing whist,  
(An elderly maiden,) and made her revoke,  
And lose a single ; and some insist,  
That in order no longer to be forlorn,  
She eloped with an Ensign the very next morn.

That I vouch for these tales, I do not say,  
For folk that seem best to understand,  
Boldly assert, to this very day,  
That he's still safe and sound in Fairy-land ;  
And all that would that urchin see,  
Must seek him in realms of Fairië.

Be that as it may, the rooms were clear'd,  
And Mary M'Gragh was left alone,  
When with two stout chairmen the Elves appear'd,  
(And they acted by senses not their own.)  
So Mary M'Gragh, as the elves foreran,  
Was carried home safe in a Bath sedan.

They tuck'd up the maiden warm in bed,  
Some of them watch'd on the counterpane,  
Some at the foot, and some at the head,  
And calm'd with rare essence her wilder'd brain,  
And inspired a dream, that made her forget  
The Wishing Tree, and the Pirouette.

Her suitor at heart grew sick and sore,  
That heart he never would transfer,  
So they hurried him off on a foreign tour,  
But " Oh no ! they never mention'd her."  
And so often his woes he did rehearse,  
That they speedily sang them about in verse.

That painted star was never more seen,  
For t'was made a football for Elfin shoon,

And sporting one night before the Queen,  
 They scornfully kick'd it over the moon—  
 And the pin—but I would not, after that kick,  
 Lose sight of a rocket to look for its stick.

It would grieve me sore, as grieve it ought,  
 If you think I mean in any degree,  
 That Ladies of pure and noble thought,  
 Shouldn't sit under a Wishing Tree :  
 I would but entreat them to better thrift,  
 Than a careless hold of a Fairy gift.

And Fairies, dear Sprites, seem ever to me,  
 To invest with spells all womankind,  
 Till men do adore, and bow the knee,  
 Which maketh folk say that Love is blind.  
 And I think it but honest, the rest of your lives,  
 That you keep up the spell, tho' you should be wives!

Rubies ne'er grow upon currant-trees ;  
 The fairest fruit that is bought and sold,  
 Ne'er came from the famed Hesperides ;  
 Nor are all golden apples that glitter gold.  
 As you'll find, if you purchase the trumpery ware  
 At Ladies' Bazaars, in Vanity Fair.

## MR. FORSYTHE.

[*NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*].—A great change has taken place in the general character of the members of the Scottish Bar since the time when Plydell might serve for their representative. Whether the change is altogether for the better, it might be difficult to determine.

Formerly, only the scions of the aristocracy were admitted into the faculty. Such of them as devoted themselves to business, possessed little general information beyond what a classical education furnished them with, or natural shrewdness enabled them to pick up in discharging the duties of a profession which, more than any other, brings a man in contact with all classes of society, and enables him to examine narrowly their pursuits, habits, and modes of thinking. They were honorable and urbane from occupying a distinguished place in the first circles ; they were shrewd and self-possessed from habits of business ; they possessed a correct taste from the nature of their early studies ; they were narrow-minded from a habit of considering all subjects only as they bore upon their own pursuits ; they were pedantic both from professional causes and the comparative narrow sphere within which they moved. Like all their countrymen of the better classes at that period, they exhibited a strange mixture of refinement in their general deportment and coarseness in their hours of relaxation.

An essential change has come over the spirit of the profession. The wall of separation between the magnates of the land and the middle and lower classes has been broken down, and all find equally ready admission to the Bar. The example first set by Kaimes and a few of his contemporaries, and carried to greater lengths by Jeffrey and his friends, of cultivating faculties and tastes of the mind which have little

immediate bearing upon the practice of law, is now almost universally followed. The Scottish Bar is more at ease with the spirit of the age; its sentiments are less exclusive; its range of ideas less narrow; its principles and motives of action less shackled, less tinged with the prejudices of a caste; its members more numerous, both because of the extended commercial relations of the country and of the greater field opened for the selection of them; they cannot now look forward to necessarily vegetating in the course of time, into one of those numerous official situations which can only be filled by them. They must be busy, active, pushing; and the necessity of greater exertion, united with the more indiscriminate reception of men from all classes of society, while it has called forth more masculine intellect and commanding characters, has also given birth to a great number of low, uneducated, reckless practitioners;—it has introduced what was before unknown in Scotland—a class equivalent to the counsel of the Old Bailey.

The effect of this change has been, in the first place, to smooth down the characteristic features which distinguished our lawyers from the rest of the community. When there is anything markedly peculiar about a member of the Scottish Bar in our day, you may rest assured that it is characteristic more of the individual than his profession. In the second place, it has rendered the circumstance of an individual's belonging to the Bar a less certain index of his station in society. The profession is still highly honorable: the importance of its duties; the talents it requires; the responsibility it infers, give an elevated tone to the more generous and educated mind. But at the same time, less exclusive than of old, it contains many neither of cultivated minds nor gentlemanly feelings—men capable of cringing to the lowest patronage—of the most disgusting servility—of any prostitution of the sacred character of a minister of justice which brings gain along with it.

Of the present members of the Bar, there is scarcely one who so well deserves to be studied as the object of our present sketch, as well on account of the strength, originality, and peculiarity of his character, as on account of his having been the first to vindicate in his own person the right of every class of the community to be allowed admission into the Faculty of Advocates. The energy and perseverance with which Mr. Forsythe fought his way into that body, and the important consequences of his admission, in modifying its character, entitle him to consideration.

We defy you to pass him, even in the jostling throngs of the Parliament House, without notice, or without a wish to know something about him. His figure is heavy and colossal; the trunk seeming to cause even the sturdy supporters upon which it is propped to bend beneath its weight. To add to the massiveness of his appearance, his nether man is usually arrayed in pantaloons and gaiters, which can scarcely be said to deserve their provincial appellation of tights, for they hang around him in huge puckering folds like the skin of the rhinoceros. His gait is truly elephantine—ponderous and slow. His face is square and massive, rather receding from the chin to the top of the forehead—level as a plank, except for the protrusion of a tolerably-well-formed nose. He has a most decided squint, the apparent inclinations of his orbs of vision diverging nearly at right angles. The corners of his mouth are prolonged, as if emulating the sidelong ex-

tension of his look—and yet he is by no means an ugly man. His features are by no means unpleasing, only there is an iron expression in his visage, and an impenetrability, the result of the impossibility of encountering his look.

Nor may the reader set him down by virtue of this description as a mere brawny lump of vulgarity. It has been our lot to encounter Mr. Forsythe in evening parties, when he had laid aside his business anxieties, donned his close-fitting, glossy black suit, and powdered his head till it rivaled the driven snow. With all his unwieldiness, he had an air of dignity, and looked the gentleman of the old school. It is rare, too, on these occasions to see him without one of his daughters hanging on his arm, and her presence, and the hilarity of the hour, seem to breathe a softness o'er his rugged front. He looks for the time like Arthur's seal basking in a cloudless, breathless noontide. Without relaxing his wonted stiffness, he evidently enjoys himself after a quiet and peculiar fashion.

His style of speaking is quite in accordance with his appearance—terse, dry, and anything but fluent. He haws and hems, and his sentences drop from him abrupt, constrained, and slowly as eave-drops from the roof when the rain has long been over. There is no attempt at ornament in his diction, or elevation in his thoughts or sentiments. He employs the plainest and simplest words, and the least involved phrases, on all occasions, and rather seeks to reduce any topic to the level of his own habitual thoughts, than to allow himself to be carried away with it. Perhaps an example may best convey to the reader what we feel we are most hopelessly laboring to express.

The right worshipful magistracy of Edinburgh, and the equally-respectable incorporation of butchers (fleshers, as they are termed in the Attic dialect of Modern Athens), chanced to go to loggerheads, and like all fools they insisted upon going further—to law! and like most who go further, they fared worse. But we have no time to moralize. Mr. Forsythe was retained by the slayers of oxen. The peroration of his address to the jury was somewhat after the following fashion. (To complete the picture, the reader will have the goodness to keep in view the orator's clients in the back-ground, listening with pride and delight to the dignity with which he invested their cause.) "Hem!—Gentlemen of the jury! You may perhaps think the present question a small matter—(hawk, hem!)—but, gentlemen, I suppose you have all heard of John Hampden (hawk!). You remember that the object for which (hem!) he stood out against the King was,—(a hawk, hem!) was neither more nor less than a penny impost.—(a-hem!) Now, gentlemen, this is precisely the case of my clients. So you see, gentlemen, (hem!) the cause you are this day called upon to try, is the very cause (a hawk, hem!) for which Hampden died on the field and Sidney on the scaffold!" These words, uttered in a harsh voice, with his eyes apparently wandering in any direction but that of the persons he was addressing, and an involuntary and habitual sneer in every tone and gesture, certainly did not elevate his clients or their cause above their natural sphere, but for the moment it reduced the proverbial heroes of constitutional freedom in the feelings of all the bystanders to a level with them. He could not "raise a mortal to the skies," but he succeeded in bringing "an angel down."

His style of conducting and pleading a cause is worthy of the man—

ner. He takes a masculine grasp of the point he intends to urge, but he rarely grapples with the pervading principle of a dubious legal question. He seeks rather to confuse everything than to establish anything. His object is rather to baffle than to conquer. He is better adapted for a protracted and obstinate defence than for an attack. "Even though vanquished, he can argue still." Let the Court decide against him upon the most obvious and palpable grounds, he will not give in, but seek to lead their attention to some point which has never been raised, indicating the arguments he could have drawn from this unregarded view, in hopes to shake the judges' confidence in the stability of their own decision, by interposing between them and it such a vibrating atmosphere as we see on a warm summer day quivering over the plain, lending an appearance of motion to the distant, eternally-rooted hills. Jeffrey once said that he verily believed, if Forsythe were brought up at the last day, and sentenced upon the most unquestionable evidence, he would move an arrest of judgment, that some other matter, of which he had never been accused, was left undiscussed, and proceed to show how he could have defended himself had that been laid to his charge.

Every man has a right to urge his peculiar views where his interest is at stake; but few have the power; and this renders it necessary that there should be in Courts of Justice a body of men who may be employed to say for the litigant what he himself would, if he could. Most lawyers of much practice acquire, from the habit of urging, not their own opinions and belief, but those of their clients, a comparative indifference to the merits or success of a cause for its own sake:—their great object is to maintain their own character for ability. Forsythe, if report wrong him not, carries this coolness a step farther. He is said to square the excellence of his written papers most rigidly by the amount of his fee; and on occasion, when one of our most distinguished lawyers, hurried away by the interest of a cause he was pleading, was expatiating in the triumphant consciousness of enforcing powerful arguments in a strain of overpowering eloquence, Forsythe pulled him by the gown;—"Tut! man, you've spoken enough for two guineas!"

Indeed, one of the most marked characteristics of Forsythe seems to be a numbness of emotion. In early life he published a work upon ethics, strongly indicative of this. No allowance is made there for those feelings which alternately link and repel men—no sense shown of their beauty. According to him, intellect is to prescribe and regulate all our actions; the duties of life are mapped out like the lines upon a chart; and the whole system is angular and dry as they. As with all writers upon this subject who refuse to allow value to our emotions, his acuteness degenerates into ingenious absurdity. There is something grotesque about his moral doctrines. Like himself, they are strong and coarse.

We are inclined to attribute to his want of susceptibility to enthusiasm, the inconsistency of his political career. He was, at an earlier period, one of the "Friends of the People"—one of the delegates who met at Edinburgh. On a late occasion, he was one of the five hundred who signed an anti-reform petition in that city. And we believe that he acted honestly and conscientiously on both occasions. He was examined on the trial of Muir, and the temper of the evidence which he then delivered, together with the details of the proceedings

in Convention which escaped from himself and some of the other witnesses, indicate the nature of his conduct while in that body. It appears to have been, like the whole of his after life, passionless and reflected. Unlike his hot-headed companions, he never seems to have dropped an unguarded word. Now, political opinion regards the expediency of an action or line of conduct; it does not deal, like the mathematical or physical sciences, with absolute facts. The data upon which its conclusions rest, are to be sought in past or contemporary history, the vague and contradictory character of which is well known. Opposed political systems are distinct enough in their breadth and generality; but their lines of demarcation, the points where they break off and separate from each other, are indefinite as the horizon at sea. The mind that goes puzzling about external niceties instead of grasping the mass—not so much with intellect as a deep enduring love—is never steady. None but he whose heart bounds at the thought of freedom, as of a bride, is able to fight for long years the losing battle of liberty. None but a man of deep impassioned will, is able to steer steadily the helm of state. This element was totally wanting in Forsythe's composition. His mind, delighting to puzzle among details, had no power of grasping the cause to which he attached himself in its bold outline. It was not wedded to his heart or imagination. Wearied and baffled by the enduring success of the other party, he unconsciously began to coquet with their principles, and finding them susceptible of being defended, (all that a mind of his cast requires,) he gradually became their convert.

The vehemence with which he has of late advocated the political creed of his later years, may seem opposed to this view of his character. He has published, without any possible prospect of remuneration, a political treatise, in which he evolves ingeniously and felicitously his own views, and gives shrewd and plausible guesses at the future state of Europe: and he has been among the foremost and hottest opponents of all the late concessions to the growing spirit of liberalism. We believe him to be in earnest. It is only towards the woman he weds in his old age that a man is uxorious.

We might expatiate at greater length upon the peculiarities of this lawyer, without throwing any additional light on his character; hard, rough, and impenetrable he is, and must remain a riddle. Before his accession to office robbed the Parliament House of the Lord Advocate, that subtle and restless spirit seemed to have no greater pleasure in its hours of relaxation than the study of Forsythe. It was beautiful to see him in conversation circling round and round in search of an inlet that might admit him to a glance at the inner mechanism of that strange mind, and finding none. It was like a humming-bird quivering in its rapid flashing flight round some rough rock. Where he was baffled, there can be no shame in admitting that we are considerably at fault.

One trait is deserving of notice. Cold and inaccessible to the rest of the world, he doats upon his family. How often do we meet with this anomaly in the world! The most luscious honey is found in the cavities of the hard and gnarled oak.

## SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN IDLER.

Ay, father, I have had those earthly visions  
And noble aspirations in my youth,  
To make my own the mind of other men,  
The enlightener of nations ; and to rise  
I knew not whither

but this is past :  
My thoughts mistook themselves.

Abbot. And wherefore so ?

Manfred. I could not tame my nature down ; for he  
Must serve who fain would sway, and soothe, and sue,  
And watch all time, and pry into all place,  
And be a living lie, who would become  
A mighty thing amongst the mean—and such  
The mass are.—*Byron's Manfred.*

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—I was always an idler—an idler in boyhood, in youth, in manhood—at school, at college, in the world ;—I was always an idler. For thirty years my life has passed away like a dream ;—I have no house, no home, no wife, no child, no friend, no tie to bind me to the earth, nothing to mark my leaving it.

Ay ! my life has passed away like a troubled dream, of whose real existence there is no trace save in shaken nerves and a chilled heart.

I was always an idler, but an idler after a peculiar fashion. My life has been one of incessant though rambling activity ;—excitement, mental or bodily, has been as it were the very principle of my existence. Thus it is that under the influence of a fatal and wayward restlessness, I have observed, and studied, and thought, and labored, and learned, and braved many dangers, and done many things whereby I snatched a barren and transitory triumph from other men whom the world calls talented, and wise, and great ;—but it availed me nothing ; my exertions were ill-timed, or ill-directed, or over-carried ; and, if productive of aught that was good, productive only of that gleam of joy which enhances sorrow. Still I have labored on, and ever must until I shall have ceased to be—though my toil be uncheered by one anxious throb. Therefore is it that I am even now noting down my wild thoughts in the cabin of a merchant vessel. I have nothing else to do. I have gazed upon the Atlantic until my eye and mind are alike weary of its sullen vastness—I have turned over the three volumes which compose the captain's library, until every page and every thumb-mark thereon is familiar to me—I have listened to all the stories that the sailor-fellows can tell—I have elicited their whole stock of ideas ; so that, in all, from the commander to the cook's dog, the most microscopic inquiry could discover nothing new. I am altogether thrown back upon myself ;—I must write—I'll write my whole life : it will be a curious, a fearful monument to leave behind—an unmitigated representation of the human heart. Doubtless some passages will again cause me desperate suffering, if I sit down deliberately to place them upon record ; but then they are perpetually flashing on my brain, and will it not be better to grapple fixedly with the recollection ?



At all events, I *must* write. So I'll commence forthwith, and address myself to no other object, till we make land.

I was born on the 22d of March, 1795. My name is Reginald St. Senane. With the exception of Sir Richard St. Senane, who possesses the lands and lordship, I am the only survivor of the house of Inchicronan.

It is unnecessary to interfere with the herald's office by saying more.

My childhood, I am told, was sickly and querulous; but even then, as ever since, music had a strange power on me. If in my most obstinate fit of crying my father were to touch his violin, or my mother or nurse to sing to me one of our own wild melodies, I was at once silent.

My boyhood was froward, passionate, and daring;—an only child, I of course suffered from the indulgence of my parents and the utter subserviency of all others around me; besides, my whole race have been afflicted with an unhappy temperament.

From the first my father treated me as a companion; he insisted on my always addressing him by his Christian name. We doted on each other, though we often quarreled. Under his personal instructions, I became accomplished in all exercises and fieldsports, and perfectly regardless of fatigue and danger in their pursuit. I am also indebted to him for my introduction to French and Spanish literature:—as for the languages, they were spoken more commonly in our house than English. We were much connected with France and Spain in the olden time; the cadets of our family used always to take service in the army of either nation. I cared little for France, but I was passionately fond of everything Spanish: Spain was unto me as a very paradise of the heart; I used to gaze devotedly upon the snatches of its scenery, which the magic art of Zurbaran had made present to my view; and I used to pore over its history and repeat its ballads till my eyes filled with tears and my heart beat as though it would burst my bosom;—and then there was a painting of the Virgin in our oratory, the sublimest effort of Murillo's pencil; and on this I loved to gaze, until mortality seemed suspended in myself from contemplation of its divine expression. And yet tradition declared it, in fact, the portrait of a mortal beauty;—could such exist? I pondered much upon the question, and once said "No;" for the inspiration of the painter had shed the purity of heaven over a form and features, combining all that was most lovely upon earth. But I had afterwards reason to alter this opinion, when I first gazed on Maria di Padilla. High and noble excitement had raised her for the moment into the perfect resemblance—the embodied vision of the worshiped image of my boyhood, and she at once became my destiny. But let me not anticipate.

These things united to cast a shade of deep enthusiasm upon my character. But more than all, there was an old woman who, for the better half of a century, had witnessed the high solemnities of our house—who had rocked my cradle and guided my first steps; and she, as I lay in bed, used to sit cowering on the hearthstone, in the fitful light of the turf fire, and tell me strange stories of the prowess and achievements of my forefathers, from Maurice the Norman downwards; hinting ever and anon, in a whisper fearfully distinct, the while she recorded some deed of desperate vengeance, or chronicled some war of merciless extermination, that we were a fated race—strongly sub-

jected to a mysterious influence—having need of an especial blessing—highly gifted and sorely tempted—and that, however we might live, it was always well for us to die in holy guise, and within the protection of consecrated ground.

This worked strongly upon my imagination, coloring all my thoughts, in sleep or awake—impressing me with the haughty fancy that I was distinct from ordinary mortals, and shrouding me in feelings in which they certainly had no share. Thus was I in some moods of mind led to dream myself the hero of many a chivalrous exploit, and in others to shudder at myself as a predestined homicide; for none of my race were free from the stain of blood. In the earlier time this was no cause for wonderment. Conquerors in a foreign land, few amongst a treacherous many, we were obliged to maintain by the strong hand what we had won by the strong hand. But even in later days the destiny clung to us;—all—all—be it in battle, be it in fight, be it by accident—all have shed man's blood—even my own father, even my own self. It was terrible to think on then—it is most terrible to think on now. The doom has fallen heavily on me—ay, the doom! such it is said to be—such it is difficult to believe that it is not. Tradition and popular belief, strangely borne out by events, declares us under the curse of a potent spell, condemning us to blood-guiltiness and misfortune in our hearts' truest affections ever since Maurice the Norman slew his brother in arms on the faery knoe at Inchicronan.

My schoolboy days—but why linger upon schoolboy days? They are in truth always the same, always miserable: every man has found them so; albeit, under the pressure of disappointment and calamity in after life, he would fain persuade himself it was otherwise. Away with such driveling philosophy! Though the griefs of the boy be light and passing, yet are they more acutely felt than the heaviest misfortunes which can befall a breast the world has seared; and unless to be the victim of tyranny the most comprehensive and searching,—tyranny in every form, from the well-meant oppression of the master to the ruffianly malignity of the low usher, and the wanton abuse of power upon the part of stronger schoolmates, be happiness, the schoolboy must be wretched.

I will not, therefore, dwell upon my schoolboy days longer than to state I was sent to Stonyhurst, and that there I became a good classic, to say nothing of winning all the prizes, which was a matter of no great difficulty, as the Roman Catholic aristocracy of England are, with the single exception of the Jerninghams, a stupid generation. They have bred in and in until humanity has become degraded in them.

At seventeen I entered Trinity College, Dublin. I had graduated before I reached twenty-one. The years which intervened I look back upon as the happiest of my existence. During these, I enjoyed all that freedom from worldly care which is presumed to make a paradise for the schoolboy, and I had not to groan under the capricious exercise of power or authority upon the part of any human being. And how did I pass my time? After the usual fashion of young men of the day abundantly supplied with money: hunted regularly twice a week during the season—went to balls and parties, in which I then took great delight—played at billiards, my fondness for which was for a whole year a positive passion—drank hard, which in youth, before the nerves are rigid or unstrung, does really afford much gratification—and

gambled sufficiently to keep my expenditure on an exact balance with my receipts ;—a consummation which, from the extreme liberality of my father and the cheapness of pleasure in the Irish capital, I should have otherwise found some little difficulty in bringing about.

Sometimes, however, I read ; and when I did read, it was with the utmost intensity of application. My father was extremely anxious I should distinguish myself at college. As he was the best and fondest of parents, deep remorse used therefore to seize me when the time for examinations was fast approaching, I having not as yet looked into a page of the appointed volumes. Then would I, unless driven by some master-passion to act in opposition to my better feelings, for three or four weeks shun the world and all my gay companions, and confine myself rigidly to the precincts of the college, measuring time by the hour-glass, and even taking exercise but at stated periods. Gentle and philosophic, too, was this exercise ; for fatigue was to be as carefully avoided as repletion, or the strong stimulus of wine. I accordingly used merely to walk quietly round the park for half an hour, after every two hours' reading during daylight.

There is a mingled pain and pleasure in the remembrance of these fits of study. They were uniformly successful ; but I despised the intellect of all my competitors. I knew my struggle had been with Time, and not with them ; and I therefore felt no joy in the moment of victory, that in the most remote degree approached the two days' misery arising from the apprehension of defeat. And oh ! the drawling thunder of that cursed bell which used to summon us to the examination hall ! Were I to hear it now, after years of absence—now, when the spirit of ambition is utterly extinct within me, it would yet strike cold upon my heart !

Enough of college ! I now approach those dread passages of my life which stained its whole after-course.

Fanny Fitzgerald was the eldest daughter of a family with which mine was on terms of the closest intimacy. She was the loveliest and gentlest girl in the county. We had been playmates in childhood—companions whenever I was in the country. She was now in her nineteenth year, and I had watched her progress through each successive stage from infancy to the fulness of youthful bloom, but to me she was unchanged. I loved her truly, purely, fervently—even as a sister—but no more. Cunning a pattern as she was of charming womanhood, never did she excite in me one lustful thought—never did I dream of drawing more closely the ties which bound us to each other. I was perfectly satisfied, perfectly happy in our intercourse. She was my shrine of feelings undefiled—the being under whose benign influence I was wont to reconcile myself with humanity when brutalised by the indulgence of my own evil passions, or disgusted utterly by the profligacy, meanness, and worthlessness of the throng amidst which I had been toiling. As I gazed in her serene blue eyes, the deep quiet which seemed mirrored there was transfused into my soul ; and I always returned from my lonely rambles with poor Fanny, purified and elevated, as I might from converse with a creature of a superior essence and of a better and brighter world.

Thus did I love her, and she knew I loved her, and she loved me in return ; but, alas ! she knew not how I loved her ; as woman, she was incapable of conceiving it, and as woman her passions and affections naturally directed themselves towards the same object ; and therefore

her love for me was combined with feelings far more earthly than any wherewith I regarded her. I cherished her in my heart's core, as I would my good angel—loving and yet reverencing ; but her thought by day, her dream by night, her hope, her prayer, her prospect was—to be my wife.

I was not aware of this until it was too late—until she was the wife of another. Had I known it, I would have married her ; and if happiness be permitted to mortals, we must have been happy. True it is I did not love her in the romancer's acceptation of the term, for in this sort I did afterwards love an opera-singer, Maria di Padilla ; and passionate love is a madness wherewith we can be afflicted but once in life ; for it is of necessity created at first sight, else reason would have away ; and only in the progress of our delirium is it, that, as the sun giving glory and splendor to the valueless stone whereon it shines, we invest our idol with every grace and beauty of our own imagination—grace and beauty which do not exist beyond ; and the discovery of this is a thing of such surpassing bitterness, as utterly to prevent a recurrence of the like delusion. But under no possible circumstances could my affection for Fanny suffer alteration or decay ; and our enduring happiness would have been assured by the very absence, upon my part, of that passion which never fails to waste away in its own fierce flames, leaving ashes which are satiety and disgust. I was predestined, however, to be wretched, and to make all who loved me wretched. Fanny married another. I will not, I cannot, attempt to detail the circumstances by which this came to pass : suffice it to say, it had its origin in that vile coquetry which is essentially inherent in woman.

After graduating, I returned to spend a few months at home previous to my departure for the continent, where I was to pass some years before I set myself down for life upon the paternal domains. It was a gentle, soothing happiness to be restored to the scenes of my boyhood ; and time glided rapidly away. But the hour when I was to say farewell was now drawing nigh ; and Fanny was surprised, and piqued, and grieved, that I made no declaration of love myself, nor demanded no confession of affection from her lips—no pledge of constancy. To incite me she commenced coquetting with one of her many admirers, the person most encouraged by her father, who, like myself, never dreamt of our union, considering the difference of religion an insuperable bar ; for Fanny was a Protestant, and something of a puritan withal.

The individual that Fanny married was a man against whom I entertained, from the first moment I saw him, an antipathy strong to the full extent of my own impetuous nature. He was a colonel in the army, and major of a regiment quartered in a neighboring town. Now I have ever had a rooted aversion to the professional castes in this country—or rather, let me say, to men belonging to those castes whose personal character is not sufficiently elevated to render indistinct the peculiar marks ; but, above all, I hate the people of the military caste. They are, with scarcely an exception, low, mean, ignorant, contemptible mercenaries, without the feeling of chivalry which adorned the free companions of ancient days, and with a sort of shoulder-arms manners and style of conversation, which is infinitely more offensive than the worst form of ordinary vulgarity. As acquaintance, I have always studiously avoided them ; for their miserable gew-gaw splendor and assumption of rank in society I utterly despise. But I was singular in these feel-

ings : the officers were courted by all others in the county, and, to my infinite indignation, by none more than the Fitzgeralds. Now Fanny's suitor possessed, in an eminent degree, all the vices of his caste : he was mean and ignorant beyond measure ; he openly professed that he served merely for the pay ; and I remember one evening, when he had lost some trifle at cards, he replied, with a look of ghastly facetiousness, to a lady who was quizzingly condoling with him, " ' He who steals my purse steals trash,' as the Scriptures have it."

For the rest, however, he was a fine specimen of the human animal. He was in the prime of life (about thirty years of age), tall, and cast in a mould of strength and beauty seldom surpassed. His features were fine and regular, but there was something stern, and withal contracted, in their expression. Poor Fanny, as I said, coquetted with him : and he was most assiduous in his attentions—more for her fortune, which was large, than for her own sake ; although he could not have been insensible to her excessive loveliness. He obtained the father's consent, and subsequently Fanny's, in a moment of passion. I was offended—I was deeply hurt by her flirtation with this man. I upbraided her with it, not as a lover, but as an old friend ; and she replied with even greater warmth and bitterness than that into which I was myself betrayed. To observe such conduct in one habitually so kind and gentle—to hear the expression of rage and defiance, instead of penitence, or at least sorrow, amazed me utterly, and almost drove me mad. I retorted with brutal violence—in a storm of senseless, incoherent words ;—and then left her, declaring I flung her from my regard forever.

That evening she promised to become the wife of Colonel Keightley. I saw her not again until the fatal vows had been recorded before an angry heaven.

The fortnight that preceded her marriage, I passed in almost perfect solitude at the island of Innis-Dharrig, wandering amongst its monastic ruins, or gazing listlessly on the Atlantic.

I was very wretched ; and yet, upon self-examination, I could not satisfactorily explain why. I would not acknowledge even to myself jealousy had sway in my bosom ; and simple hatred to the object of Fanny's choice was no sufficient motive for the complicated feelings of misery under which I suffered.

In my secret soul I blamed Fanny for not understanding, and not sharing, my peculiar, perhaps fantastic feelings ; and yet my reason acquitted her. I did not seek to marry her myself, and yet it was torture to think of her as the wife of another. I did not regret her marriage under the sordid sensation of a lost possession, but I contemplated it with the thrill of horror that a Pagan might the desecration of his idol. Were I to have attempted to breathe my feelings to Fanny, (but I did not, for I then deemed it useless,) I have often thought I might have availed myself of the words of a loved and remembered acquaintance—one of the first of living poets :

I can give not what men call love,  
But wilt thou accept not  
The worship the heart lifts above,  
And the heavens reject not—  
The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow—  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow ?

At length, however, I reasoned myself into a sort of quiet, and I determined on going to Fanny's wedding fête ; well believing that, however she might love her husband, her gentle nature could not fail to be afflicted at the continuance of any unkind feeling between her and the playmate of her childhood.

A penitent, therefore, for past violence, I presented myself before Fanny on her wedding-day ; but there needed no words to win my pardon—my pale and worn looks were eloquent interpreters, and Fanny sprung to meet me under the mingled influence of grief and gladness. I claimed her hand for the first dance—and retained it, save at brief intervals, during the entire evening.

What were my feelings ? I had none—I moved, and thought, and acted, like a person in a dream. At length the ball-room was nearly empty, and I was forced to say farewell ! Fanny burst into an agony of tears, and was removed by the bridesmaids, sobbing and insensible. Buried in the same stupor that had all night clogged my faculties, I gazed upon the group ; and when it had disappeared, I walked slowly out of the house.

I spent the whole of that night in wandering through the woods of Ballortlagh, watching the lights that flitted through the mansion, until they had one by one expired.

The week that followed was chiefly spent by me on horseback. I was miserable, except when alone, and riding as rapidly as horse could carry me.

My father observed my state of mind, and pressed me most anxiously to depart. I assented ; an early day was fixed ; and it was arranged he should accompany me as far as London. It was impossible, however, to think of leaving the country for years without bidding Fanny farewell. We might never meet again : her husband's regiment might be ordered fate alone knew whither, and she would of course accompany him.

I accordingly rode over to Ballortlagh on the day previous to that of our departure. I found her alone in the drawing-room : on seeing me she uttered a faint shriek, and burying her face in her hands, she shrunk from me like a guilty thing.

I knelt at her feet, and endeavored to soothe her agony ; but she sat perfectly still, and apparently unconscious, with the tears streaming through her slender fingers. While we were thus placed, her husband entered the room. I sprung upon my feet, and rushed towards the door—he stood before me—I endeavored to pass on one side—he placed his hand upon my breast—I struck him to the earth—strode over him—threw myself on my horse, and darted from the hall-door with the speed of lightning. Arrived at home, I quietly awaited the message which I was full sure would be sent as soon as possible ; and I grimly rejoiced in the prospect that my hours were numbered. Keightley was a celebrated duelist—I had determined not to fire at him. A brother-officer of his waited on me—I referred him to my fellow-collegian, Frank Joyse. Six next morning, and a field between Ballortlagh and Inchicronan, were appointed. The night passed heavily : I could not sleep—I spent the chief part of it in writing letters to my father and Fanny in anticipation of the fatal event. But still the feeling which harassed me had not one touch of fear—it was a nervous curiosity to penetrate the mist of futurity, and ascertain the event, though careless what it might be.



When Keightley appeared on the ground his face yet bore the mark of the blow I struck him. I had laid open his right cheek from the lip to the eye. I had effectually destroyed his beauty. My pistol was of course discharged in the air: his ball cut the massive watch chain in two, which was suspended to the last button of my waistcoat. He was not satisfied with this, nor with the expression of my sorrow at what had occurred, conveyed through my friend. I did not expect that he would; but this deviation from the ordinary courtesy of the field rendered my friend deeply indignant; and he said, as he handed me the second pistol, "by heaven, Reginald, if you do not fire at him this time I'll take you off the ground, and have a slap at him myself." "It will not be necessary, Frank," observed I, pointing to the divided watch chain. "There are nine chances in favor of his wounding me—the tenth is that he will shoot me dead." I was not mistaken; as I was bringing down my hand, after again firing in the air, his ball struck me on the elbow (on the olecranon process), and glancing thence just grazed my ribs; and, after running round my body remained buried in my clothes. My arm fell to my side as if borne down by an irresistible weight. My first act was to raise it by a convulsive exertion of my whole frame; I then reeled forward, and fell. The sensation I experienced was that all my fingers had been bent back and smashed to pieces. I was conveyed to a neighboring cabin, in the first instance, and thence, under the superintendence of the surgeon, to Inchicronan. The uncontrollable workings of my mind rendered my cure slow, and for a long period doubtful: at length I was declared convalescent; and one day, as I lay on my sofa, I was surprised by the apparition of Keightley. If the spirit of evil had stood before me in an embodied form, I could not have been more astonished—my frame could not have been more violently agitated; and yet there was no sign of this save in the increased pallor of my countenance and contraction of my brow: it was within the spirit wrought. I felt as if at the instant all the wholesome fluids of my body were turned to gall. But I received the man's proffered hand, and listened calmly to his regrets at what had happened, and his observations that we had each much to forgive (he had taken deliberate aim at me the second time, for which he was called out by Frank Joyse, although, through the earnest intervention of my father, no meeting took place); and he trusted all would be forgotten, and that we should be good friends in future. I mechanically expressed my assent to all he uttered, and begged him to make no allusion to the past. Reflecting on this visit, I could not understand at first how a man that must curse me whenever he looked into the glass, and who hated me like hell, could have brought himself to act after such a fashion. But there were many reasons; he was most strongly urged to it by his wife's family and relations. It was the surest way of preventing scandal in his regiment, with one of the officers of which he had already had an affair, in consequence of some observations made respecting the origin of our rencontre; and he expected speedily to receive the route for the Ionian Isles; in which event, it was probable our paths would never cross again. There might have been other motives; but amongst them, one generous or noble there decidedly was not. Fanny also came to see me; and it was in a fatal moment, when we were left alone, that as I lay pale and helpless, worn by anguish, bodily and mental, that I unwittingly drew from her, amidst sighs and tears, and



in the bitterness of our mutual sorrow, the confession that she loved me, and me only !

Need I add that her husband was odious to her ?

I recovered—that is to say, I was again able to move, although still feeble as a child ; and at the express invitation of Keightley, I was driven over several times to Ballortlagh. This was indeed balm to my wounded heart : I sat once more by Fanny as in happier days, and looked into her eyes, and inhaled the spirit of her sweet voice. It was perhaps a criminal indulgence ; but I did not feel that it was such, nor could I, if I did, resist my impetuous longing.

At length the forced cordiality and worldly policy of the husband gave way under my continued stay in the country, and repeated visits. He became harsh and brutal in his conduct to his wife, and scarcely civil in his bearing towards me.

I was not slow to perceive this, although the only effect it produced on me was to render my conduct and demeanor to him most cautious and scrupulously free of all possible cause of offence.

I knew full well, however, that an outbreak of the passion which was rankling in his breast could not be long deferred. Nor was it.

As Fanny and I were playing chess one evening at Ballortlagh, in a crowded drawing-room, Keightley, after watching us gloomily for a time, advanced to the table and filliped down my king, at the same time looking in my face with a scowl of demoniac hatred and defiance which I never can forget.

My very soul, however, rejoiced within me. I now felt that I might fire at him without the world's reproach, and the black bile rose in savage joyousness of anticipated vengeance. Scarcely, however, had the thought been harbored, ere I swore to dismiss it forever. Fanny wrung from me a promise that I would seek no quarrel with her husband. It was hard to resign the hope that from the first had been mutely cherished in my heart's core, but I could not possibly have said her nay. A brute alone would have denied anything to a being so unhappy and so lovely.

Fanny alone was witness to what took place ; and having prevailed with me, she next sought her husband, who was now awaiting my departure in the lawn with a brace of swords under his cloak. By tears and prayers, and the solemn promise that she would see me no more, she induced him also to forego his purpose.

A note from her next morning informed me of this promise—but it was violated. The brutal conduct of her husband—her loathing of his presence—her love for me, and struggles to control it—within a brief period laid her on a bed of sickness, from which it was supposed she never more would rise. Her disease lay too deep for the physician's art—one by one her medical attendants had declared they could do nothing to arrest the hand of the destroyer ; and she was now left to die in peace. Hourly did I, in anguish unutterable, expect to hear that her broken spirit had passed away ; and when her cousin Emily, who had been her constant attendant during her illness, and who knew of our attachment, came to Inchicronan, I thought it was to announce the fatal intelligence, and bear me some dying token of regard.

On the contrary, it was to say that Fanny could no longer control her desire to see me before she ceased to breathe, and to devise a plan whereby this might be secretly effected. Her husband had, at her express desire, and in accordance with the commands of her physicians,

been excluded from her presence. I could therefore only be received at night, when all excepting Emily, who slept in her room, had retired to rest.

The signal for this was to be a light in Fanny's window; when it gleamed forth I might safely approach, and was to announce my presence by throwing some sand against the glass. Emily was then to steal down stairs, and let me in by the back door.

I left home at twelve, and soon reached Ballortlagh wood. I went on foot, lest my departure at such an hour might excite inquiry at Inchicronan. For two hours I lay in the shrubbery opposite the house, waiting the appointed signal. Who could read my feelings? who can fancy the impetuous throbbing of my heart, as I advanced in obedience to that signal, and announced my presence? The mastiff flew at me as I was passing through the yard; but, on recognising an old friend, cowered at my feet. The door opened, and Emily appeared, pale and faint with fear. Having drawn off my boots, I followed her in breathless silence. The stairs, I fancied, shook under me as I ascended, so violently did I tremble; and I was for a moment obliged to lean against the wall from actual weakness. Every thought that crossed my brain seemed to have left a burning track. The dread of being discovered by Keightley, or even Fanny's father, stealing into the house like a thief of the night, well nigh annihilated every faculty; and as I passed their chambers, in traversing the long gallery, I could scarcely persuade myself they were not opening to give forth the spectres of their tenants. In Fanny's presence, however—in Fanny's warm embrace—all was forgotten;—she fainted in my arms in the overwhelming ecstasy of that blissful moment; and for a time she lay there pale and still, and fair as breathing marble. But her eyes once more beamed upon me in unutterable tenderness. No word until the moment of parting was breathed between us: Fanny was incapable of the exertion of speaking, and of what avail was language? The night seemed curdled into one brief moment—our happiness rendered us unconscious of aught beyond our mutual presence. But when forced by Emily to begone, on the approach of daylight, I murmured in my farewell kiss that I would come again that night. I did, and for many and many a night after! until Fanny, like a withered plant under the mitigated and vivifying influence of light and air, had in fact recovered. It was a strange existence that we thus led. The present was delightful, for we lived in the light of each other's eyes—and when we spoke, we spoke of the past, and this was rapture—but never did we suffer our thoughts to wander to the future. Even when alone, I would know no mental horizon more extended than that which was bounded by the shadows of the coming night.

Fanny was now once more able to enjoy the pure air of heaven—the beauty and gentle joyousness of heart, which had withered under the touch of sorrow's icy finger, were again her own, and each successive hour was fraught with health. Within a brief period she must be as well and as lovely as ever. Her abhorred tyrant was away—his wife's fortune had been abandoned to him, and deeds of separation drawn. There was no longer a reason why I should seek stolen interviews with Fanny. I now visited her in the face of day, and walked with her, and read to her—and, in a word, lived over again with her the happy hours of our childhood. Our intercourse, too, was to the full as innocent as it had been in that blithe period. She was to marry me if

ever she had her hand at liberty—but this was understood, not expressed, between us. Once, in a moment of wild excitement, I drew a picture of the happiness beings loving as we did, and circumstanced as we were, might enjoy in a foreign clime, forgetting the world, and forgotten by it. I spoke not directly of ourselves, but she understood me, and replied by raising her clasped hands to heaven, and bursting into an agony of tears. I humbled myself in the dust before her, and did at length obtain forgiveness; but a lurking consciousness of something approaching guilt mingled in the rapture of all our future meetings—it threw around us an air of embarrassment which was before unknown. Thenceforth poor Fanny always blushed when my eye rested on her, and her heart throbbed audibly, and her hand trembled when it was placed in mine. Our interviews, however, were not less sweet—perhaps they were more so; and had they continued much longer might have ended—But, no! I will not believe it. No, no, no! She would have remained innocent and happy—the demon never could have possessed me to make her his victim.

But our meetings were broken off. A man on horseback, and muffled in a cloak, drew up before me on the road, as I was riding home at midnight from Ballortlagh. Slowly and listlessly was I proceeding—for my mind was in the world of dreams, and my heart was beating against the golden tress I had that evening received from Fanny.

I accordingly did not perceive the man until I was close upon him, and my name in the accursed accents of Keightley burst from the cloak. Startled at the sound and at the apparition, I pulled up, drew a pistol from my holsters, and presented at him. He drew no weapon, made no motion, but coldly said, "Would Mr. St. Senane add murder to adultery?" I lowered my pistol, and exclaimed, "What do you want?" "Satisfaction." "You shall have it on the instant," replied I, springing from my horse; "here is one of my pistols—let us each walk three paces from this spot, and then fire as we please." "No, Mr. St. Senane! If I fell there would be no more about it: you might have me buried in the next sand-pit—and who would dare affront the heir of Inchicrowan by an inquiry into the fate of an obscure stranger who presumed to interfere in his intrigues. But you know that, if you fell, small indeed would be my chance of escaping the gallows, and still less the vengeance of your savage tenantry. You know that if it was only dreamt I shot you unfairly, they would murder me under the colors of my own regiment."—"Well, then, what do you wish? Be brief: I have no words to waste with so foul a liar, so base a slanderer of the innocent being whose happiness he has marred."

He uttered a demoniac laugh. I vaulted on my horse, and spurred him to his side. "Speak, sir, speak! or I'll spurn you like a dog." In the same unmoved tone he answered, "Meet me at Holy-cross at eight to-morrow—(I have a long way to go for a friend)—pistols! None but the seconds to go with us to the ground." I bowed my head in token of assent, and rode past him. We almost touched; and our eyes glared upon each other in the concentrated fury of inextinguishable hate. But when freed from the spell of his cursed presence, I became again a man—my feelings were once more human—the panting thirst for blood was allayed. I remembered my promise to Fanny—I remembered how deeply I had injured the man. Through me it was that he could never know a quiet home, nor the affections of a wife—through me he had become an object of contempt and loathing

to her who had sworn at the altar to love, honor, and obey him—to cling to him for richer for poorer, in sickness or in health. My heart softened—I swore that he should not fall by my hand. I determined to receive his fire, and then to assure him on my honor of his wife's innocence, and apologise for the expressions I had that night used.

I found my friend Frank at home, and brought him with me to Inchicronan. He was very unwilling to accompany me to the field. He declared that he was oppressed with the presentiment of evil. It was only by an appeal to our ancient friendship, and an explanation of the urgency of the case, that he consented.

Strange to tell, I felt unwontedly sleepy on that night—I struggled to keep awake, but without effect; I was perpetually falling off into a doze—and then the savage thoughts which I controlled while waking held undivided sway. At one moment I saw Keightley writhing before me in the agonies of death, and a peal of unearthly laughter, sounding like that of Keightley himself on that same night, was ringing in my ear—at another, I was swimming in a sea of blood, and endeavoring, by turning my cheek to the crimson waves, to prevent the foul tide from washing my lips; but in vain—the murdered Templar, the evil genius of our house, was by my side—I was conscious of his presence, though I could not see him; and ever and anon I was driven down beneath the waves, and compelled to taste of the warm flood. Again I saw Keightley a ghastly and mangled corpse, and I shouted with fierce delight; but my Fanny was standing by, and wringing her hands in the depth of sorrow. And then, as ever and in all my visions, I felt the overwhelming weight of the invisible presence of my eternal enemy. Starting from one of these fantastic horrors, I advanced to the window, threw open the shutters, and looked out upon the cool moonlight. It brought me no relief. A dog disturbed the calm serene by his howling, and the boding, melancholy sound worked upon my wrung nerves so strongly, that even as I stood I could refrain not from “fancying strange comments” on familiar objects; and thus the bloody visions to which I alluded were now flitting before my eyes. I again retired to bed, and surrendered myself to my troubled and unnatural slumber, and the savage tenor of my overmastering thoughts.

On waking I found myself harassed and fatigued; but the immersion of my fevered brows in cold water had an electric effect upon me. All sensation of weariness at once vanished, save that there was a feeling of fulness and oppression about the eyelids, as if they stood aghast—and vigor more than mortal seemed to be infused into every limb. I had a wild buoyancy of spirit, too, such that as I moved along I scarcely seemed to press the earth with my footsteps, but to skim it with the light speed of Camilla over the ears of corn.

My favorite horse, Beytagh, appeared to partake of my emotions, for I found him pawing and snorting, and tossing his head as if he were likewise under some strange influence. The same unmitigated hatred, the same savage desire to shed Keightley's blood, which had conjured up spectres in my sleep, now that I was conscious and awake, swelled in my heart, quickened every sense, tingled in every vein, strung every muscle, and immutably steadied every nerve. Still I was determined not to fire at him. I swore I would not injure a hair of his head, unless it were actually in preservation of my own life.

I communicated my intentions to Frank; he approved of them, for he sympathised in the feeling under which they had been formed.

"But," added Frank Joyse, "if he should not be satisfied?" "Then," replied I, in a tone of exultation, which burst from me, though I sought to give the emotion from which it sprung vent by making my horse bound forward—"then, Frank, by heaven, I will shoot him!" My friend replied, with a shudder, "So be it."

We reached the ground before the time; but Keightley and his second were already there. We saluted ceremoniously, but no word was exchanged; and we walked away in opposite directions, while the seconds were making their arrangements.

Frank lost the toss both for the word and the choice of ground. I was in consequence disadvantageously placed—placed on the rise of the field, in which no perfectly level space of sufficient extent could be found; for it was craggy ground, scantily covered with a layer of green turf.

When I found myself opposite my foe, and with the instrument of his destruction in my hand, every evil passion of my soul swelled within me with a force which nearly overpowered my reason.

I was maddening with the thirst for vengeance. The same invisible but unconquerable influence was directing my aim, and ever raising my arm, as it swayed to and fro, against the cursed wretch with whose foul blood I was destined to be stained. The evil genius of my race had full possession of me. In my agony I prayed to God and the blessed Virgin, the mild, the gentle, the merciful, to aid me—to humanise my heart, and to keep my soul pure of blood. But it brought me no relief. My prayer wandered widely, an unheeded exhalation in the thin air—I still felt that, if I raised my hand, Keightley must perish.

But with all my dreadful impulse, I was calm and steady to a degree that would have kept any casual observer ignorant of the demoniac thoughts that thrilled in my heart's core. The extreme pallor of my brow, and the fitful brightness of the eye, could alone have spoken. I felt the blood as it ebbed to and fro in my veins—every sense was quickened to the intensity of pain, but every nerve was strung—my hand was perfectly steady, and my eye firm and true, and rapid in its glance as heaven's lightning.

To cheat the fiend, to escape the certainty of spilling Keightley's blood, I resolved to fire into the ground—I could not trust myself to raise my hand to fire into the air, as I had originally intended. As soon as the pistol reached my eye, I should have assuredly touched the trigger; and by a fascination that I could not control, my eye was irrevocably fixed upon him.

Frank stood before me, to prevent Keightley's covering me, until the very moment of giving the word, and then withdrew a single step. The other second most unfairly walked straight towards me, with the view of directing Keightley's pistols, and then gave as quick as possible the word, "Ready—fire!"

Keightley's ball tore the ground near my foot. I fired as I intended, but, to my utter amazement, my opponent spun round several times, advancing towards me in his gyrations, and then fell in the space between on the flat of his back. I uttered a shout of mingled rage, wonder, exultation, and madness; and springing forward seized his body as it lay—by one convulsive exertion raised it, and gazed into his face. He was quite dead; the ball had struck him immediately over the eye, on the thin laminal bone, and had dashed into his brain.

The right eye hung on the cheek, forming the extremity of a heavy streak of blood and brains. My ball had impinged upon a portion of the rock, which lay bare, and had slain him in the reflexion. I knew not this at the moment—I had only one feeling,—that I was at once the instrument and the victim of the demon; and shaking the lifeless body with insane violence, I flung it from me, ran to my horse, and vaulted in the saddle. The chimneys of Ballortlagh House at the instant caught my view; I made for them in full gallop: and wherefore this? I had no object—it was mere impulse: none but a man mad as I was at the moment would have attempted it.

The country which I had to traverse was never before marked with the footsteps of a horse. It was a crag of some miles in length, but I rode it in a full gallop, every stroke of which was made at the peril of instant destruction to horse and rider; yet I sat perfectly unmoved, exercising a delicacy of hand and truth of eye which was almost miraculous, and safe in the whirlwind speed wherewith I outstripped danger, and in the superhuman excitement by which I was sustained. Ay, by heaven! even when I had landed on the road, and raised myself in my stirrups, the while my horse, after making his leap, stood under me statue-like in position, though he trembled in every limb and was bathed in sweat, I was not heated—I positively was not breathed. The road on which I found myself was that by which I might have attained Ballortlagh, could I have reconciled myself to a circuit of several miles. It passed by the gate of the back avenue of Ballortlagh, and then proceeded over some wild hills towards Inchicronan: it was an unfrequented bridle-road, and bounded on one side a large garden, which was bounded on another by the back avenue, and on the remaining two by a shrubbery and the skirts of Ballortlagh wood. This garden was to the left of the house, on the same hill, and extending to the summit, which was crowned with trees, and screened and separated from the house by a large shrubbery; so that the gable being towards it, there was no window whereby it was overlooked.

I was now on the road adjoining this garden, where, in a little fairy realm of shrubs and flowers, of which poor Fanny was wont to call herself the queen, surrounded by plats beautiful, and quaint, and fragrant, and rich in the diversity of form, and hue, and odor, stood a most pleasant summer-house, closely wrapped in the embrace of a crowd of sweet parasites—jasmine, and honeysuckle, and eglantine, and withal the classic ivy; and adorned within by rainbow-colored shells, and fresh garlands, and busts, and vases, embodying some cherished thought of gracefulness and beauty; and books, and instruments of music, and fantastic furniture—couches, and work-tables, and Gothic mirrors, and an orderly confusion of all other things befitting a rustic boudoir. Here, alas! had many and many an hour glided deliciously away, the while I read to Fanny, or listened to her music, or lolled beside her in a rapturous silence, too great for thought or utterance—the overflowing sensation of delight preventing all exertions of the faculties in its own ecstatic fulness.

I now stood in my stirrups and looked forth. Fanny was in her garden—she was alone. Quick as lightning the thought flashed on my mind of carrying her off, before she could learn that I was a murderer and a liar, and bearing her to some distant land, where she could never learn more than that her tyrant was dead, and where, though there could be no happiness for me, I might yet enjoy a reflected calm in



gentle sympathy, by making her existence pass away tranquil and joyous ; by devoting my whole life to her, and for her sake abandoning family, and friends, and country, and station—my ample heritage, and my ancient name.

Scarcely had this mass of thought possessed my mind, when my horse was secured under the shade of the huge trees that skirted the garden on this side, and Fanny was strained to my heart before she could give one sign of displeasure or surprise. I spoke to her, and there was more than human eloquence on my tongue, more than human earnestness in my manner. I felt as I had felt all that day, that I was *numine quodam afflatus*, albeit an evil spirit, and that it was not in woman to resist me. I urged her to fly with me, and poor Fanny sunk upon my bosom. She sought not to free herself from my embrace, but sobbed and wept upon my neck, while I clasped her to a heart beating audibly, and whispered burning vows of love, unalterable, eternal, and unequalled, in her ear.

I drew her into the summer-house ; I know not how long we remained there, mingled and dissolved in mad rapture : to me there was a mixture of the greatest pain and the highest pleasure which hell or heaven could supply. It was, however, an undefined period in the boundless ocean of duration ; for us there was no distinct idea wherewith to measure time. But at length I carried her forth in my arms, scarcely animate, and was bearing her away, my victim and my love, the being to whom my future fate was indissolubly bound by guilt and sorrow, pity and affection, passion, duty, and the curse that cleaves to the shedder of man's blood, when a sight blasted my eyes, shook me with a convulsive start, and drew from me a wildering cry of horror. While I was thus bearing away the wife, the husband was approaching, carried on a door by some peasants, and attended by his second, who rode by his side. My friend, Frank Joyse, was also of the party ; but he was much in advance, as he had been deputed to break the intelligence to the family at Ballortlagh. He was now quite near—he had just alighted to open the back avenue gate.

My guilty start and bitter exclamation restored a miserable consciousness to Fanny. She gazed for one moment on the approaching group, and then turned her eye slowly on me. My spirit cowered under her wild, and agonized, and searching glance—the mark of Cain was on my brow. She threw her hands wildly upward and abroad, shrinking convulsively from me, though I still, with a despairing energy, held her firmly clasped around the waist, and, uttering one heavy groan, she sunk within my grasp, like a bird shot upon the wing—every muscle being relaxed, every limb ceasing to perform its function. I beckoned to Frank, who was now quite near, surrendered to him the inanimate form of her I had so injured, and yet so worshiped—the victim of my love, as the bleeding corpse he preceded had been of my hate—and plunged amongst the trees. What induced me to adopt a proceeding so selfish and so mean, to slink away after this vile fashion ? Impulse—brute impulse. There were many reasons why I should not have braved the public scorn and execration, by showing myself here. Though life be a burden to a man when he has poisoned all that made it sweet—when hope is no more, and memory is hell—yet no one wishes to be cursed in his grave, to have the utterance of loathing vented against his lifeless remains, to the shame of living kindred, and the pollution of a noble name. Yet I thought not of all this—I acted



upon brute instinct. I soon joined my horse—I mounted him, but he was so lame that he could hardly move : poor Beytagh ! his feet had been much lacerated by the crags, and the muscles had since stiffened.

I leaned my head upon the pommel of his saddle, and wept bitterly. It was no relief ; on the contrary, it seemed as if all my powers, physical and mental, were flowing with my tears. A man might have spit upon me—a woman might have “ brained me with her fan.”

I led my horse on. Frank overtook me—I know not how soon : I looked in his face—he pronounced the fatal monosyllable—dead ! I spoke not—wept not—gave no sign of grief, or despair, or feeling. I walked on, “ in helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart.” But Frank spoke much, telling me how he and Keightley’s second had drawn up a paper, declaring the accident by which the man was killed, and that I stood free of all consequences. He added that, however, he would go abroad with me forthwith, and that we should wander over the whole earth, repeating, with wild energy—

Voir c’est avoir, allons courir !  
Vie errante  
Est chose enivrante.  
Voir c’est avoir, allons courir ;  
Car tout voir, c’est tout conquérir.

This refrain rung for hours after in my ear and brain, to the exclusion of all other matters. That night Frank and I were on the Atlantic, gazing farewell to our native land from the deck of my yacht.

None but he ever knew that I had seen Fanny on that morning—none else knew that I was her murderer.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.—BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

[ENGLISHMAN’S MAGAZINE.]

THE last of his race was standing alone,  
At the close of an autumn day—  
Around him was many a cold grey stone  
To mark where his fathers lay.

His fathers—ah ! yes, they are buried there,  
But it is not of them he raves ;  
Nor seems he to care, while the bleak night air  
Comes whistling o’er their graves.

Yet mournfully still he raves aloud—  
And calls—but they cannot hear ;  
Why thus does he moan to that silent crowd ?  
Why stay in a spot so drear ?

He hath noble lands, and princely halls  
Where torches are blazing high,  
Why doth he leave those sheltering walls  
To roam ‘neath the chill grey sky ?

Let the dove fly back to her downy nest—  
Let the lamb be led to the fold—  
But the guilty breast forbiddeth rest,  
And the breaking heart is cold !

His thoughts are far from that mournful spot,  
In the dreamy land of his youth :  
With the beauteous and fond, who now are not—  
And the hearts whose depths were truth.

He thinks of the gay whom he doom'd to tears,  
Of his maiden's hopeless trust ;—  
And the silvery echo is in his ears  
Of voices now choked with dust.—

Hark ! was it the sound of the wind's low sigh,  
That moan'd above the dead ?  
No, fear hath frozen that glassy eye  
And life from his veins hath fled !

Sinful and lost one, why lingerest thou ?  
The laughing earth hath cast thee away—  
Come ! for the worms await thee now—  
Their hunger thou must stay !

Thou shudderest—cold hath pierced each vein !  
Thy freezing blood shall lose that charm—  
Come ! thou art doom'd to endless pain,  
Yea—fire shall make thee warm.

“ Come ! for the bleak winds whistle drear  
And I have left my silent place,  
Shivering and cold, to call thee here—  
Come ! thou lost, and last of thy race ! ”

'Tis gone—past—a hollow blast  
Died o'er the graves, and all was still :  
And the fate of the last of his race was cast  
For aye—be it good or ill !

#### THE BHATTEE ROBBER.

BY A RETIRED INDIAN OFFICER.

[*ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.*]—The country of the Bhattees is situated in the north-eastern quarter of the province of Ajmeer, in the East Indies. Until the progress of events brought the British arms within the limits of their country, this class of the natives of Hindostan was scarcely known even by name. The Bhattees were originally shepherds. Of late years they have abandoned that honest occupation, as servile and unworthy of their talents, and have adopted a predatory system of life, which is considered by them more noble than tending sheep. They do not, like the Pindarees, exercise their sportive ingenuity well mounted and equipped, but through the performance of the most extraordinary feats of pedestrianism.

To guard against these pilfering wanderers, the British authorities in their vicinity were compelled to keep incessant watch upon the movements of the whole tribe ; but in spite of every possible precaution and vigilance, scarcely a day passed at Loodeannah or Huriannah, in which some article, either of necessity or of virtue, did not disap-

pear, never again to be seen or heard of. In this manner, plate and jewellery of every description, clothes, guns, pistols, and even horses, were continually *missing*; but so adroitly were the exploits of these piccaroons conceived and performed, that suspicion never lighted on the appropriator of the lost articles, until he and his booty were far beyond the reach of justice.

Previously to entering on the particulars of the life of one of the *ancients* of the fraternity, thus briefly introduced to the reader, it may not be uninteresting, nor perhaps wholly unedifying to novices in the art of appropriation, to trace the steps by which the juniors among the Bhattees are initiated in the rudiments of their calling, and gradually qualified to participate with their veteran brethren in the pursuit and profit of their vagabond vagaries and roguish exploits.

When the young Bhattee is about three or four years of age, his education, or training, is commenced, by his being compelled to walk and run a given distance daily. As he advances in years, the exercise required of him is increased in proportion, until he may at last be said to have gone through a regular course of gymnastics, in the etymological sense of that word,—for all his exercises are performed in a state of nudity. The object and natural effect of this kind of schooling, is to increase the physical powers of the body in all situations, and to enable the individual to endure, with comparative ease, the greatest fatigue or labor. Among other essential accomplishments in which the young Bhattee is expected to perfect himself by unremitting practice, the following may be mentioned as absolutely indispensable. He must acquire the art of bleating like a sheep—barking like a dog—crowing like a cock—braying like the ass—and in like manner of imitating all kinds of animals. He must also be able to throw himself, as occasion may require, into every kind of attitude—to crawl along or lie as flat as possible on the ground,—to run like a goat, or dog,—to stand on his head with his legs extended widely, so as to appear in the dusk like the stump of a tree, &c. &c. With reference to the last mentioned acquirement, I recollect to have heard a sentinel of the 4th Bengal cavalry tell his officer, that when he was on duty, on a certain occasion, he heard something move about the head-ropes of his horses. On looking round, he saw what he supposed to be a large dog, which ran between his legs and nearly upset him. The sentinel, however, had heard of the ability with which many of the natives could imitate different animals, and was not satisfied with the explanation of the noise that had at first excited his attention. He still suspected that some roguery was on foot, and, the better to detect it, he placed himself behind what appeared to be the stump of a tree, at a short distance from the spot on which he had been previously standing. On this supposed stump he hung his helmet, and, bent on the most attentive scrutiny, he placed his head between the two limbs of the stump, so as, unperceived, to command a direct view of the quarter from which the noise had originally proceeded. This, however, was too much for the thief, (for such, in reality, was this pseudo tree-stump,) who, unable to restrain his laughter, and finding his situation somewhat critical, suddenly executed a somerset, upset the astonished soldier, and made clear off with his helmet!

To resume. When the child is about six years of age, he is put to swimming and diving. When about eight, he is bound apprentice to a proficient of the tribe, who, as all the pupil's gains are considered the

sole and lawful property of his instructor, spares no pains to make him an adept in his vocation. Thus tutored, the pupil soon becomes expert in the ancient and honorable mystery of thieving. At twelve years of age he is considered "out of his time ;" but previously to his being allowed to "begin business for himself," the young aspirant is subjected to a most rigid examination, lest, from the requisite skill or cunning, his practice should entail disgrace on the body corporate. First, he is despatched as a scout, with an old practitioner, whose task it is to put his companion's courage and cunning to test on every possible occasion, but principally to assure himself that he is not deficient in prowess as a pedestrian. Of this the youngster is required to afford proof, by running and walking an incredible distance daily, until at length, when he can accomplish thirty or forty miles without stopping, carrying for the whole distance a considerable load, he is admitted as a competent member of the fraternity of Bhattee Robbers, and commences his pillaging peregrinations on his own account.

The following narrative of the life of one of these worthies was related to me by the man himself, in the year 1820, at Cawnpore, in the Bengal presidency. The name of the fellow was Dooklah. He was a convict on the roads for life, and had recently come down from the prison of the British cantonment of Lodeannah.

"My ancestors were of undoubted rank and consequence. The father of my father, for instance, held the distinguished appointment of leader of one of the most extensive and best organized bands of itinerant robbers that ever subsisted by plunder. My mother, too, was the daughter of a noble fellow, who commanded no less than a hundred vagrant followers, the terror of the country for as many miles round. Of the whole of these, my tutor was his especial favorite. There was not a spot upon the head of this my venerable instructor, when he wore the grey hairs of eighty, on which you could place a rupee without its touching a brace of sabre-scars. In short, he had received more cuts than there are days in the year, and prided himself highly on these numerous marks of gallantry and honorable achievement. He had been for nearly seventy years faithful to the society to which he belonged, and in the course of that period had brought many a man to an unexpected end. His boasted trophy was a strange one—the tips of the noses of those who had fallen beneath his arm ; these he carefully preserved, and he would occasionally exhibit them as proofs of his valor. In skill and agility he was without equal in the troop ; he was as active as the monkey, as cunning as the fox, and as cold-blooded as the gaunt wolf. Under the tuition of this accomplished master (who was well known at Lodeannah by the name of Bollicadassas, from his frequent robberies in that neighborhood), I had every reason to hope, by common application, to become a distinguished practitioner in the same line."

"True," said I, interrupting my informant, "and yet it would appear, from the iron fetters which you now wear, that you did not profit much by your superior education."

"Why, as to that," replied he, "if you have an hour to spare, I will tell you how it happened,"—and he continued as follows :

"Having acquired the rudiments of my profession, under my experienced teacher, I was at length pronounced by him fully competent to undertake a job at my own risk, and for my own benefit. As this my first commission was rather adroitly performed, the particulars of the

affair may perhaps serve to amuse you. We had received information that a young British officer, who had recently arrived from England, was on his way to join the force then lying at Lodeannah. The plucking of this bird was entrusted entirely to my management, and I therefore started to meet him. At about thirty miles from the station of Lodeannah, I found him snugly encamped in a small and solitary *toope* on the margin of a village. When I spied him, he was puffing away at a most beautiful hookah, with a silver mouth-piece and surpoose. '*Lah kho dah,*' thought I to myself, 'it shall not be long before that fine smoking apparatus changes owners, if no better luck awaits me.' Thus laudably resolved, I hovered about the tent, and reconnoitred its localities, when the smooth-faced boy observing me, exclaimed, 'halloa ! you black rascal ! what the d——I do you do here ? come this way.'—'Yes, Massa,' I answered ; at the same time advancing towards him. 'Then you understand English, do you ?' said he. 'Oh, yea,' replied I, 'as well as you do.' 'I dare say you do,' said the young wisacre, with a knowing air,—(you must doubtless have observed, *Saib*, that your raw travellers, and especially the beardless youngsters who come to India as cadets, always think themselves gifted with extraordinary penetration and wit, which confer on them, as they suppose, the privilege of treating all whom they consider their inferiors as knaves and fools.—It makes me chuckle when I reflect how often this self-complacency and ill-timed insolence have facilitated my views upon their purses and property—but to proceed) : 'I dare say you do,' said he ; 'and *thieving too* to perfection ; but what do you want prying about my tent here ?' I told him that I wanted employment. 'Good,' said he ; 'but what can you do ? Can you *steal a horse* ?' 'Ah, no, Massa,' answered I, 'you are too hard on your poor servant.' 'In what then do you excel ?' asked he ;—'can you run ?' 'Run !' said I ; 'yes—like a buck :—'whereupon, making a sudden snatch at his silver surpoose, arrackdar, and mouth-piece, of which I possessed myself in an instant, I took to my heels, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. Horses were soon saddled, and in pursuit of me. I had worn until this time a large beard, and the dress of an old man ; but finding myself too closely followed by the enemy, I threw my disguise as well as my booty into a dry well, and then, retracing my steps with great deliberation, I met my pursuers with apparent unconcern. The young Sub, almost mad with rage that he should have been so completely outwitted, eyeing me as I came up, without recognising me, asked, with breathless anxiety, if I had seen a person running in that direction ? 'What ! the fellow with the long beard ?' replied I ; 'yes, I met him about five hundred yards off, and saw him take horse by the tree which you see yonder.' This was enough : off went the whole party helter skelter in the direction I had pointed out to them, while I, intent on more certain game, made with rapid strides towards young master's tent. Here I found a single bearer only, and him I desired to take some ropes to his master without delay, to bind the thief whom I had seen him catch. Off started the bearer, leaving me to keep watch over his employer's property. This I did with great caution until he was fairly out of sight, and then, breaking open Massa's camel trunks, I extracted therefrom a hundred and fifty rupees, (which, I need scarcely observe, were all that I could find), and a few other trifles not worth mentioning—such as a watch, a silver snuff-box, two gold rings, and the like. All these I arranged in a snug and portable

little dressing-case, and scampered off towards Loodeannah with my prize, as fast as my legs would carry me.

"Thus ended, to my credit as well as profit, my first business transaction; but I had not yet fully accomplished my designs on this pert and conceited stripling, who, as I had reason to believe, had still in his possession numerous little articles which might be useful to myself or my friends. The next morning, therefore, I repaired to the station of Loodeannah, and had the satisfaction of seeing my victim enter, with dejected countenance, into the cantonments. I passed him without being recognized, and gave him one of my best *salaams*. Shortly after this, I sported a fine pair of red whiskers, with moustachios of the same color, and tendered my services as a *chokadar*, (watchman,) to guard his property and person against the tricks of the petty cantonment pilferers. I was fortunate enough to be accepted, and the very following night, when he was boozing with his new companions at the mess, I took a fancy to his double-barreled gun and a pair of beautiful pistols, which were nicely packed together in a case. I wish all officers would be equally careful, it would save poor thieves a vast deal of trouble; and I really must say, in favor of the young gentleman of whom I am speaking, that he certainly kept his little valuables in very neat and portable order. But I am straying from my story, and I fear shall exhaust your patience.

"I took a fancy, as I said before, to the gun and pistols, and of course, therefore, did not hesitate to take them into my own keeping without delay. Having deposited my new acquisition in a place of safety, I began to reflect on the best way of disposing of myself, and it very naturally occurred to me, that it would not be particularly desirable to show my face again at my new master's; indeed it seemed pretty obvious, that if I had anything further to do at Loodeannah, it should be accomplished with all practicable despatch. I therefore left the station at once, and went, with two of my companions, and drew up the silver surpouse, clothes, &c., from the well where they were deposited; but about midnight, as I knew that the general had invited a large party, I returned to Loodeannah by bye-roads, and assuming the dress of a *Khitmutgar*, I made direct for the general's cook-house, and mixed without suspicion with the servants engaged for the occasion. Here, before I took my leave, I managed to increase my possessions by the addition of a tolerably good-looking camel-hair cloak, belonging to one of the party, and a few silver spoons, &c., which were lying about as though in want of a proprietor. But to say the truth, I was greatly disappointed in this affair, for I had expected a much richer booty, and this, I was well aware, was my last chance in Loodeannah. The cloak, to be sure, was a decided prize, it being an article which I absolutely stood in need of for my own personal comfort, for the winter season was fast approaching; but as to spoons, they are not held in much estimation by those who know the use of their fingers at meals. When melted down, however, they served to make bangles for my children, and as one cannot, in this world, always expect the full completion of one's wishes, I was obliged to be contented.

"Having quitted Loodeannah, and having been concerned in innumerable adventures similar to these which I have related, in other places, with varied success, my cast of features, however skilfully disguised, became at length a little too well known in the different cantonments; so, as I had now a numerous family, for whose maintenance it



was absolutely necessary that I should be industriously occupied, and had acquired a high reputation among my comrades for courage and craft, I resolved on taking entirely to the road for the future, not only as relieving me for the time from the fear of detection and apprehension, respecting which I had begun to entertain some qualms, but also as presenting the advantage of a more extensive sphere of action, in which my comprehensive and enterprising genius might be adequately employed.

"My first adventure on the road," continued the grinning convict, "you may perhaps think worthy of relation, as it will serve at once as a proof how easily the English are gulled in this part of the world, and as one reason, out of many, why we always prefer robbing them instead of our own countrymen. One morning, at a very early hour, I was on the scout, and met an old officer riding towards Lodeannah. I liked the looks of this grey-headed veteran, as well as the splendid appearance of his retinue. Here were no half-clad, half-starved followers, such as your poor devils of lieutenants hire, but pampered, well-dressed menials, who did credit to their keep and clothes. Before this cavalcade reached me, I turned towards Lodeannah, and walked slowly on. I was in the guise of a mendicant priest, with two baskets tied on the end of two sticks, such as pilgrims here carry on their journeys. On the old general's passing me, I gave him the usual greeting, and asked for alms, but the d——I a pice could I get from him, and I was told by an impudent fellow of a *chupprasse* to *furruck*, (get out of the way). This order I obeyed with seeming respect, and, drawing back a short distance to let the old curmudgeon pass, I joined in with the servants in the rear, from whom I learnt that their master was a general. 'So much the better,' thought I; 'I may have a rare haul here, if I manage matters well.' Resolved to take active measures immediately, I slunk behind, and withdrew to a spot where I knew I should find a party of my own tribe. Here I changed my dress, and instantly started again to overtake the noble general, carrying on my head some fowls and chickens for sale. I found the old gentleman seated at breakfast under a tree; but it was some time before I could strike a bargain with him. At last, however, I agreed to let him have my whole stock for a rupee, which he told me to get from the *sirdar-bearer*. Thus commissioned, I went to a large double pole-tent to demand my money, and imagine my delight, *Saib*, when the incautious bearer pulled out a huge bag of rupees! This was no doubt intended to impress me with a high idea of his consequence. Some delay now occurred, in consequence of the trusty treasurer's claiming as his own perquisite four *anas* as *dustooree* (custom), which he insisted on being deducted from the rupee which he was to pay me. This imposition I affected to resist in order to gain time, and during the interval thus afforded me, I availed myself of the opportunity of examining how everything was arranged in the tent, with a view to future operations. The negotiation concluded, I went and *salaamed* the general, who told me I might call again when I had any more such bargains to offer. I returned two or three times after this, variously disguised, and with different commodities. On one of these visits I found that the general having over-gorged himself at *tiffen*, had laid down to sleep, and I was delighted to observe that his bedstead rested on the edges of two camel-trunks, which I could not doubt contained valuable property of some kind or other. My future plans were now arranged. I returned to my own



party, dressed myself with neatness, revisited the general, and representing myself as the Zemindar of the village, asked him if he did not require some *chokadars* for the night, for that he was now in a part of the country notorious for the robberies committed by the desperate Bhattees. No sooner did the gallant veteran hear the word Bhattee mentioned, than he ordered me to procure him six watchmen immediately. These were soon found in six of my tried companions, who, at my bidding, were speedily on the spot. These trusty guardians, I arranged, should be stationed inside the tent, while the general's sepoys were desired to form a chain round the whole. The noble general had, I suppose, taken a few extra glasses of wine that evening to keep up his spirits, for I had not posted my six men more than an hour before he began snoring most lustily. For the next two hours nothing was to be heard but continual challenging. This apparent vigilance on the part of the hired *chokadars*, deluded the sepoys into a belief that their master was amply guarded without their assistance, and they therefore very coolly dropped off to sleep, one after another. Having walked my rounds, and convinced myself that they were all sound, I returned to the tent of the snoring general, and with the aid of my companions, taking each of us a corner of the bed, we with great caution raised the commander, bed and all, off his trunks, and deposited him quietly in another part of the room. The general being thus disposed of, it is perfectly unnecessary for me to add that we soon conveyed both his trunks and ourselves from his neighborhood. By this affair we divided cash to the amount of three hundred rupees each, besides various valuables both in gold and silver.

"In this manner," continued the narrator, I continued to practise for many years with very tolerable success, and it will need only a few words to inform you how I was caught at last. I had become so well known and so formidable in the neighborhood which I generally frequented, that my person was advertised, and a price set on my head. Several unfortunates supposed to be me, had in consequence been shot at and wounded; and, therefore, as a chance shot may kill the devil, I thought it wise to absent myself for a time from my old haunts, and resolved to take a professional trip to the station of Cawnpore. Here I was concerned in a robbery on the premises of an English merchant, (I had always a special liking for the English,) and was just in the act of getting comfortably off with my booty, when, not having thoroughly reconnoitred the premises, I found myself suddenly landed at the bottom of a dry well. From this trap there was no possibility of escape. I was soon dragged out, and taken before the judge, who, as a reward for my many meritorious achievements, ornamented me with the badges which I now wear. I have still, however, a trick or two left, and do not live without hope, as I have a device in my head, which, should it succeed, will soon restore me to my friends; when, *Saib*, should you be traveling in my way, with plenty of money in your possession, I shall be happy to try my skill on you."

Thanking the man for his ingenious story, and the very obliging offer with which he concluded it, I rode on.

## PRODIGIOUS !

[*ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.*—I had been fond of solitude from my boyhood. The sports that gave health and enjoyment to others, had no charms for me. If there existed within me the elements of kindness and philanthropy, I had never found an object to call them into activity. Silent, morose, and (I bitterly felt in my secret heart) hateful to those around me, I grew up moody, fitful, and discontented; the consciousness that I was disliked, that I was detested, was rendered doubly galling to my spirit by the feeling that I was also despised. Nature had made me weak, with bodily imperfections which almost amounted to deformity, and my unhappy disposition gnawed away my strength; I was feeble in sinew and limb, and in the feats and gambols of youth I never shared, but nursed in solitude and bitterness a hatred, deep, immitigable, and unrelenting, against my fellows. My mother I had lost before I could be sensible of my bereavement, but my father—cold, stern, and unforgiving—was scarcely less the object of my awe than of my hatred; my brother, the only other member of our family, at times called forth feelings of more tenderness, but it was only for a moment. My heart has yearned to embrace him as a brother, to mingle my soul with his, and to weep tears, bitter tears, upon his bosom; but as I gazed upon his bright smile, and heard the wild laugh of joy gushing from his buoyant heart, hatred has closed up all the avenues to my affections, and I have rushed howling with rage and scorn into my dreary solitude again. Years had rolled over me in this manner, and now, when Ernest my brother and myself were men, we were summoned one day into my father's study: the room was dimly lighted, books were ranged round the walls, mingled with the horns of the elk, from which were suspended swords, and every variety of martial weapon; in a high-backed antique chair sat the Baron Von Heronswold. I folded my hands across my breast, and waited to hear his communication. My brother went close to his chair, and seemed to gaze on him with the utmost reverence and affection. "I have called you, my sons, before me this day, as I consider it full time for you to settle as to your future plans. You are now men; have you decided on what you are to do? for it does not become the last scions of the house of Heronswold to bury themselves in this solitary castle, when the world and glory lie temptingly before them. Ernest, speak first, have you yet fixed on any course of life?" "My father," said the youth, "you have told me of the glory of our ancestors, of their fame in battle, of their courage in the cause of their country; I have prayed that I might emulate their deeds; my nerves are as strong, my limbs as active as theirs; give me your permission to earn a soldier's honor; I have wedded myself to the sword." As he said this his voice faltered, and the high hopes he cherished at the commencement of his reply, had given place to the sad anticipation of leaving his father. There was silence for some time; at last the Baron taking down from its place upon the walls, the sword of our great ancestor Egbert, gave it to my brother, and said, "it is pure and unstained; return it in the same condition, and God bless you my gallant boy."

He turned next to me. "Have you also fixed on any plan for the future?" I said "No! here was I born, here I have lived, if breathing in misery may be said to live; there are ravens enow in

Heronswold, and Rudolph can die at home." "How ! are you resolved to live ingloriously in sloth and idleness, when your brother"—"Let him go !" I interrupted ; "the world is wide enough for both ; we move in different paths ; there are wolves enow in Heronsword, and Rudolph can die at home." "Degenerate boy ! but I expected this ; your eye would quail at the flash of the sword, your cheek would blanch at the sight of blood ! you coward !" "Stop !" I exclaimed ; "spare me the rest ; I warn you, you have said too much ; and time will show us yet *whose* cheek shall grow palest at the sight of blood, *whose* eye will quail lowest at the glimmer of steel—remember." And saying these words I left the room, and rushed in a frenzied state of fury into the thickest of the pine forest. In a short time my brother went off with banner and plume to join the army. I saw him not before his departure, but as I heard the clank of his horse's hoofs, I poured out my curses upon him, and felt a sort of wild unintelligible delight in the conviction that now there was no soul upon earth on whom I did not heap up the full measure of my unmixed and uncontrollable hatred. My intercourse with my father was of course still more limited than before ; his words rankled in my heart, and day nor night did the sound of his voice leave my ears ; he had called me a coward ! all that was evil in my nature was stirred into tenfold activity by the recollection, and misanthrope, miserable, and half maniac as I was, there flitted before my eyes the grim undefined presentiment of revenge ; the air was filled with strange voices as I rushed from crag to crag of the precipices round the castle, and some of them seemed in loud tones of mockery and insult, to shout coward, coward ! and then a silvery voice close by my ear would seem to whisper "revenge !" In this way many months passed on. Goaded almost to insanity by the demons which thus incited me to crime, I suffered my hair to grow ; my person was neglected, my eyes became bloodshot from want of sleep, or from the appalling dreams that glared in upon my temporary repose ; and as I roamed through the woods, in storm and tempest, I felt a wild thrill of exultation in contemplating the utter misery and friendlessness of my situation.

I know not for what length of time this state of my thoughts continued ; several years however must have passed. I had suffered from the extremes of heat and of cold, and yet the one idea still kept uppermost in my mind ; the scene with my father in the study was indented on my memory with the most appalling vividness, and every glance of his eye, every tone of his voice, continued to torment me with the one ceaseless, changeless longing for revenge. At last, one day I discovered unusual signs of festivity in the castle ; domestics were hurrying to and fro in evident preparation for some approaching jubilee. I asked the old steward, as I met him in the hall, what was the cause of all these preparations ; the old man started as I addressed him, and looked around evidently in the greatest alarm. I bade him fear nothing, and he then, though still in considerable fear, told me that Lord Ernest and his bride were expected home ; that Lord Ernest had acquired great renown in the wars, and that his lady was a princess of the House of Odensback, the noblest family on the Rhine. I answered with the utmost calmness, "and when did all this take place ?" "Lord Ernest," the old man answered, "has left us now six years, to come St. Stephen's day, to his name be glory !" "Six years !" I exclaimed—"old dotard are you mad, or do you think to

impose upon my senses by your lies ? Six years ! I tell you man, you lie ; it was but yesterday Lord Ernest left us ; 'twas but the day before, that a name was given to me by one who will rue it e'er the moon be done ; hark ye, old man, he called me coward ! you shall see how *his* cheek will blanch ; you shall see how *his* eye will quail beneath the glitter of the sword, ha, ha !" and I rushed forth into the forest, leaving the old man in a stupor of astonishment and fear.

Shortly after this, I knew that my brother had arrived, and although I wished to see him, to clasp him by the hand, for our early friendship rushed freshly back upon my heart, there was some indefinable feeling which impelled me rather to avoid than to seek him. Some strange insight, also, haunted me at times into my degradation and misery ; I half resolved to cast off my misanthropy, and mix with my fellow men in the ordinary transactions of life ; but the phantom of revenge always appeared on these occasions before me, and waved me back from the threshold of penitence ; and immediately the lava torrent of hatred, which had been dammed up for a time, rushed out with wilder and more boiling vehemence than before.

On coming one morning suddenly to an open part of the domain, I saw a young boy about two years of age, sitting, happily and alone, upon the grass at the foot of an elm tree. I went up to him and spoke in tones as soft and gentle as I could assume ; but the child on seeing me began to cry in terror ; and whilst I tried to soothe it to the best of my ability, a female came running forward, and snatching the child from the ground, held it with the convulsive tenacity of fear to her bosom. Such a form of beauty I had never seen ; the lady was young, and exquisitely fair, and the alarm which was evidently depicted in her whole countenance, lent a new charm to every feature. "Spare him, spare him !" she cried ; "he never wronged you ; for his father's sake, who loves you dearly, have mercy on us both, Lord Rudolph !" "Spare him ! do I then already look so like a murderer ?" and I smiled grimly, as a new idea presented itself to my imagination. "So then you condescend to beg of a poor outcast such as I am !" "To beg !" exclaimed she, "Oh ! anything ; on my knees would I pray to you, Rudolph, to reclaim yourself ; to cease thus to avoid your brother, who loves you, and his wife, who would fain prove herself a sister, by the most constant watchings for your comfort, for your peace of mind !" "What ! *you* also in the plot to deceive me with false stories of the flight of time ? you the wife of Lord Ernest ! who left us but the day before yesterday ? and mother, doubtless, of this little cherub his son ; when it was but three days ago that I was twitted as a coward, because I would rather hide these limbs and this revolting countenance in the depths of these woods, than take them forth along with him, to be the laughing stock and scorn of the world !"

At these words I suddenly clutched hold of the infant, which was now nestling quietly in the arms of his mother, and held him high in the air. The lady, in an agony of alarm, dropt half fainting upon her knees, with her hands folded before her in the attitude of prayer. Suddenly there appeared before me two figures, whom I knew almost without looking at them to be Ernest and my father. I was not conscious of having seen the latter since the day of his calling us to his library till that moment. Ernest dashed forward, but stopt suddenly short when he saw the situation of his wife : "Rudolph, Rudolph !" he exclaimed, "by the friendship of our early years, I beseech you

restore the boy to his mother ; Rudolph, I have ever been your friend, and for pity's sake release your little nephew, and we will teach him to bless you in his prayers—" As he was yet speaking, I kept slowly retiring with my face towards them, till, in a few paces, I found myself on the brink of a tremendous chasm in the rock, through which, at an immeasurable distance down, foams one of the mountain torrents that mine their subterranean way into the Rhine. Thus situated, I felt I had their fate in my own hands. My brother's voice quivered as he continued his supplications for mercy to his child, and even my father joined with the most fervent humbleness, in beseeching me to have compassion on them all. In moody silence I still held the child at arm's length, half undetermined what to do ; the baron at last losing patience, exclaimed to Ernest, " Let us leave him to his own devices ; the madman understands us not ; the coward ! " " Twice—yes twice have I had that name applied to me by you ! "—I cried out in ungovernable rage ; " but the first time you called me coward, you talked of blanched cheek and quailing eye ; I told you the time would come, when we should be able to judge *whose* eye would sink lowest, whose cheek would turn the whitest : see," I continued, as I drew a dagger from my breast, " my nerves are firm, my cheek retains its color, my eye its strength ; where are ye now, ye boasters of your courage ? " Again, impelled by despair, my father cried out " coward ! " with a howl such as a tiger gives when he springs upon his prey. I plunged the weapon into the heart of the now exhausted infant, and flung him from me into the abyss at my side ; I watched the white raiments flutter as they fell into the gloomy depth, but I could not see at what point they mingled with the spray ; but I heard the water rushing on with a dull deadened sound at the bottom of the shaded and sunless gulph. I turned to my father and Ernest. They were rushing forward with the utmost rage in their countenances. Brandishing the dagger, still red with the infant's blood, I threw myself upon them as they approached me ; I pushed directly at my father's heart, and he groaned deeply as I planted a blow of my dagger in his bosom, and fell in the agonies of death. I then turned towards my brother, but he seized my arm and struggled to retain his hold. I toiled, and strove, and wrestled, but in vain ; I felt my strength gradually relaxing, and I also thought I distinguished the footsteps of many men approaching the scene of our combat ; I collected all my energy for one vast effort, and nearly wrenched my arm from his grasp ; I shouted in the intensity of my hatred, and then, when we were both nearly exhausted, I heard a voice—the voice as I thought of my father, who still lay weltering in his blood—say to me, with the greatest impatience in its tone, " Good God, Jack Furby, what a time you are in making a move ! I do believe you've been asleep ! " I opened my eyes, and before me was a chess board, and my friend Billy Cognac looked at me with the greatest surprise. " So, I am not a murderer ! " I exclaimed ; breathing out as if I had held in my respiration for a length of time ; " and I have not stabbed my father, nor thrown my nephew into a river ! Well, thank heaven for the deliverance. But may ten thousand devils seize on those abominable German romances, for after your slow play had set me to sleep, they have given me a most tremendous dream. Check."

## STORIES OF LIVING MUSICIANS.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—If an exaggerated degree of veneration was accorded, by the ancient Greeks, to musicians as men, we, perhaps, are too prone to consider them more in their professional than their personal character. No son of song ever yet acquired fame or honor in his art, without possessing an enthusiasm which, though chiefly directed to musical science, could not fail to tinge his thoughts and actions on points unconnected with harmony. Braham rather regales his mind upon the recollections of royalty than the reminiscences of popular applause; Catalani muses less on her miracles of voice than on the compliments of the soldier Swede; and poor Charley Dignum's glee was but the consequence and product of mock-turtle and malmsey-madeira. It might be difficult to define in what manner "the concord of sweet sounds" operates on the moral character of him whom they inspire; yet it will be assented to, that musical taste often wars with the ordinary pursuits of life, and induces apathy in the common concerns of active society:—and it is a freedom from the cares and anxieties of the world, thus produced, which has assured longevity to singers in a number of remarkable instances, little as their avocations would seem favorable to advanced age.

Catarina Gabrieli, who had been in her infant years the companion of poor Barbarini, who had shared with him the best of his fame (being his junior by five years only), and whose musical talent was the boast of her native Italy, still survives. She is upwards of 100. But, two years since, she could delight her friends by evidence of yet extraordinary powers. In the meridian of her renown the most splendid offers were made her to proceed to foreign shores, and from London golden arguments were profusely lavished to induce her to visit us. "I can never do there as I like," was the honest answer of the celebrated cantatrice. "If I do not choose to sing I shall be insulted.—No! no!—I would rather live in my own Italy, were it a jail." The Empress Catherine, about the year 1765, exerted all her influence to have Gabrieli at Saint Petersburg, until, wearied by the assiduous persuasion of the autocrat's ambassador, she consented to sing at the Russian court for two short months, on condition of having five thousand ducats, and all the expenses of her residence in the northern capital, with those of her voyage thither and return, fully paid. "Tell the Italian," replied the Empress to her minister, "that I do not pay my field-marshal so much." "Tell your mistress," answered Gabrieli, on the message being conveyed to her, "that she may set her field-marshal to sing." Unused as she was to concession, the haughty Empress acceded to the terms of the Roman, and so delighted was she by her performance, that jewels, far exceeding the amount of her salary, were presented to the enchantress. Yet Gabrieli was anything but covetous: indeed she was munificently generous on occasions, and ever charitable; but sometimes, as we have seen, she indulged in freaks of independence which were not always so happy in their results as that practised upon Catherine. Invited to visit Palermo, she reached the shores of Sicily, when her fame was at its acmé, and her arrival caused us great a "sensation" in the capital of the island as Paganini's has created among us. For once, in Neapolitan government, the feelings of the Viceroy ran parallel with the enthusiasm of the people.



A splendid repast was furnished by him to the nobility of Palermo, on the day of her first appearance—the proudest of the land were in attendance, and the banquet waited—yet she came not. Messengers were despatched to remind the prima-donna of her promise and her host's expectation.—“La Signora sends to say that she had entirely forgotten the invitation—is in bed, and desires not to be disturbed,” was the easy answer which he bore; and it was much—as my Lord Pembroke, or any of our countrymen cognizant of the sweetnesses of Sicilian rule, will admit. The promised airs of the evening, however, would, it was thought, recompense the disappointed Viceroy for the less grateful ones thus exhibited, and he repaired to the theatre, followed by an illustrious cortège. Those who have endured long hours of suffocation in the gallery of the House of Commons to hear the motion of some celebrated orator postponed—those who have read a fashionable novel to the end, in the hope of extracting some little particle of pleasure—may appreciate the horror of his Highness, to hear the shrew-like songstress perversely setting all harmony and measure at defiance—stultifying the laborious efforts of the astonished orchestra, and giving her “native wood-notes wild” with a generous disdain of rule, that would have startled the classical ears of the Master of the Rolls, and thrown my Lord Mount-Edgcombe into a swoon. This was really too much for vice-regal forbearance; the contempt of authority was construed into a crime of the deepest dye, and the intractable syren was, on the termination of her performance, safely consigned to a prison, to pay the penalty of the insult. Handsome apartments were however afforded her; she adopted a sumptuous table; was “at home” to all, and at all times, and the prison became a scene of attraction perfectly unprecedented. As the term of the audacious culprit's confinement approached, she ordered a list of those detained for debt to be laid before her, and discharged all claims upon them! A vessel was prepared to bear her to her beloved Italy; and as she issued from her prison-walls, she was borne in procession by the congregated inhabitants of Palermo, past the Viceroy's palace, to the Marina, where she embarked amidst shouts of triumph from the grateful multitude.

The professional career of Rossini has not always been *colour de rose*. The strings of his destiny were not always golden ones, nor was the science of sound continually that of harmony to the ears of the great master. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* had a singular fate on its earliest representations at the Theatre d'Argentina at Rome, where it was produced in 1816. A variety of unlucky accidents attended the first performance. Conscious of the merits of the piece, the elated composer assumed a prominent station in the orchestra; and that he might not be confounded in the eye of the audience with the vulgar mass of *symphoniaci*, he had invested himself with a vermillion-colored coat—a garb which, however it might dazzle the eyes of some, produced the most discordant laughter in others, and sadly deranged the effect of the overture. The poor *maestro's* features became identified with the color of his habit. The part of *Almaviva* having been assigned to Garcia, as he attempted to commence the serenade, the various chords of his guitar, with an unanimity somewhat remarkable, suddenly snapped, and hisses pursued the unhappy minstrel as he fled the stage. The nerves of the composer were fearfully shaken, and his confidence in his work was gradually lessening, when all his hopes were at once crushed by a luckless adventure that occurred to *Figaro*, in the person of Zambo-



ni; who by some accident or other made a false step as he entered; and, falling upon his face, struck the most prominent feature of it so violently as to produce from it a crimson stream. Forgetful, in his terror, of his handkerchief, Zamboni hurriedly applied the skirts of his dress to stop the blushing torrent, while shouts of laughter spoke more the fastidious taste, than the humanity, of the audience. In the confusion that ensued, the humbled but indignant *compositore* fled the theatre, while the opera was terminated amidst signs of contempt and disapprobation. The pride of Rossini was humbled; all his better hopes were destroyed. Could he have withdrawn the piece, he would have been comparatively happy; but it was necessary that it should undergo a renewed ordeal on the succeeding evening. Well aware of the violent passions of a Roman audience, and the uncomplimentary mode of giving them expression, when the fatal hour approached he locked himself in his chamber. Alone, and trembling for his fame and person, the weary hours of that eventful evening passed by no means pleasantly, until the neighboring bells sounded the hour of midnight—when a distant rumor, as of numerous voices, reached his ear. He opened his casement with a nervous hand, and it became more distinct each moment, until, at a turning of the street, “Rossini! Rossini!” was vehemently ejaculated. Closing his window in affright, he sank despairing on a seat, until the repetition of the cry at the very door of his dwelling recalled him to a sense of danger, and the necessity of averting it. Confused murmurs and many steps were heard upon the stairs; “Rossini! Rossini!” was shouted simultaneously with repeated knocks at his chamber-door; but Rossini answered not. The outcry and battery became yet more violent, until, to his horror, he heard the portal give way, and “Signore Maestro!” and “Rossini! Rossini!” formed the chorus that accompanied the violation of his domicile. He was not there. “Where could he be?” was the general inquiry, until one of more acute vision than the rest discerned, beneath the bed, some of the vestimentary appendages of the concealed musician. With a yell of triumph he was dragged forth; “Santa Maria! Signora Compatevi!” ejaculated the affrighted harmonist; when it was announced to him that the performance had redeemed the ill-fortune of the previous evening—that Rome was in ecstasies, and that the audience had adjourned *en masse* to do honor *al divino maestro*. They bore him in triumph from his house, amid the blaze of a thousand torches and the vociferations of *la bocca Romana*. He was carried past balconies, crowded with fair spectators and beaming with lights, to the theatre, where he was crowned upon the stage. The deep silence of old Rome was fearfully profaned, as the multitude subsequently accompanied him to an *osteria*, where a magnificent entertainment had been provided; and morning dawned ere he and his admirers had terminated the orgies of his ovation.

Rossini is an inveterate musician; his whole soul is wrapt in harmony: he thinks, dreams, eats, and drinks music: it is to him what ale was to Boniface, or what Dr. Johnson was to Boswell. It was late at night, in the summer of 1829, that, on his way to Italy, a foreigner arrived at the inn *Les Trois Couronnes*, in the lovely town of Vevay, with his *cara sposa*, wearied both by travel and the excessive heats of the day. It was the season for the transmigration of the northern hordes to the south, and Money (the master of the hotel) could but afford them his private sitting-room, and a hastily prepared bed to repose

on. Supper was ordered, but, ere it came, the eye of the guest had fallen on the piano of Madame M. which was, however, locked. In vain Money represented the lateness of the hour—the number of his guests who had all retired to rest. No excuse would serve, and the peremptory gentleman attained his end. His fingers swept the keys, and the door being opened to let in air, the sounds penetrated to every quarter of the hotel. The performer had finished one of the airs of *Guillaume Tell*, when his attention was called to those around him. This second Orpheus was encircled by a group composed of persons of various nations: men, women, waiters, ostlers, all night-capped, bonneted, silk-handkerchiefed, or uncoifed, were listening to him, open-mouthed and mute with delight—Swiss, Germans, English, French, and Italians. “*Der Teufel*”—“*Diu lai Vouarde*”—“*Superbe ! Divin !*”—“*Who can he be ?*”—“*Egli e Italiano Sicuramente !*” were the cries of the enraptured auditors in their various tongues. The *Ranz des Vaches* followed ; *Henri Quatre—Che bello clima e questo*, and “*God save the King*,” were successively played, and every listener felt prouder of his fatherland as he hearkened to that *piano magico*. The police-book next morning bore the name of “*Rossini*,” and explained to all, the mystery of the preceding night.

The genius of Rossini is inexhaustible, but his learning is slight. The sweet and flowing melodies of *Tancredi* were produced by him at the age of eighteen, and at once gave evidence of his taste ; while all his subsequent compositions, numerous as they are, have the Redgauntlet brand of origin on their foreheads. Flattered, caressed, and fêted as he has been, it would be strange were the man not affected by the merits of the author. Elevated rapidly to distinction and public notice, his simple nature was scarcely calculated for the weight of honors with which he has been laden ; and vanity and presumption took place of the homelier and honester qualities of character. Yet he is said to be more sensible to reprehension than to adulation, and if his share of the former has been trifling in amount, in two instances it derived a factitious importance from the sources it sprang from. “*The Siege of Corinth*” was forbidden to be performed on the Venetian stage, by Metternich ; and his Majesty of Spain, having been present at the first performance of *Otello* at Madrid, interdicted its repetition on the ground of its immorality. The propriety of a man’s taking away the life of his lady, may abstractedly be questionable ; but it must be recollected that the Moor was not a Christian, a circumstance that *might* have pleaded for him with the tender conscience of the Most Catholic King.

The transition from parts of dramatic dignity to the character she supported in private life, was never more easy than in the case of Madame Catalani. In person, manner, and discourse, she was noble : and one was too often disposed to confound Catalani with *Semiramide*. The unusual respect shown to her by crowned heads, seemed less accorded to the actress than the woman ; and whether on the stage or at court, it ever seemed that *elle aspirait à descendre*. The last word pronounced, it is said, by the King of Bavaria, was the name of the Roman songstress. The Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt took his seat in the orchestra of his theatre, as leader of the band, in honor of her genius ; and even the Emperor of Austria forgot all meaner arts in admiration of Catalani. Charles John of Sweden himself conducted her through the Royal Museum at Stockholm, in 1827, where two magnificent vases of porphyry attracted her admiration ; and some time after a similar

pair was forwarded to her, at Paris, by the gallant prince, who deemed twenty thousand francs a not too costly tribute to the enchanting actress. Yet all her sympathies were not devoted to royalty ; for having visited Cracow, and consented to sing for one night at the public theatre, when the enormous amount of her engagement was tendered her, she returned more than a moiety of the sum in aid of the erection of the monument in memory of the patriot Kosciusko.

#### MANŒUVRING.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—"By Heaven, that Lady Marcia Merioneth in a divine creature !" said De Lacy, as he followed the fascinating fashionable with his eye, through the spacious ball-room.

"Mortal, mere mortal, rely on it," said his friend Sydenham, "as you will soon perceive, when a London season has worn a little of the gilt of delusion from the gingerbread of novelty."

"Talk not of gilt," cried De Lacy, with increased enthusiasm, "all there is sterling ore. Look at her, Sydenham, there is no shadow of design, no shade of deceit in her ; her step is one of light-hearted hilarity, not of premeditated effect. Her laugh is that very *esprit du cœur* which alone can make a laugh graceful : there is enchantment even in the little tossing to-and-fro of her long, untortured tresses ; and the very flowers which adorn them, seem to have been ströwn there by the light fingers of the graces, or buried among them by the hand of Love himself. Look at her smile—her—"

"Stare," said his friend, concluding the sentence for him ; "for, by mine inheritance, she has a stare which might excite the envy of a belle of thirty years standing, who has to look down reminiscent inquiries and long memories."

"Pshaw ! you are splenetic," peevishly interposed De Lacy.

"And you are—mad," coolly rejoined his friend. "But I conjure you, nevertheless, De Lacy, to have one lucid interval for your own sake. Remember that although Lady Marcia is a mere *débutante* on the stage of the great world of fashion, she is still hacknied in that of the *boudoir*, the *société de famille*, the courtly circle of a high country residence. What is the meaning of all this ? Mere tact. Lady Marcia's manœuvring mother has given her pretty daughter all the *oblique* opportunities of an establishment which such scenes afford, before she has fairly set her afloat on the sea of fashionable life ; and now she comes out, unsophisticated, inexperienced, new—without, of course, an idea of the 'finery' of exclusive society—to try if innocent unconsciousness will produce the desired effect."

"Sydenham," indignantly exclaimed his companion, "I can scarcely recognise your limning in the illiberal *esquisse* with which you have been pleased to favor me, without a shudder. I am convinced that it is inapplicable as well as ungenerous. Lady Marcia is not what you have described ; the dew is yet unshaken from the blossom—the down is still softening the surface of the fruit—the freshness of genuine nature hangs about her like a vestment"—

"And becomes her even as these raptures become Gerald De Lacy," said Sydenham, severely ; "but I have done. When you can thus forget Miss Melville, to rave about a mere London belle, words will scarcely avail you."

"You are sarcastic, Mr. Sydenham," exclaimed the excited admirer of Lady Marcia, "but your sarcasm is powerless with me. My engagement, of which you so obligingly remind me, cannot fetter my senses." At this moment a movement in the company separated them, and Sydenham joined a passing group.

De Lacy left the gay mansion, but the image of Lady Marcia followed him even to his home: and he dreamt of nut-brown hair, hazel eyes, and dancing, till the morning. He dressed himself slowly, and more carelessly than usual, and, to the astonishment of his groom, took two entire turns in the park, in his cabriolet, ere he drove to the residence of Miss Melville.

Caroline Melville was a gentle, amiable girl, with a face which could not be called handsome, and yet one which no one would have ventured to pronounce otherwise. Her smile was pre-eminently beautiful—it would have saved even a plain face, and it rendered hers attractive in the highest degree; her form was perfection, and her whole person at once striking and attractive, though there was no tinge of tact or showiness about her. Caroline had a married sister who was a finished beauty, and whose fine face and noble form had elevated her to the peerage, and she had been accustomed, from her childhood, to hear the praises of her sister, mingled with sundry lamentations on her own deficiency in beauty; and this had, perhaps, rendered her more insensible than she might otherwise have been, to her own peculiar powers of pleasing. Her bright eyes sparkled as De Lacy entered the apartment in which she was seated.

"You are a truant, Gerald," she said, gently; "that time-piece tells me that you are just one half hour later than usual."

"The eternal smile!" muttered De Lacy to himself; "she could have done no more than smile, if I had been the half hour earlier—she has no soul. Caroline, you will never be a fashionist," he uttered aloud, as he took her offered hand, "if you number half hours, and count out time like visiting tickets."

"I do not wish to teach fashion to my heart, Gerald," said Caroline, blushing deeply; "and I am sure I could not, even if I wished it."

"And am I really half an hour later to-day? 'Tis unlucky, sure enough; because, unfortunately, I have an engagement at four:" and De Lacy drew out his watch. Had he looked at Miss Melville at that moment, the "eternal smile" at least would not have offended him.

"And do you not return to dine with us, Gerald?"

"Dine with you, Caroline? Yes.—That is—no. Very unlucky, sure enough; but I dine at the guards' mess. Ay? no, no; 'tis to-morrow I dine at the mess, and to-day with—. What a horrid bore it is; but one looks so cursed silly always to refuse—one gets so terribly quizzed—so tormented, you know, Caroline, 'tis better to conform a little."

Miss Melville made no reply. That De Lacy was embarrassed by some secret feeling was painfully evident; and he had until now been too devoted a lover for her to be able to conceal from herself that in whatever it originated, it had been productive of coldness towards her. Naturally timid, she shrank alike from expostulation and reproach; but never since she had known De Lacy had she spent two hours in his society so miserably as those which this day had brought her. By intervals, Gerald was still all the lover—as fond, as tender, and as assi-

duous as ever ; but just as Caroline rallied her saddened spirits, and gave herself up once more to confidence and joy, the abstraction of De Lacy would return to chill her affectionate feelings. At length the hour of his alleged appointment arrived, and then he loitered some ten minutes longer, patted Caroline's lap-dog, and teased her linnet, cursed his engagement, and—left her.

De Lacy drove listlessly through the crowded streets, until he was aroused from his reverie by locking one of his wheels in that of a passing cabriolet, whose driver was as careless as himself: the first impulse of each gentleman was naturally to "row" his groom, for not reminding him that he was either blind or bewildered, and the second to extricate himself, which was effected with very little difficulty. The two gentlemen then bent forward to offer a mutual apology, and De Lacy discovered in the driver of the second vehicle, his hair-brained cousin, Pennington Lester.

"Ha! Pen.—is it you to whom I am indebted for this kindly encounter? Whither are you bound?"

"I was flying on the wings of love, till you plucked out one of the feathers, as though the little god had not showered goose-quills enough upon yourself for the last ten months, without obliging you to interfere with your friend and kinsman, Pennington Lester, in his first flight."

"Lester in love!" cried his cousin, mirthfully; "the Lord Mayor in the fleet!—No, no, my gay coz."

"Nay, by mine halidome, 'tis even so."

"And who is the fair she, most potent knight?"

"The star which has just burst on our cloudy horizon—Lady Marcia Merioneth—I attend her levee this morning."

"Drive on," said De Lacy; "I'll owe an introduction to you:" and full of a feeling at whose analysis he would have blushed, he followed fast on the track of his rapid guide; and then, flinging the reins to his groom, entered the house of the Countess of Dashabigh with his cousin.

A gay group were assembled in the drawing-room, and the Lady Marcia threaded her way through them to greet Pennington. "Oh! Mr. Lester, I am so glad you are come; here are all the gentlemen discussing a point which no man in town can decide but yourself—and here are at least a score of them criticising Lablache—and mamma absolutely setting her face against the concert to-morrow evening—and five-and-twenty other things for you to arrange, and—Lord Faverby, do pray make that odious parroquet more quiet, and drive Flirt off Hogarth; how tiresome she is! Mr. Belmont, I'll trouble you for my feather fan; yonder it lies, on the ottoman at the top of the room—thank you—now, Mr. Lester, do go, and convince mamma that we must positively attend the concert."

"First allow me to introduce my cousin, Mr. De Lacy;" said Pennington, in his best manner.

"Oh! the caged lion!" cried Lady Marcia, as she eurtied slightly, in acknowledgment of Gerald's salutation; "I have heard of you, Mr. De Lacy—you went in last season, did you not?—fell in love and turned hermit—I remember it perfectly; it was a very good story."

De Lacy felt half inclined to blush, though his better reason told him that the blush would have been better suited to the cheek of Lady Marcia; but the fair fashionable had no time to blush, and still less inclination. "And so you really are *épris*, Mr. De Lacy?—well, I

am delighted to hear it, for they tell me that a man in love is quite a curiosity in these days, and I adore curiosities !—You must excuse me if I seem at all odd, for I dare to say I shall know better in a month or two."

Of course De Lacy retorted by an assurance that any change would be rather to be deplored than wished.

"What thought the Lady Marcia of *il Signor Jeronimo Sabetti*, last evening?" asked a gentleman, who had until that moment been silently turning over the leaves of a splendidly illustrated edition of *Faust*.

"Oh! *beau à merveille!*" exclaimed the lady; "interestingly languid, and elegantly bilious; taking to a degree."

"You are cruel to your countrymen, Lady Marcia," said Pennington Lester, "in thus complimenting a foreigner."

"Not a whit," exclaimed the fair daughter of the Countess of Dashabigh; "it is quite a distinct style from yours, Mr. Lester—I should as soon think a plaudit on some belle of the court of Queen Elizabeth an ill compliment to a reigning beauty."

"On your knees, Lester!" cried Lord Faverby, "and induce Lady Marcia to declare herself serious, and you are the happiest man in England."

"Faverby," said the countess, languidly, putting her French poodle carefully on a satin cushion, and joining the group, "you forget what a child she is, and that you will make her vain."

"No, no, mamma," said Lady Marcia, with a pretty pout, and glancing archly at Lester, "his lordship is quite safe; he will never make me vain—now here is Mr. De Lacy, flattery from him would be fifty times as dangerous, because all his pretty speeches are bespoken, and stolen fruit is always the sweetest."

"My only difficulty," softly articulated De Lacy, "would be in learning the possibility of flattering Lady Marcia Merioneth, when I am incapable of even doing justice to her manifold attractions."

"What a pity it is," said the lady, as she turned towards a table covered with drawings and prints,— "what a great pity it is that you are affiancé."

"And wherefore?" asked De Lacy, following her.

"Nay, that is such a strange, unanswerable question—it is so much trouble to reply to such matter-of-fact, old-fashioned queries."

"But suppose my engagement were mere report?" murmured De Lacy.

Lady Marcia turned on him a keen, inquiring look, which accorded but ill with her assumed character, and then answered below her breath, "Why, then I might perhaps like you better—nothing more."

Something swept hurriedly over De Lacy's heart, and for a moment he did not raise his eyes, but the lady was already expatiating on the merits of a chalk drawing, which Lord Faverby had just taken from a *port-feuille*.

"Is not that a *Psyche*?" asked Mr. Belmont.

"It is," replied Honeywood Gordon, a gay young guardsman; "and but that the eye is too heavy and languid, I should think that Lady Marcia had sat to the artist."

"It is at least no compliment," said Lord Faverby, "for there is a want of grace in the draping, and a crudity in the expression, which destroy the beauty of the countenance."



"It wants life," pursued De Lacy; "expression, and—if I may be permitted so to say—passion."

The lady looked towards him, and smiled, but she was silent.

"I have gained your suit, Lady Marcia," said Pennington Lester, hastily approaching her, "and I am to have the honor of appearing in your train at the concert to-morrow evening."

"You are invaluable as a coadjutor, Lester, and to prove my sense of your services, I shall henceforth extend my favor in your family, and feel happy to number among my friends your sentimental cousin, whom you have just presented to me—and to see him here, with all his fetters about him; and do you know, I consider that pure Christian charity, Mr. De Lacy, for one is generally scared at the bare idea of a man hung in chains."

"My chains are not yet riveted," said De Lacy in a subdued voice, as he made his parting bow.

"We shall meet you in the rooms, shall we not, Lester?" asked the countess. "Oh! yes, yes, true; you accompany us; and Mr. De Lacy, will you sup with us? We shall return home quietly—not a soul but friends," and Gerald departed.

"Fine-spirited girl that! eh, De Lacy?—a dasher!" said Lester, as he sprang into his cabriolet. "What, you're off to dine at Melville's, I suppose; tame work, coz.; *mais c'est votre affaire—au revoir*," and away rolled the thoughtless relative of De Lacy.

On his arrival at home, a note was presented to Gerald; it was from Miss Melville: the sudden illness of a near relation had obliged her to leave town hastily. She trusted that he would not impute to coldness the circumstance of her having commenced her journey without seeing him; she had delayed her departure until the last moment in that hope, but had been disappointed, and his servants could give no intelligence of him. The letter was mild, gentle, and affectionate, but wounded feeling nevertheless betrayed itself. For a moment De Lacy stood with the open letter in his hand, self-convicted and regretful; but ere long this changed into indignation and anger. She had absolutely left town without seeing him—had even made a merit of delaying her journey for a few hours on his account. "She is fond of counting time as it passes!" he muttered to himself, as he tore the note into shreds, and threw them about the room. Then came a new feeling, sudden and welcome: for a whole week he might spend hours with Lady Marcia, without being accused of neglect by Caroline! Poor Caroline! she had never in her life addressed a reproach to him; she would not have uttered one for the world; but De Lacy remembered the jest of the gay Lady Marcia, and he almost fancied that he heard the clanking of the fetters to which she had so lately alluded. Certainly the very last visiter whom we would have coveted at such a moment was Sydenham; and, with a feeling of inexpressible vexation, he now distinguished his voice as he ascended the stairs.

"I have followed you from Lady Dashabigh's, De Lacy," said Sydenham as he entered, "whither I went in hot pursuit, but you out-charioted me."

"I was striving to drive away a headach," replied Gerald, "but I have not succeeded."

"Tell it not in Gath!" cried the intruder; "bring away a headach from Lady Dashabigh's! fie on you for a Goth, De Lacy!"

"To be candid with you, Sydenham, I am annoyed by a whim of



Caroline's ; here has she positively left London and a civil letter for me at the same time, without waiting to take leave of me before she started : it was full of a well-turned conceit of a sick relation, and wound up with ' have the goodness to address your letters to Asham Park.' As for her contemptuous conduct, it is, thank my lucky stars, to be survived, and, perchance, to be revenged also ; and for her tender and affectionate communication, there it lies piecemeal."

" Had you seen her to-day ? "

" Yes, I was with her in the morning, not quite so long as usual, certainly, for I was pressed for time."

" And therefore spent four hours at Lady Dashabigh's.—Poor Caroline ! it would not have been thus two short days ago."

" Ha ! am I watched then ? " cried De Lacy, jealously ; " this is too much, Mr. Sydenham, even from you ; know, sir, that I am likely to be at Lady Dashabigh's to-morrow, and the following day ; ay, and during the week, even though Miss Melville and her friends may object to the proceeding."

" Be it so," said Sydenham, coolly, as he took his hat from the table. " I will not presume to thwart so commendable a resolution, nor will I longer intrude on your solitary feelings ; may they be pleasant ones."

De Lacy replied only by a haughty bend of the head, and Sydenham quitted the apartment.

At length the evening arrived which was to realize one of De Lacy's beatific visions ; when he was to be near Lady Marcia, to feast upon her looks, her tones, and her smiles, and—though he did not confess this even to his own heart—her *flatteries*. Never had he spent so much time at his toilet : every garment became him less than usual, every mirror mocked him with a less favorable reflection. De Lacy was singularly handsome ; and it was a fact which he had not now to learn, yet he felt dissatisfied as he drew on his gloves to depart. Gerald arrived at the rooms some twenty minutes before the countess's party, and his watch was in his hand at least a dozen times ere they entered. He had learned to number half hours. Lady Marcia was more lovely than ever ; she was on the arm of Pennington Lester, reflecting back every smile on the lip of her handsome companion ; and those smiles were more radiant than even Pennington's were wont to be, and more frequent.

" So you have preceded us, Mr. De Lacy," commenced the volatile beauty, as Gerald approached her ; " do you know we have been at the most charming Menagerie in the known world—here's your cousin who makes an excellent exhibiter—come, show them up once more, Lester—first Lady Greenaway, and her amiable boys—"

" The authentic sledge-dragger, brought by Captain Parry from the North Pole, and her three whelps," declaimed Lester in a subdued tone.

" Positively — is the most elegant looking man in town," said the lady, raising her glass, " except two."

" Sabetti is doubtless one of the exceptions," said Pennington, " and the other is—"

" Yourself, of course," smiled Lady Marcia—she spoke to Lester, while she glanced at De Lacy. " But come, do not let us forget the natural curiosities—my Lord Faverby—"

" A laughing hyena from—I forgot where, and it signifies not—"

somewhere between St. James's Street and Cochin China—a real curiosity—laughs without a jest, and has fine teeth.”

“Mr. Belmont—”

“A Greenland bear—answers every civility with a growl, and is often savage when there is nothing to snarl at—celebrated for his light and easy grace, and the good taste of his attitudes.”

“To the life !” exclaimed Lady Marcia, with a laugh somewhat too real for a fashionable ; it startled the Countess, who was beating time with her fan to a symphony of Haydn's, and an admonitory glance was directed to her daughter.

“There's Mamma quite shocked, I protest—but we must positively have Honeywood Gordon.”

“A curious parrot from Guinea—it moulted after it was caught, and lost its original dark-colored plumage ; it is now finely feathered, scarlet and yellow—noted for the volubility of its utterance, and the interesting innocence of its remarks.”

“I think your ladyship must have exhausted your subject,” said De Lacy, who could not avoid suspecting that there was some ill-nature, as well as amusement, in the *passee temps* which she had selected.

“No, I believe it to be quite inexhaustible ; but I am tired of it nevertheless, and so, I dare say, is your cousin. Are you musical, Mr. De Lacy ?”

“Triflingly so in practice, but enthusiastically in spirit.”

“I like it well enough, too, but it gives one the headach so horribly.”

Gerald started.

“I have made a party for Somerset House, to-morrow,” said the Countess, bending forward to address De Lacy ; “will you join it ?”

Of course Gerald complied.

“What an odd whim of Mamma,” said Lady Marcia, and her fine brow darkened. “Vile, stupid work. However, one is not obliged to look at the pictures, to be sure.”

Another day was extinguished in the halo which the fancy of De Lacy had shed over the new idol of his wavering admiration—music and painting ! two of the most cherished passions of his heart ; but she could not be serious.

At the Exhibition, on the morrow, Lady Marcia was a new creature, a perfect amateur of the arts !—talked of the last night's concert with rapture—declaimed volubly on majors and minors—expatiated on cadenzas and roulades—to not one of which De Lacy had believed she could possibly have listened—and exhausted herself in encomiums on Cramer and Lindley. Then, in the next moment, she was all artist—rapturously pointing out effective accessories, fine flesh-tints, taking positions, and skilful draping—talking of lights and shades, three-quarter faces and fore-shortening. Gerald was wrapt in wonder. Then came a burst of architectural lore, and she lost herself among Saxon arches, Norman monuments, and Gothic tracery ; five minutes afterwards she was immersed in the labyrinthine maze of ancient armor, and running rapidly over the names of morion, cuish, corslet, visor, gauntlet, barret-cap, habergeon, and cuirass—De Lacy was all amazement. The transition was slight from battle-gear to war-weapons, and Lady Marcia was just beginning to discuss the merits of cross-bows, culverins, and howitzers, when the Countess broke up the conversation by her departure.

One day "the fair inconstant" voted poetry a bore, and poets a mere refined species of madmen; the next, she quoted, with fine emphasis, and finished taste, from Byron, Moore, and Scott; Southey, Keats, and Shelley; and even from Wordsworth. Her real opinion appeared an *ignis fatuus*, which it was impossible to grasp; she was "everything by turns, and nothing long;" sometimes embodying her assumed character with admirable tact and talent, and sometimes merging into the finished woman of fashion; throwing off the trammels of affected unsophistication, and looking with a keen and steady eye on the world, and the world's ways. In her moments of apparent simplicity, even although he felt that they were but the more refined portion of a manœuvring existence, De Lacy looked on Lady Marcia with a feeling too tender for his peace; and even her bursts of fearless sarcasm and worldly policy, failed to present an effective antidote to the poison of her beauty and her flattery. Lady Marcia was the fashion, and there was cause of pride in thus monopolizing so large a portion of her time, her attention, and her smiles. One circumstance appeared, to say the least of it, singular to De Lacy; it was the evident indifference with which his cousin Lester looked on his rapidly-increasing friendship with the object of his own avowed and undisguised admiration; but so it was. Pennington loitered away his days in the drawing-room of the Countess, betrayed no symptom of jealousy, and although De Lacy had accidentally learnt, from undoubted authority, that Lady Dashabigh had unequivocally negatived his suit to her daughter, was to the full as light-hearted and as gay as ever. But the riddle was soon read: De Lacy parted from Lady Marcia one night at the door of the opera-box. She had been a degree more thoughtful than usual, and Gerald thought many degrees more tender and more beautiful. He went home and dreamed a thousand fantastic follies; put Caroline's head on Lady Marcia's shoulders, had a confused vision of a petticoat duel, and terminated his sleeping adventures with an earthquake. He took a hasty breakfast, and drove as usual to Lady Dashabigh's. The house was in confusion—the Countess in hysterics. Her unsophisticated daughter had eloped with Mr. Pennington Lester!

De Lacy turned from the door, humbled and heart-sick; he had, then, been made a cover-plot—a dupe—a cat's-paw! He would fight Lester—(when he returned from Scotland)—he would despise Lady Marcia—(for having preferred his cousin to himself)—he would forswear society, and communion with man, woman, and child! It was a fine-spirited resolution; but unfortunately, like most other ephemeral projects, it was never destined to become matter of worldly edification, for by the time Gerald reached home, he felt how utterly both nature and circumstances were at variance with it; and an affectionate letter from Caroline which awaited him there, announcing the recovery of her relative, and her own immediate return, gave a new impulse to his feelings.

Caroline was ignorant of the occurrences of the past week, and he in consequence made a second resolution as heroic as the first—he would forgive her abrupt departure for the country, in consideration of her not having uttered one reproach for his silence—he would be ready to receive her on her return—and he would adore her from that day, as never woman had been loved before!

"And first," said De Lacy, as he carefully refolded the letter, and put it into his bosom, "I will perform the most difficult task which the madness of the past week has entailed upon me—I will go and confess my folly and my error to Sydenham."

# ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE'S "FIRST LOVE."

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Lurid smoke and frank suspicion  
Hand in hand collective dance;  
While the god fulfils his mission,  
Chivalry, resign thy lance.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—Enormous Reader! were you ever in Clare Castle? 'Tis as vile a hole in the shape of a barrack—as odious a combination of stone, mortar, and rough-cast, as ever the King—God bless him!—put a regiment of the line into. There is most delightful fishing out of the windows—charming shooting at the sparrows that build in the eaves of the houses, and most elegant hunting. If you have a terrier, you may bag twenty brace of rats in a forenoon. If a person is fond of drawing, he has water scenery above the bridge, and water scenery below the bridge, with turf-boats and wild ducks, and two or three schooners with coals, and mud in abundance when the tide is out, and beautiful banks sloping to the water, with charming brown potato gardens and evergreen furze bushes. When tired of this combination of natural beauties, you may turn to the city of Clare, luxuriant in dung and pigs, and take a view of the Protestant school-house without a roof, and the parish clergyman's handsome newly white-washed kennel—by the same token, his was the best pack of hounds I ever saw—and the priest's neat cottage at the back of the public-house, where the best *potteen* in the country was to be had. Then in the distance is *not* to be seen the neighboring abbey of Quin, which presents splendid remains of Gothic architecture; but I can only say from what I have heard, as the hill of Dundrennan happens to intervene between our citadel and the abbey. Ennis, too, in the distance, I am told, would be a fine maritime town, if it had good houses and was nearer the sea, and had trade and some respectable people in it, and a good neighborhood. Mr. O'Connell thinks a canal from it to Clare would improve it—and I think the "*tribute money*" might be advantageously laid out in shares in the said canal. This is only a surmise of my own, judging of what I saw from my barrack window in Clare Castle—for, during the six blessed weeks I spent there, from five o'clock on Ash Wednesday evening, till six o'clock on Good Friday morning, my nose, which is none of the longest, never projected its own length beyond the barrack gate. The reason of my not visiting the chief city of Clare-shire was also sufficient to prevent me exploring the remains at Quin: and was simply this—Colonel Gauntlet had given positive orders to Captain Vernon, who commanded the company, not to permit Ensign O'Donoghue, on any pretence, to leave the castle.

I was a lad of about seventeen then, and had but a short time before got a commission in the Royal Irish, by raising recruits—which was

done in rather an ingenious manner by my old nurse, Judy M'Leary. She got some thirty or forty of the Ballybeg hurlers, seven of whom were her own sons—lads that would have cropped an exciseman, or put a tithe-proctor "to keep" in a bog-hole, as soon as they would have peeled a potato, or sooner. Nurse Judy got the boys together—made them blind drunk—locked them up in the barn—made them "drunk again," next morning—enlisted them all before my father, who was a justice of the peace—and a recruiting-sergeant who was at the house, marched them all off ("drunk still") to the county town. They were all soldiers before they came to their senses, and I was recommended for an ensigncy. My heroes remained quiet for a day or two, having plenty of eating and drinking; but swearing, by all the saints in the Almanack, that the Ballybeg boys were, out and out, the tip-top of the country, and would "bate the Curnel, and the Ginerall, with the garrison to back him to boot, if Master Con would only crook his finger and whistle." We were ordered to march to Limerick, which part of the country it did not appear that my recruits liked, for the following Sunday they were all back again playing hurley at Ballybeg.

But to return: I was, as I said before, an ensign in the Royal Irish, and strutting, as proud as a peacock, about the streets of Limerick. To be sure, how I ogled the darlings as they tripped along, and how they used to titter when I gave them a sly look! I was asked to all sorts of parties, as the officers were—save the mark!—so genteel! We had dinner-parties, and tea-parties, and dancing-parties, and parties up the river to Castle Connel, and pic-nics down the river to Carrick-Gunnel, and dry drums; in short, the frolicking lads of the Eighteenth never lived in such clover. Three parsons, or rather, I should say, their wives, sundry doctors, the wine merchants, and a banker or two, were all quarreling about who could show us most attention, and force most claret and whisky punch down our throats. We flirted and jigged, and got drunk every night in the week at the house of one friend or another. I was seventeen times in love, ay and out again, in the first fortnight: such eyes as one young lady had, and such hands had another; Susan had such lips, and Kate had such shoulders; Maria laughed so heartily—to show her teeth; and Johanna held her petticoats so tidily out of the mud—to show her ankle. I was fairly bothered with them all, and nearly ruined into the bargain by the amount of my wine bills at the mess. The constant love-making kept me in a fever, and a perpetual unquenchable thirst was the consequence. In vain did I toss off bumper after bumper of port and sherry in honor of the charms of each and all of them; in vain did I sit down with my tumbler of whisky punch (hot) at my elbow, when I invoked the muse and wrote sonnets on the sweet creatures. Every fresh charm called for a fresh bottle, and each new poetical thought cried out for more hot water, sugar, whisky, and lemon-juice! The more I made love, the more feverish I grew; and it was absolutely impossible to keep my pulsations and wine bills under any control. Fortunately, or, perhaps, unfortunately, one young lady began to usurp the place of the many. I was determined to install her as prime and permanent mistress of my affections.

Accordingly, Miss Juliana Hennessy was gazetted to the post, *vice* a score dismissed. Juliana had beautiful feet, beautiful bust, beautiful shoulders; figure plump, smooth, and showy; face nothing to

boast of, for her nose was a snub, and she was a trifle marked with the smallpox; but her teeth were generally clean, and her eye languishing; so, on the whole, Juliana Hennessy was not to be sneezed at. Half a dozen of our youngsters were already flirting with her; one boasted that he had a lock of her hair, but honor forbade him to show it; another swore that he had kissed her in her father's scullery, that she was nothing loath, and only said, "Ah, now, Mr. Casey, can't you stop? what a flirt you are!"—but nobody believed him; and Peter Dawson, the adjutant, who was a wag, affirmed, that he heard her mother say, as she crossed the street, "Juliana, mind your petticoats—spring, Juliana, spring, and show your 'agility'—the officers are looking."

After this, poor Juliana Hennessy never was known but as Juliana Spring.

Juliana Spring had a susceptible mind, and was partial to delicate attentions; so the first thing I did to show that my respect for her was particular, was to call out Master Casey about the scullery story; and, after exchanging three shots, (for I was new to the business *then*, and my pistols none of the best,) I touched him up in the left knee, and spoilt his capering in rather an off-hand style, considering I was but a novice. I now basked in my Juliana's smiles, and was as happy and pleasant as a pig in a potato-garden. I begged Casey's pardon for having hurt him, and he pitched Juliana to Old Nick, for which, by the way, I was near having him out again.

I was now becoming quite a sentimental milk-sop; I got drunk not more than twice a week, I ducked but two watchmen, and broke the head of but one chairman, during the period of my loving Juliana Spring. Wherever her toe left a mark in the gutter, my heel was sure to leave its print by the side of it. Her petticoats never had the sign of a spatter on them; they were always held well out of the mud, and the snow-white cotton stockings, tight as a drum-head, were duly displayed.

Juliana returned my love, and plenty of billing and cooing we had of it. Mrs. Hennessy was as charming a lady of her years as one might see any where; she used to make room for me next Juliana—make us stand back to back, to see how much the taller I was of the two—Juliana used to put on my sash and gorget, and I was obliged to adjust them right; then she was obliged to replace them, with her little fingers fiddling about me. After that the old lady would say, "Juliana, my love, how do the turkeys walk through the grass?"

"Is it through the long grass, ma'am?"

"Yes, Juliana, my love; show us how the turkeys walk through the long grass."

Then Juliana would rise from her seat, bend forward, tuck up her clothes nearly to her knees, and stride along the room on tip-toe.

"Ah, now! do it again, Juliana," said the mother. So Juliana did it again—and again—and again—till I knew the shape of Juliana's supporters so well, that I can conscientiously declare they were uncommonly pretty.

Juliana and I became thicker and thicker—till at length I had almost made up my mind to marry her. I was very near fairly popping the question at a large ball at the Custom House, when, fortunately, Colonel Gauntlet clapped his thumb upon me, and said, "Stop!" and Dawson stepped up to say that I must march next morning at ten



o'clock, for that famous citadel, Clare Castle. I was very near calling out both Dawson and the colonel ; but Juliana requested me not for her sake. Prudence came in time. Gauntlet would have brought me to a court-martial, and I should have gone back to Ballybeg after my recruits.

Leaving the Hennessys without wishing them good-bye, would have been unkind and unhandsome ; so at nine next morning I left the New Barracks, having told the sergeant of the party who was to accompany me, to call at Arthur's Quay on his way. I scampered along George Street, and in a few minutes arrived at the Hennessys'. How my heart beat when I lifted the knocker ! I fancied that, instead of the usual sharp rat-tat-too, it had a sombre, hollow sound ; and when Katy Lynch, the hand-maiden of my beloved, came to the door, and hesitated about admitting me, I darted by her, and entered the dining-room on my right hand. Here the whole family were assembled ; but certainly not expecting company—not one of the "genteel officers," at least.

The father of the family, who was an attorney, was arranging his outward man. His drab cloth, ink-spotted inexpressibles were unbuttoned at the knee, and but just met a pair of whity-brown worsted stockings, that wrinkled up his thick legs. Coat and waistcoat he had none, and at the open breast of a dirty shirt appeared a still dirtier flannel-waistcoat. He was rasping a thick stubble on his chin, as he stood opposite a handsome pier-glass between the windows. The razor was wiped upon the breakfast-cloth, which ever and anon he scraped clean with the back of the razor, and dabbed the shave into the fire. The lady mother was in a chemise and petticoat, with a large colored cotton shawl, which did duty as dressing-gown ; and she was alternately busy in combing her grizzled locks, and making breakfast.

Miss Juliana,—Juliana of my love—Juliana Spring, sat by the fire in a pensive attitude, dressed as she had turned out of her nest. Her hair still in papers, having just twitched off her night-cap ; a red cotton bed-gown clothed her shoulders, a brown flannel petticoat was fastened with a running string round her beautiful waist, black worsted stockings enveloped those lovely legs which I had so often gazed on with admiration, as they, turkey-fashion, tripped across the room ; and a pair of yellow slippers, down at the heel, covered the greater part of her feet. On the fender stood the tea-kettle, and on the handle of the tea-kettle a diminutive shirt had been put to air ; while its owner, an urchin of five years old, frequently popped in from an inner room, exhibiting his little natural beauties *al fresco*, to see if it was fit to put on.

I stared about me as if chaos was come again ; but I could not have been more surprised than they were. The whole family were taken aback. The father stood opposite the mirror with his snub nose held between the finger and thumb of his left hand, and his right grasping the razor—his amazement was so great that he could not stir a muscle. Mrs. Hennessy shifted her seat to the next chair, and the lovely Juliana Spring, throwing down the *Sorrows of Werter*, with which she had been improving her mind, raised her fingers to get rid of the hair papers. Each individual would have taken to flight ; but, unfortunately, the enemy was upon them, and occupied the only means of egress, except the little room, which it seems was the youngker's den ;



so that, like many another body when they could not run away, they boldly stood their ground.

I apologised for the untimely hour of my visit, and pleaded, as an excuse, that, in half an hour, I should be on my way to Clare Castle. My friends say that I have an easy way of appearing comfortable wherever I go, and that it at once makes people satisfied. In less than a minute Mr. Hennessy let his nose go; his wife wreathed her fat face into smiles; and Juliana Spring looked budding into summer, squeezed a tear out of her left eye, and blew her nose in silent anguish at my approaching departure.

Katy brought in a plate of eggs and a pile of buttered toast. Apologies innumerable were made for the state of affairs:—the sweeps had been in the house—the child had been sick—Mr. Hennessy was turned out of his dressing-room by the masons—Mrs. Hennessy herself had been "poorly"—and Juliana was suffering with a nervous headach. Such a combination of misfortunes surely had never fallen upon so small a family at the same time. I began to find my love evaporating rapidly. Still, Juliana was in grief, and between pity for her, and disgust at the color of the table-cloth, I could not eat. Mr. Hennessy soon rose, said he would be back in the "peeling of an onion," and requested me not to stir till he returned.

He certainly was not long, but he came accompanied, lugging into the room with him a tall, loose-made fellow in a pepper-and-salt coat, and brown corduroys. I had never seen this hero before, and marvelled who the deuce he might prove to be.

"Sit down, Jerry," said Hennessy to his friend—"sit down and taste a dish of tea. Jerry, I am sorry that Juliana has a headach this morning."

"Never mind, man," said Jerry; "I'll go bail she will be better by and by. Sure my darling niece isn't sorry at going to be married."

Here were two discoveries—Jerry was uncle to Juliana, and Juliana was going to be married—to whom, I wondered?

"O, Jerry! she will be well enough by and by," said her father.

"But I don't believe you know Ensign O'Donoghue—let me introduce," &c. Accordingly I bowed, but Jerry rose from his chair, and came forward with outstretched paw.

"Good morrow-morning to you, sir, and 'deed and indeed it is mighty glad I am to see you, and wish you joy of so soon becoming my relation."

"Your relation, sir? I am not aware——"

"Not relation," returned Jerry, "not blood relation, but connexion by marriage."

"I am not going to be married," said I.

"You not going to be married?"

"Not that I know of," I replied.

"Ah, be aisy, young gentleman," said uncle Jerry; "sure I know all about it—ar'n't you going to marry my niece, Juliana, there?"

A pretty *dénouement* this. My love oozed away like Bob Acre's valor—so I answered, "I rather think not, sir."

"Not marry Juliana?" ejaculated the father.

"Not marry my daughter?" yelled the mother.

"Not marry my niece?" shouted the uncle; "but by Saint Peter you shall—didn't you propose for her last night?"

"I won't marry her, that's flat; and I did not propose for her last

night"—I roared. My blood was now up, and I had no notion of being taken by storm.

"You shall marry her, and that before you quit this room, or the d—l is not in Killballyowen!" said Jerry, getting up, and locking the door.

"If you don't, I'll have the law of you," said Mr. Hennessy.

"If you don't, you are no gentleman," said Mrs. Hennessy.

"If I do, call me fool," said I.

"And I am unanimous," said a third person, from the inner door.

"The deuce you are," said I to this new addition to our family-circle; a smooth-faced, hypocritical-looking scoundrel, in black coat and black breeches, and grey pearl stockings—as he issued from the smaller apartment—how he got there, I never knew.

"Don't swear, young gentleman," said he.

"I'll swear from this to Clare Castle, if I like," said I, "and no thanks to any one. Moreover, by this and by that, and by everything else, I am not in the humor, and I'll marry no one—good, bad, or indifferent—this blessed day." Even this did not satisfy them.

"Then you will marry her after Lent?" said the fellow in the pearl stockings.

"Neither then nor now, upon my oath!" I answered.

"You won't?" said old Hennessy.

"You won't?" echoed the wife.

"You won't?" dittoed Uncle Jerry.

"That I won't, ladies and gentlemen," I rejoined; "I am in a hurry for Clare Castle! so good morning to you, and I wish you all the compliments of the season."

"Go aisy with your hitching," said Jerry, "you will not be off in that way"—and he disappeared into the small room. The father sat down at a table, and began to write busily—the pearl-stockings'd gentleman twirled his thumbs, and stood between me and the door—Juliana sat sniveling and blowing her nose by the fire—I sprang to the door, but it was not only double-locked, but bolted. I contemplated a leap from the window, but the high iron railing of the area was crowned with spikes. I was debating about being impaled or not, when Jerry returned with a brace of pistols as long as my arm. Mr. Hennessy jumped from his writing-table, flourishing a piece of paper, and Mr. Pearl Stockings pulled a book out of his coat pocket.

"You have dishonored me and my pedigree," said Jerry—"If you don't marry Juliana, I will blow you to atoms."

"Stop, Jerry," said the attorney; "may-be the gentleman will sign this scrap of a document."

I felt like the fat man in the play, who would not give a reason upon compulsion—I flatly refused.

"I'd rather not dirty my hands with you," said the uncle; "so just step in here to the closet. Father Twoney will couple you fair and aisy—or just sign the bit of paper—if you don't, I'll pop you to Jericho."

"Ah! do, now, Mr. O'Donoghue," implored the mother.

I turned to the priest:—"Sir, it seems that you, then, are a clergyman. Do you, I ask, think it consistent with your profession thus to sanction an act of violence?"

"*Bathershin*," interrupted Jerry. "Don't be putting your come-he-

ther on Father Twoney—he knows what he is about ; and if he don't I do. So you had better get buckled without any more blarney."

The ruffian then deliberately threw up the pan of one of the pistols, and shook the powder together, in order that I might be convinced he was not jesting ; then, slowly cocking it, laid it on the table, within his reach, and did the same with the other.

"Give me one of those pistols, you scoundrel !" I exclaimed, "and I will fight you here—the priest will see fair play."

"Who would be the fool then, I wonder ?" said this bully. "I am not such an *omadhahaun* as you suppose. If I was to shoot you where you stand, who would be the wiser—you *spalpeen* ?"

I seized the poker—Juliana rose and came towards me with extended arms.

"Ah ! now, Mr. O'Donoghue ! dearest O'Donoghue !—dearest Con, do prevent bloodshed—for my sake, prevent bloodshed—you know that I doat on you beyond anything. Can't you be led by my relations, who only want your own good—ah ! now, do !"

"Ah ! do now," said the mother.

"Listen to me, now," cried I, "listen all of you, for fear of a mistake :—you may murder me—my life is in your power—and Father Twoney may give you absolution, if he likes ; but, mark me now, Juliana Hennessy—I would not marry you if your eyes were diamonds, and your heels gold, and you were dressed in Roche's five-pound notes. If the priest was administering extreme unction to your father, and your mother kicking the bucket beside him—and your uncle Jerry with a razor at my throat—I would pitch myself headforemost into the hottest part of purgatory before I would say—Juliana Hennessy, you are my wife. Are you satisfied ? Now have you had an answer, Juliana Spring ?"

I do not imagine that they thought me so determined. The father seemed to hesitate ; Juliana blubbered aloud ; the priest half closed his eyes, and twirled his thumbs as if nothing unusual was going on ; and Jerry, whose face became livid with rage, leveled the pistol at my head. I believe he would have murdered me on the spot, but for Mrs. Hennessy, who was calculating in her wrath. She clapped her hands with a wild howl, and shook them furiously in my face—"Oh dear ! oh dear ! oh dear ! That I should live to hear my daughter called Juliana Spring !—I that gave her the best of learning—that had her taught singing by Mr. O'Sullivan, straight from Italy, and bought her a brand new forte-piano from Dublin—oh ! to hear her called Juliana Spring ! Didn't I walk her up street and down street, and take lodgings opposite the Main Guard ? And then, when we came here, wasn't she called the Pride of the Quay ? Wouldn't Mr. Casey have married her, only you shot him in the knee ? Wasn't that something ? And you here late and early, getting the best of everything, and philandering with her everywhere—and now you won't marry her ! I am ruined entirely with you—oh dear ! oh dear !"

A loud ring at the bell, and a rap at the hall-door, astonished the group. Before Katy could be told not to admit any one, I heard Sergeant O'Gorman asking for me—he was no relation to O'Gorman Mahon, but a lad of the same kidney—a thorough-going Irishman—and loved a row better than his prayers.

I shouted to the sergeant, "O'Gorman, they are going to murder me."

"Then, by St. Patrick, your honor, we'll be in at the death," responded the sergeant.

"Katy, shut to the door," roared Jerry.

Katy was one of O'Gorman's sweethearts, so was not so nimble as she might have been; however, before the order could be obeyed, the sergeant had thrust his halberd between the door and the post, which effectually prevented it closing. I heard his whistle, and in a second the whole of his party had forced their way into the hall.

"Break open the door, my lads," I hallooed—"never mind consequences;" and immediately a charming sledge-hammer din was heard, as my men applied the butt-ends of their fire-locks to the wood. The attorney ran to the inner room, so did the priest,—and Jerry, dropping the pistols, followed them. Crash went the panels of the door, and in bounced my light-bobs. Mrs. Hennessy cried "fire" and "robbery;" Juliana Spring tried to faint; and I ran to the inner room just in time to catch Jerry by the heel, as he was jumping from the window. Mr. Hennessy and the priest, in their hurry to escape, had impeded each other, so that Uncle Jerry, who was last, had not time to fly before I clutched him. I dragged back the scoundrel, who was loudly bawling for mercy.

"Is there a pump in the neighborhood, my lads?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, in the back-yard," answered O'Gorman.

"Then *don't* duck him——"

"No, your honor!" they all said.

I walked out of the house; but, strange to say, my orders were not obeyed; for uncle Jerry was ducked within an inch of his life.

At the corner of the street I waited for my party, who soon joined me. A few minutes afterwards I met Casey.

"Casey," said I, "I am more than ever sorry for your misfortune; and Juliana Spring is at your service."

"She may go to old Nick, for all I care," said Casey.

"With all my heart, too," said I.

"Small difference of opinion to bother our friendships, then!" rejoined the good-humored boy; and to drown the memory of all connected with the *calf-love* by which we had both been stultified, we took a stirrup-cup together, and off I set for Clare Castle.

# OSTROLENCKA.

[ATHENEUM.]

POLES, awake!—the call to glory,

Long, too long bath bondage still'd:

Hear it now, ye famed in story,

Freedom 's up and in the field!

Heed not when the Russ, defying

Heaven, fore-deems the contest won.

See his van!—there proudly flying,

Poland's eagle waves you on!

On for Poland!—on for Poland!

On for the old Templar name!

Death or triumph!—chains or freedom!

Poland! Poland, all the same!

*Lady Isabella's Wedding Day.*

Hark ! the dismal roar of battle !  
 Shriek, and shout, and Kalmuck yell !  
 See ! where deadly bullets rattle,  
 Poland's children serve her well :  
 Not in chains, nor blindly driven,  
 Brute-like, at a despot's call ;—  
 No ! their fiat is from heaven :  
 Free they conquer—free they fall !  
 On for Freedom !—on for Freedom !  
 On ! her glorious task fulfil—  
 On ! 'midst death and ruthless carnage—  
 On for Poland, Poland still !

Nobly done ! their servile legions—  
 Lord and vassal, serf and slave—  
 Flee !—and in its icy regions  
 Tyranny foresees its grave !  
 Let the shouts of men victorious  
 Answer the barbaric yell ;  
 And of deeds as bright as glorious  
 May other Ostrolenckas tell !  
 Shout for Poland ! shout for Poland !  
 Let her name our pass-word be :  
 Landmark of old Christian glory !  
 Poland lost, or Poland free !

## LADY ISABELLA'S WEDDING DAY.

[COURT JOURNAL.]—My sister Isabella is the youngest of our family. Her father, Lord Ashurst, and her four brothers—myself among the number—have always decided her to be the prettiest and most captivating of its female moiety, in defiance of the Juno-like magnificence of face and figure exhibited by her elder sisters, the Marchioness of Chesterton and Lady Droitwich. But this preference of our little Amoret to the stately Sacharissas of the house of Ashurst, may perhaps proceed from selfish partiality ; for the Ladies Henrietta and Margaret, even previous to their dignified alliances, were at no pains to conceal their disgust towards younger brothers in general, without regard to the humiliation they inflicted on three among ourselves in particular ; while Isabella has loved us from her childhood with an equalizing tenderness, superior to all influence of peerage precedence.

Perhaps it may be considered strange that I place the opinion of her mother lowest in the scale ;—but, in truth, the character of Lady Ashurst was one of such mechanical frigidity, that she was seldom at the trouble of examining or expressing her sentiments on such unimportant points. She was a woman of irreproachable moral conduct, faithfully attached to my father, and regarding her seven children rather as “ Lord Ashurst's family,” than as the beings nearest and dearest to herself ; she was grateful to my elder sisters for having maintained his dignity by suitable connexions, and to my elder brother for his Oxford honors. Even in dismissing my paltry self to the remote curacy destined to prove a stepping stone to preferment, the good Countess did

not lose sight of her paramount duty. "Conduct yourself, my dear Frank," said she, at parting, "as becomes the name of Lockhart; and remember that our great object in the choice of your profession has been the maintenance of our family influence by the dignities of the Church. I shall be greatly disappointed if you do not give your father the gratification of seeing you a Dean!"

Lady Ashurst's exhortation to Isabella on the final abdication of the governess were nearly of a similar character; pointing out, exclusively, to her imitation, the virtues of her sisters in the marriage choice, and their worldly eminence in supporting the dignity of their coronets-matrimonial. "Your sister Chesterton, my dear Lady Isabella," said she, "is a Lady of the Bedchamber;—your sister Droitwich, a Patroress of Almack's;—I trust I shall not find you derogate from the high character my daughters have acquired in society."

Poor Isabella was for a time sorely puzzled by these precepts. She recognised with becoming humility the imperative duty of obedience to her parents; but, although educated by a superlative Parisian governess, had a notion of the existence of a still more urgent bond upon her moral conduct; and was perplexed in the extreme by what concessions to reconcile these anomalies. "Pray, dearest Frank," she whispered to me, previous to my desolate departure for my Wiltshire parsonage, "pray persuade that stupid Lord Wrottesly to moderate his attentions to me. Should he ever gain courage for a proposal, Mamma will never forgive me!" "Not forgive you! Isabella; she would be enchanted: Wrottesly Castle is the finest place in the county, and commands an estate of thirty thousand a year!" "But I cannot marry a quadrangle of granite and mortar; and as to polluting the marriage vow by promising to honor and love that still more dense and ponderous mass—its noble owner,—such an act of submission, my dear Frank, is beyond the boundaries of my passive obedience."

I kissed my pretty little sister for the honesty of her determination; and did my best to pre-admonish poor Wrottesly of the hopelessness of his suit. But, unfortunately, his views on the subject were as obstinate as her own; and when I returned home to share the Christmas festivities of Ashurst Park, I found Isabella in sad disgrace with the elders of the family for having refused Wrottesly Castle. No allusion was made among them to its human incumbrance,—his lordship was regarded only as part and parcel of the estate;—and Lady Chesterton observed, with a curvature of lip worthy of the Virgin Queen herself, that "Lady Isabella Lockhart was the first of the Ashurst family who had betrayed the indelicacy of consulting her personal feelings in the choice of an alliance!" Poor Amoret was covered with blushes at this imputation; and Harry and Horace, my Guardsman and Hussar brothers, united with me in consoling and encouraging our little favorite. But while Harry was too busy in the hunting-field, and Horace in the Ashurst preserves, to bestow much attention on her afflictions, I managed to discover, between the welcome pauses of reading for my degree, with my father's Chaplain, that our efforts for her consolation were powerfully seconded in another quarter.

Among the guests assembled by the annual hospitalities of the Park, in aid of its private theatricals, balls, concerts, battues, and charades, were two old Eton friends of my brothers, sons to the late Lord William Annesley, and nephews to the Duke of Guildford. It would be scarcely possible to point out two finer or more accomplished young



men ; yet, although they were the unportioned offspring of a younger brother, the Countess foresaw no peril from the propinquity. Her own notions of filial submission had been too powerfully seconded by the worldly wisdom of my elder sisters, to induce any apprehensions that a daughter of Lord Ashurst could forget what was due to her father ! Notwithstanding my clearightedness in this instance, I confess I entertained none myself ; but then my estimation of the debtor and creditor account between my father and his offspring, differed materially from that of his devoted consort ; and although I distinctly observed that William Annesley's mode of sustaining Isabella's courage, and arming her disobedience, was tempered by unusual tenderness of tone and demeanor, I saw nothing in the attentions of the Duke of Guildford's nephew calculated to wither the susceptible foliage of our family tree. If anything in the affair surprised me more than the blindness of my parents, it was the preference evidently accorded by my sister, for William was a wild volatile creature, incapable of much consistency in his adoration ; while Algernon, the younger brother, was a perfect hero of romance, full of sighs and sonnets—with azure eyes and auburn curls ! But her attention was all for William ; and while they were riding together in the Ashurst avenues, or singing together in the Ashurst music-room, Algernon would pass the morning with me and my Josephus, dreaming in a library chair, and interrupting his visions with murmurs against the severity of fortune, and the chances of the hazard table, which had left his father's children portionless to the compassion of their uncle. I saw that the poor fellow was in love, but being aware that the Duke of Guildford was supposed to regard his two handsome heirs with somewhat of jealousy, and to supply their maintenance with somewhat of niggardliness, I forebore to investigate his sentimental distresses. This agreeable interlude was of short duration. Lady Chesterton departed to her duties in the household ; Lady Droitwich to her labors in King Street ; my brothers and Algernon Annesley grumbled back to their regiments ; William to his office in Downing Street ; I to my curatizing drudgery ; while Lady Isabella accompanied the Earl and Countess to Grosvenor Square, to pursue her studies in the science of fine ladyism. I consoled myself as well as I could under my reverses, by the hope of becoming a Dean ; but by what hopes or expectations my friend Annesley's countenance was so irradiated on quitting Ashurst, I found it difficult to conjecture. Three hundred a year, and the patronage of his Grace of Guildford, formed, methought, a poor foundation for future prosperity !

In the midst of the professional engagements which now peremptorily claimed my attention, I own I was not wholly without anxiety relative to my dear Isabella ; nor was I ever summoned to the solemnization of the sacrament of marriage, without recalling to mind the fervent tone in which I had heard her advocate its vows of love and obedience. I trusted, indeed, to her own purity of nature and rectitude of mind to counteract the lessons I knew her to be receiving from the narrow precepts of her mother, and the worldly examples of her sisters ; but I could not divest myself of apprehensions from the demoralizing influence of the world of fashion. Whenever her letters to me contained allusions to the gaudy splendors of society, to the brilliancy of a drawing-room, or the beauty of a diamond zone, I grew peevish and philosophical in my replies. I forgave her for dwelling on the enjoyment of “ a delightful Almack's,” for it was more than probable that William might



have shared its Galoppe, or administered its confidential dose of tepid green tea ; but when such allusions were accompanied by the accompaniment of Lady Isabella Lockhart's name in the quadrille list of the *Court Journal* with those of the Marquis of this, or the Earl of that, I own that the admonitory tone of my Sunday's sermon might be somewhat too severely emulated in my answer.

With the remainder of my family, meanwhile, I maintained but little communication. My eldest brother was in official training for a statesman, and his epistles to me were intended, I conclude, as essays in the art of diplomatic mastery ; for they rarely contained more syllables or more intelligence than the frank in which they were enveloped. Lady Ashurst was too busy in superintending the daily adjustment of my father's book-room, papers, invitations, breakfast, and mid-day *Julienne*, to find any leisure for her absent sons ; and as to the Ladies Chesterton and Droitchich, I am satisfied they would as soon think of wasting their correspondence on their footmen, as on their younger brothers. My father, however, occasionally favored me with a letter of advice on pecuniary moderation, and excess of study and zeal ; and to one of these arid specimens of paternal vigilance, Lord Ashurst chanced to append a codicil highly consolatory to my feelings : " Your mother and sister are well," was the tenor of the postscript, " and as happy as dissipation can make them. A *déjeuner dansant*, every morning, and a ball or two every night, do not seem to exhaust either their patience or their health. Those handsome lads of my old friend Lord William Annesley are always in Grosvenor Square ; an intimacy which I encourage, because I am anxious to engage the Duke of Guildford's interest in Bedfordshire for Lockhart's next election." Without being peculiarly satisfied with the motive of my noble sire, the result re-assured my mind on Lady Isabella's account. Not that I was desirous of witnessing her immediate union with a man endowed only with as many hundreds per annum, as I knew thousands to be requisite to her comfort ; but Annesley's official prospects were secured by his uncle's parliamentary interest, and I had witnessed my sister's unequivocal preference, and encouragement of his homage.

Meanwhile, the nature of my own avocations assumed a very engrossing interest. I had the satisfaction to add the qualification of M.A. to my patronymic in the course of the summer, by way of balance to its prefatory Honorable ; and a family living, which fell vacant shortly afterwards, created such arbitrary claims upon my time that it was only through the nebulous dreariness of November, I contrived to find my way through the lodge-gates of Ashurst Park. Connecting his visit to my paternal hall with Lord Lockhart's ensuing election, it was no matter of surprise to me to find the Duke of Guildford domesticated at our table ; and, connecting his stately presence with his kindred to William Annesley, it was matter only for a smile to find dear Isabella assiduously stationed by his side. My mother, after expressing in a private interview her satisfaction that my professional diligence had not disappointed poor dear Lord Ashurst's expectations, condescended to notice a similar improvement on the part of her youngest daughter. " London had done wonders," she said, " for Lady Isabella. I should find her grown quite a rational being ; and even Henrietta and Margaret were beginning to be satisfied that she would not discredit the family. As to the Duke of Guildford, he was already at her feet."

The first evening I passed at Ashurst, enabled me to decide that his Grace could not have chosen a less becoming position for himself. He was now full fifty years of age; or "by'r lady, inclining to three-score," and having figured in a divorce-bill previous to the attainment of his dukedom, had eschewed all thoughts of second wedlock, and turned a studiously unobservant eye on the efforts of divers dowagers and their daughters to achieve the distinction of Duchess of Guildford. He had even assumed the egotism of Epicurean *savoir vivre*, and a brown Adonis, in ostensible defiance to the approaches of the god of love! Yet, unabashed by his periwig, unawed by his dignity of half a century's endurance, Lady Isabella addressed herself to conquer his stubborn heart; and aware of the sympathy existing, in his Grace's conformation, between that organ and the palate, it was diverting to see with what art the little gipsy ingratiated herself into his favor, by daily pointing out to his notice the especial *entrées* affording to my father's *chef de cuisine*, his credentials of office, or the peculiar *hors d'œuvres* by which he had acquired his diploma as a *Cordon bleu*; and with what ecstatic admiration the Duke regarded her smiling countenance in return, as inferior only to her intelligence in the gastronomic art. I have seen him gaze on her as if he could eat her with as much satisfaction as though she had been dressed by Ude!

At first, I was half inclined to remonstrate with my little coquette of a sister; for the Duke of Guildford really deserved a better fate than to become the dupe of her machinations. Without being a wit, or a philosopher, or even a man of generous sentiments, he possessed a fund of right and gentlemanly feeling; and having passed his life in the best school of good breeding, his address was tinctured with a degree of graciousness and consideration for other people, such as rendered him at all times an agreeable companion. It was only in remembering the claims of Annesley and his brother, that I reconciled myself to Lady Isabella's efforts to win upon his favor; and having discovered that a domestic of the Guildford suite had actually been despatched by his master, to London, and returned, two days afterwards, in a post-chaise, with a small mysterious-looking bandbox, which my evening observations proved to have contained an improved edition of the brown Adonis, the millefleuréd curls of which were evidently addressed to Lady Isabella's captivation. I could not but reprove the levity of her approving smiles. I represented to her the respectability of the Duke of Guildford's age and character, as exempting him from the idle plots of a mere child, such as herself.

But she met my grave admonitions with her merriest laugh; and would not regard the affair in a serious point of view. "Do not distress yourself for the poor old beau, my dear Frank," said she; "I am only perfecting his education for the benefit of his family. The creature is so narrow-minded, and so apprehensive of encountering the rivalry of his two nephews, that he will not allow them to accept an invitation in the same house with himself. He forbade William Annesley to visit Ashurst this Christmas; and as to poor Algernon, he has condemned him to expiate some imaginary offence, or the real one of putting his uncle's peruke to shame, by encountering the yellow fever in some West India colony. The Duke, indeed, protests he has sent him there for promotion; but I fancy if the nephew had emulated his uncle's ugliness, he would have obtained his majority without quitting the Guards."

My father now managed to occupy so much of my time with his auditors and my tithe-book, and with tedious consultations respecting the interests of the family property, to which the sedateness of my black coat appeared to entitle me as ghostly and temporal counsellor to the junior branches, that my visit to Ashurst terminated without any further opportunity for an explanation with my giddy sister ; and on my returning home, an eventful routine of parochial casualties suspended for a time all communication with Grosvenor Square. A farm adjoining my glebe was destroyed by fire ; the incendiaries unluckily proved to be black sheep belonging to my own flock, and were imprisoned, tried, condemned, and executed. During the three months in which their fate remained undecided, I labored fervently in their behalf, both with the tribunals of the land, and with their own impenitence,—but infructuously on all sides,—they died, and made no sign ! I own the whole business weighed heavily on my spirits. Inexperienced in my pastoral duties, I began to despond touching my own powers, and to wish that my parents had never been smitten with the ambition of seeing me a Dean !—when, in the very height of my depression, I received a letter of most elaborate pomposity from Lord Ashurst, announcing, that his daughter, *Lady Isabella Lockhart*, had accepted the hand of the Duke of Guildford ! It was well he did not call her my sister ; for I fear I could not have repressed my disavowal of all connexion with so heartless, so unprincipled a being ! My father only added to this most unexpected and unwelcome intelligence, that the Archbishop of Canterbury had graciously promised to perform the ceremony ; but that being desirous of seeing his whole family assembled on so gratifying an occasion, he trusted I might be able to reconcile a visit to town with my professional duties.

And this was the result of all the bright promise of Isabella's youth !—this the end of all her plausible professions of faith !—this her first step over the threshold of fashionable life ! I trembled to think of her hypocrisy, or to anticipate its consequences ; but trusting I might still find a moment for exhortation and remonstrance, I set off for Grosvenor Square, and arrived there at so late an hour that my first encounter with Lady Isabella was at the dinner-table. Much as my feelings were chilled towards her, I was shocked on perceiving the change a few short months had wrought upon her person. It was not that her features were less regularly beautiful, or her complexion less brilliant. But its bloom appeared concentrated on her cheek into one burning spot, while her eyes had acquired a sort of bewildered restlessness, which struck me with dismay ; and as she passed my chair on quitting the room after dinner, Lady Isabella wrung my hand with so fervent and convulsive a grasp, that already compassion and anxiety surpassed my indignation against her perfidy. To the family in general, meanwhile, she was grown an object of miraculous interest. Lord Lockhart had overcome all his natural apathy in her favor ;—even Lady Chesterton treated her with the deference due to a being about to rise a degree above herself in conventional dignity ;—and no sooner did his Grace steal away from the claret to his devoirs in the drawing-room, than Harry and Horace drew their chairs towards mine, and whispered me that they had a promise of the Guildford interest for their immediate promotion, and that my father's next object was to secure a stall for myself.

"And William and Algernon Annesley?" I inquired. "What interest is to be exerted for them?"

"Oh! this marriage of the Duke's, you know, will make a total change in *their* claims and prospects. He will now probably have heirs of his own; and the two Annesleys will only rank among the rest of his three hundred and sixty-five nephews and cousins. Algernon has already offended him past redemption, and is packed off to the West Indies; and sweet Willie is hiding away from his creditors in some corner or other."

On this latter point, I resolved to obtain better information; and the following morning despatched a note to Isabella's dressing-room, requesting admission. Unfortunately Lady Ashurst chanced to be present at its perusal; and mistrusting my interference in her daughter's affairs, sent me a verbal reply, that her Ladyship would be engaged all the morning in sitting for her picture. The dinner-hour was destined to assemble some twenty of the high-mightinesses of the House of Annesley for the inauguration of the Duchess elect; and the next day was so devoted to the business of *trousseau*, and the importunities of half the French milliners in London, that I found it impossible to obtain an interview of five minutes with my sister. It was evident that Lady Ashurst had concerted with Henrietta and Margaret that the poor girl should obtain no interval of leisure for consideration or remorse. The evening was appropriated to the signature of settlements; on the following one, Lady Isabella Lockhart was to suffer the degradation of becoming Duchess of Guildford!—and yet I had obtained no opportunity to whisper one word of admonition to my sister! Moments were becoming precious; and I now resolved to brave her resentment or agitation even in the midst of the assembled family.

When we entered the brilliantly illuminated saloon for the ceremony of the signature, I was struck by the solemn circle of solicitors, trustees, and witnesses, assembled round the table on which the parchments were deposited. I had not beheld such an array of legal dignity since the condemnation of my unfortunate parishioners;—and the association of ideas thus created, only served to augment the chilly depression of my heart. Isabella was seated between her mother and Lady Droitwitch, arrayed in all the splendor of her approaching dignities, and deriving a sort of unnatural paleness from their brilliancy,—a statue attired in mockery by the fantastic hand of Fashion! But while Lord Richard Annesley, and one or two others of the Duke of Guildford's family, who were secretly inclined to project the massacre of mine, in retribution of this unexpected matrimonial encroachment on their expectations, surrounded Lady Ashurst with their hollow adulation, I managed to draw away Isabella to the embrasure of an adjoining window.

"Sister!" I whispered, in a voice of as much kindness as my perturbation would admit,—"*is this your own doing?—have you reflected on your own responsibility,—on William Annesley's ruin?*"

She seemed to labor for utterance; but not a word issued from her lips; and placing her hand in mine, as if to plead for forbearance, I found it cold and nerveless as death. "Dearest Isabella," I persisted, "have pity on yourself,—on your youth,—on your future penitence,—and do not persist in this unhallowed marriage. You loved William Annesley—you love him still!"

"I abhor him!" faltered my sister, in a tone of such terrible in-

tensity, that I could have wished her to remain still silent. "He has sacrificed my affection to his worldly interests ;—he is engaged to Sophia Winterton."

"The banker's heiress ?—Do not believe it !—Annesley passes for a ruined man ;—some enemy has deceived you."

"No ! Frank, no !—my sisters acquainted me with his treachery ;—and I spoke to—the Duke, and inquired whether it were true that he had resolved to accept the city heiress for his niece ;—and he told me, that on learning his nephew's degrading engagement, he had forbidden him his presence. I was still patient, Frank,—I still doubted ; till I beheld with my own eyes the devotion with which William attached himself to her side ; and one night—one horrible night, at Almack's,—when I had watched them whispering together for hours,—Mamma acquainted me with the proposals of the Duke of Guildford for my hand. I accepted them ;—I have avenged myself ;—but my heart is broken."

I can never forget her look and tone of anguish in uttering this hurried explanation ! But I was not permitted to breathe one word of comfort to my poor misguided Isabella : Lord Lockhart and the bridegroom approached to lead her towards the table ; and, unable to endure the public recital of a contract which was to complete her ruin, I rushed from the room, satisfied that, by some villainous practice, Lady Isabella has been imposed upon. I knew Annesley's noble and honorable disposition ; I was assured that my friend was incapable of betraying the woman of his affections from sordid motives ; and I determined to seek him out, and satisfy my mind by an ample explanation. But in vain did I visit his lodgings, his clubs, his accustomed haunts ; he was not to be heard of ! I even ventured to intrude at that unseemly hour, upon the presence of one of his married sisters, who, I knew, had declined an invitation to Isabella's marriage ; and from her I learned, with some difficulty, that William had been requested by his uncle to recruit his health at Brighton till after the solemnization of a marriage which was to prove the death-blow of all his hopes.

Without hesitation, I threw myself into a post-chaise ; and arrived at the Steyne Hotel in the middle of the night. At day-break, I was admitted to William's room ; nor was I surprised at the air of constraint, disgust, and astonishment, with which my untimely visit was received. But the explanation of a few minutes sufficed to place us on a better footing ; and never did I witness a stronger burst of indignation than that with which he repelled the charge through which he had been deprived of Isabella's plighted faith ! "Your family *must* have known," he exclaimed, "that it is Algernon from whom my uncle has withdrawn his favor on account of an engagement with his inferior in birth ; and surely it was my business to devote some little attention to poor Soph Winterton, in return for her disinterested attachment to my exiled brother."

"You must come with me instantly to town," cried I ; "for Heaven's sake, rise and dress, and let us not lose a moment in intercepting the arrangements for this odious marriage. Think of poor Isabella."

"Think of her !" said Annesley with a shudder, "how has she thought of me ?"

"She was deceived ;—she was hurried away by the petulance of a woman's resentment."

"Of a woman's *ambition* ! Lady Isabella only followed the immemo-

rial customs of her sex, in preferring a dukedom in possession, to its uncertain reversion."

"You exaggerate her errors," said I; "I dare not proclaim Isabella guiltless of offence; but, at least, her affection towards yourself remains unimpaired." And I recounted to him the affecting scene of the preceding evening, which for a moment appeared to soften his feelings, and pacify his indignation.

"We have both been wickedly misled," he exclaimed; "both wantonly sacrificed! But it is too late! I dare not drag her from the altar which assigns her the highest destiny of worldly prosperity, only that she may share my ruin. I am overwhelmed with debts; my uncle would throw us off forever, and I should not have even bread to offer my precious Isabella."

"Nay! if that be your only objection," said I, seizing his hand, "my paltry roof will, at least, afford you food and shelter; and, I beseech you, dear Annesley, to make me the instrument of my sister's release—of her happiness!"

I will not repeat his grateful rejoinders. In less than two hours we were on the London road; and in spite of the unlucky chance of Lewes Races to impede our progress, we traversed the London suburbs as the first postman's bell announced five o'clock. The marriage ceremony was not to be performed till eight,—immediately after dinner,—so that my mind was comparatively at ease; but on reaching Grosvenor Square, my companion pointed out with horror, that the Duke of Guildford's traveling carriage and post-horses were already in waiting, as well as a very archiepiscopal-looking brown chariot, and the equipages of the Chesterton and Droitwich families. Was it possible that the hour of solemnization could have been anticipated! I implored poor Annesley to remain in the chaise till I had acquainted myself with the fact; and rushing into the house, after overturning a basket of white satin favors in the hall, I encountered on the stairs my father, with an angry spot upon his cheek.

"Where the deuce have you been at such a moment, Frank?" cried he, fractiously; "the family is all in disorder, and principally on account of your absence. Isabella has been in fainting fits all day; her mother is distracted; and as they are quite unfit to meet the observation of the dinner party, the Duke was anxious to have the ceremony over as soon as possible."

"It is not over?" cried I, scarcely able to articulate.

"Not yet! Isabella's perversity is beyond all control! She insists on a private interview with Guildford; will not even suffer Lady Ashurst, or myself, to be present; but having repeatedly asked for you, I was coming down to make further inquiries respecting your absence. The Duke is at this very moment waiting for her in my library, and the Archbishop and all the family are anxiously assembled for the ceremony. There never was so awkward a business."

Without losing an instant in reply, I hastened towards the library, and entered it just as the Duke of Guildford was receiving Isabella from Lady Ashurst's arm at the opposite door. My sister started on perceiving me, and whispered incoherently to her mother—"Now that Frank is come to be present at our interview, surely you will trust me to make my explanations to his Grace?" Her Ladyship, with some signs of dissatisfaction on her countenance, immediately withdrew; while, having resolved to abstain from all interference in the affair, till



I had acquainted myself with Isabella's designs, I suffered the Duke to lead her to a sofa, and assume a seat by her side, and remained at some little distance, regarding them. Never did I behold anything so touchingly beautiful as my sister's countenance at that trying moment ! More dazzlingly white than the bridal draperies of satin in which it was enveloped, there was a degree of contrast between the brilliant and distinguished magnificence of her attire, and the humiliated depression of her spirits, enhancing, if possible, the charm of both.

For some minutes she sat, with clasped hands, striving to acquire the command of her utterance ; till, at length, the Duke, impatient of, or commiserating her irresolution, bent towards her with a few words of inquiry, expressed in a sufficiently lover-like tone to arm her apprehensions. "No, no !" she faltered, extending her marble arm to repel his approach, "No nearer !"

"My dearest Isabella," he resumed, with the same air of tenderness.

"Not *your* Isabella !" replied my sister, wildly. "Oh no ! not *yours*—forgive me—forgive all my deceit, all my misleading, for I can never become your wife."

"You are agitated by the approach of the solemn ceremony, dear Lady Isabella," said he. "Compose yourself—no one shall hurry you, no one molest you."

"Yes ! my mother—my sisters—every one but Frank will molest and revile me ; but not even the prospect of their anger can drive me to the completion of this ill-fated marriage. I love another—I love your nephew ! and although he has broken his faith with *me*, I find I cannot alienate my affections from *him* !" Again she wrung her hands, and finally concealed her tearful face amid the cushions of the sofa.

"It is time for me to bear my part in this explanation," said I, drawing near, and hanging over the distracted Isabella. "It is time for me to acquaint your Grace, that my sister has been deceived into a belief, that her plighted lover, William Annesley, has been tempted to desert her for the advantageous prospect of an union with Miss Winterton. Your Grace must be as well aware as myself, of the utter falsehood of such a charge."

In a moment, poor Isabella had sprung from the sofa, and twined her arms around my neck, with convulsive sobs of joy and gratitude.

"Excuse me, Sir, Lady Isabella Lockhart cannot but be fully aware, that it was my nephew Algernon who has disgraced himself by seeking such an alliance," observed the Duke, with an air of such haughty self-possession, that, in a moment, I exonerated him from all share in the plot. "But it appears, that *I* too, have a right to complain of deception ; although I thank her ladyship for even this tardy show of candor. That she has misled my feelings into an error which will cost them some pangs to subdue,—that she has rendered me ridiculous in my own eyes, and those of the world,—is an act of levity, which I leave it to her own conscience to reprove."

"I know I have erred," cried Isabella, who had recovered all her spirits on learning the undiminished fidelity of her lover ; "I know you have much to forgive, and yet I venture to confide my cause to your hands—for, unless *you* are generous,—unless *you* become my friend,—my advocate,—how shall I dare encounter the resentment of my family ?"

For a moment, the Duke of Guildford seemed to struggle with his



emotions ; but I thought I could discern the tokens of a softened heart upon his countenance. I ventured, therefore, to draw him aside, and to enter into a hurried explanation of William Annesley's arrival. "Have you the courage, the self-denial, to allow this inauspicious ceremony to proceed ?" said I. "The world will be led, by such a circumstance, to believe your Grace the author, rather than the dupe, of the whole scheme."

He wrung my hand heavily. "You have a strong reliance on my generosity, young man," was his only reply. "Bring my nephew hither ; Isabella ! you should have shown more confidence in a heart you knew to be your own."

In a minute, William was at his feet ; in another, the Duke had joined his hand with that of my sister ; and immediately drawing her arm under his own, and leading her into the midst of the crowded saloon, he announced her to the company, as Lady Isabella Annesley. "I trust, my dear Lord Ashurst," said he, with perfect dignity and composure, "you will accept the heir of my title and fortune for your daughter, in lieu of a bridegroom so miserably disproportioned to her age and excellence, as myself. The settlements are already made,—Mr. Annesley's carriage waits to convey the young couple to their villa at Richmond ;—my friend the archbishop is impatient ;—do you empower me to give away the bride ?"

The whole family was too completely paralysed by amazement to form any serious objection to so unexceptionable an alliance. My friend William's expressions of gratitude to his generous uncle were more fervent than coherent, when still bathed in tears, although radiant with smiles, my sister was bestowed upon him by the Duke of Guildford. "Do not thank me ! do not thank me !" he exclaimed, as he hurried them away, immediately after the ceremony ; "it may be sometime before I have courage to look upon the happiness of your union."

Such was the result of my wild-goose journey to Brighton !—Such was Isabella's wedding-day !

#### LAVALLETTE'S ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

THERE is a large fund of amusement and instruction in a work recently from the press in London, entitled "*Memoirs of Count Lavallette, written by himself.*"—Many of our readers will doubtless recollect the romantic escape of Lavallette from prison, through the agency of his wife. The following detail of the occurrences, from the above work, will be read with avidity :—

I felt that my hours were numbered : I had no more than forty-eight left, for only three days are allowed for convicts to apply for mercy. The Keeper of the Seals chose not to present his petition before the second day. The King had already silenced the Duke de Richelieu on the subject. All my friends were in despair. The turnkeys themselves came no longer near me. Eberle, who was more especially attached to my service, spoke no more to me. He wandered about my room, apparently without knowing what he did. It was on a Sunday evening. "They usually execute criminals on a Friday ?" I said.—"Sometimes on a Saturday," he answered, stifling a sigh. "The execution generally takes place at four o'clock ?"—"Sometimes in

the morning." Saying these words, he went out and forgot to shut the door. A female turnkey of the women's prison was just going by at the time : seeing me alone, she rushed into the room, seized the cross of the Legion of Honor I wore, kissed it with transport, and ran away in tears. This enthusiastic action of a woman I had never seen but at a distance, and to whom I had never spoken, told me at last my fate. My wife came at six o'clock to dine with me. She brought with her a relation, Mademoiselle Dubourg. When we were alone, she said : " It appears but too certain that we have nothing to hope ; we must, therefore, my dear, take a resolution, and this is what I propose to you. At eight o'clock you shall go out dressed in my clothes, and accompanied by my cousin. You shall step into my sedan chair, which will carry you to the Rue des St. Pères, where you will find M. Baudus with a cabriolet, who will conduct you to a retreat he has prepared for you, and where you may await without danger a favorable opportunity of leaving France."

I listened to her and looked at her in silence. Her manner was calm, and her voice firm. She appeared so convinced of the success of her plan, that it was some time before I dared to reply. I looked, however, upon the whole as a mad undertaking. I was at last obliged to tell her so ; but she interrupted me at the first word by saying : " I will hear of no objections. I die if you die. Do not therefore reject my plan. I know it will succeed. I feel that God supports me ! " It was in vain that I reminded her of the numerous turnkeys with whom she was surrounded every evening when she left me ; the jailer who handed her to her sedan chair ; the impossibility of my being sufficiently disguised to deceive them ; and finally, my invincible reluctance to leave her in the hands of the prison keepers. " What will they do," I said, " when they discover that I am gone ? These brutes, in their blind rage, will they not forget themselves and perhaps strike you ? " I was going on, but I soon saw, by the paleness of her countenance and the movements of convulsive impatience that were beginning to agitate her, that I ought to put an end to all objections. I remained silent for a few minutes, at the end of which I continued thus : " Well, then, I shall do as you please ; but if you want to succeed, permit me to make at least one observation. The cabriolet is too far off. I shall be scarcely gone when my flight will be discovered, and I shall most undoubtedly be stopped in the chair, for near an hour is required to go to the Rue des St. Pères. I cannot escape on foot with your clothes." This reflection seemed to strike her. " Change," I added, " that part of your plan. The whole of to-morrow is still at our disposal : I promise to do to-morrow all you wish."—" Well, you are in the right. I will have the cabriolet stationed near. Give me your word that you will obey me, for that is our last resource." I took her hand and answered : " I will do all you wish, and in the manner you wish it." This promise made her easy, and we separated.

The more I reflected on her plan, the more impracticable it appeared to me. She was full half an inch taller than I am ; all the turnkeys were accustomed to see her ; her figure was slender and flexible. It is true that my troubles had made me much thinner ; but nevertheless the difference between us was striking. On the other hand, I was so well prepared to die ! I had in truth begun again during the last two days to deliberate with myself whether I should not use my hidden means of self-destruction. The *toi et* of the executioner, the slow

march from the Conciergerie to the Grève, startled me ; but still my heart remained firm. And all of a sudden I was obliged to turn my eyes from death, and direct my thoughts on the details of an escape, impossible to be realized, and which to me appeared extravagant. The burlesque was about to be mixed with the tragic part of my story ; for I should certainly be retaken in woman's clothes, and they would perhaps be cruel enough to expose me to the public under that ridiculous disguise. But, on the other side, how could I refuse ? Emilie appeared so happy at her plan, so sure of its success ! It would be killing her not to keep my word.

\* \* \* \* \*

At five o'clock Emilie came, accompanied by Josephine, whom I saw again with as much surprise as pleasure. "I believe," she said, "it is better to take our child with us. I shall make her do with more docility what I want." She was dressed in a pelisse of merino, richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to put on over her light dress, on leaving a ball room. She had taken in her reticule a black silk petticoat. "This is quite sufficient," she said, "to disguise you completely." She then sent my daughter to the window, and added, in a low voice, "At seven o'clock precisely you must be ready ; all is well prepared. In going out, you will take hold of Josephine's arm. Take care to walk very slowly ; and when you cross the large registering-room, you will put on my gloves, and cover your face with my handkerchief. I had some thoughts of putting on a veil, but unfortunately I have not been accustomed to wear one when I come here ; it is therefore of no use to think of it. Take great care, when you pass under the doors, which are very low, not to break the feathers of your bonnet, for then all will be lost. I always find the turnkeys in the registering-room, and the jailer generally hands me to my chair, which constantly stands near the entrance door ; but this time it will be in the yard, at the top of the grand staircase. There you will be met, after a short time, by M. Baudus, who will lead you to the cabriolet, and will acquaint you with the place where you are to remain concealed. Afterwards, let God's will be done, my dear. Do exactly all I tell you. Remain calm. Give me your hand ; I wish to feel your pulse. Very well. Now feel mine. Does it denote the slightest emotion ?" I could perceive that she was in a high fever. "But above all things," she added, "let us not give way to our feelings, that would be our ruin." I gave her, however, my marriage-ring, and on the pretence that if I were stopped in my journey to the frontiers, it would be advisable not to have anything about me by which I might be known. She then called my daughter and said to her, "Listen attentively, child, to what I am going to say to you, for I shall make you repeat it. I shall go away this evening at seven o'clock instead of eight ; you must walk behind me, because you know that the doors are narrow ! but when we enter the long registering-room, take care to place yourself on my left hand. The jailer is accustomed to offer me his arm on that side, and I do not choose to take it. When we are out of the iron gate, and ready to go up the outside staircase, then pass to my right hand, that those impertinent gendarmes of the guard-house may not stare in my face as they always do. Have you understood me well ?" The child repeated the instructions with wonderful exactness. She had scarcely finished when St. Roses came to us. He had got introduced under the pretence of accompanying Madame de Lavallette home ; but his

real aim was to see me once more, for he was not in our confidence. His presence would have been a great restraint upon us. I took him therefore aside, and said to him, "Leave us now, my friend, Emilie has as yet no idea of her misfortune. We must let her continue in her ignorance. Come back at eight o'clock; but do not come in if the sedan-chair is no longer there. In that case, go immediately to her house, for she will be there."

I embraced him, and forced him out of the door. But there soon came another visitor; it was Colonel Briqueville, whose wounds had kept him at home for above two months. He had not expected to see my wife, and he soon perceived that his presence might be intrusive, though he was not yet acquainted with the whole extent of my horrible situation. So great was his emotion, that I was afraid it would become contagious. "Leave us," I whispered to him: "this is the last time I see her. One moment's weakness may kill her." At last we remained alone. I looked at Emilie; I thought of all the obstacles I should find in my way, and which would overwhelm us. A fatal idea crossed my mind: "Suppose," said I, "you were to go to the jailer and offer him one hundred thousand francs if he will shut his eyes when I pass: he will perhaps consent, and we shall all be saved." She looked at me for a moment in silence, and then replied, "Well, I will go." She went out and came back after a few minutes. I already repented the step I had made her take. I was sensible how useless, how imprudent it was. But when she returned, she said to me calmly, "It is of no use. I drew from the jailer but a few words, and these were sufficient to convince me of his honesty, therefore let us think no more of it."

Dinner was at last brought up. Just as we were going to sit down to table, an old nurse of ours, Madame Dutoit, who had accompanied Josephine, came in very ill. Madame de Lavallette had left her in the registering-room, intending to send her after me when I should be gone; but the heat of the German stove and her emotion had made her so ill, and she had so long insisted on seeing me once more, that the turnkey let her in without the permission of the jailer. Far from being useful to us, the poor woman only added to our confusion. She might lose her presence of mind at the sight of my disguise; but what was to be done? The first object was to make her cease her moanings, and Emilie said to her in a low but firm voice, "No childishness. Sit down to table, but do not eat; hold your tongue, and keep this smelling-bottle to your nose. In less than an hour you will be in the open air."

This meal, which to all appearance was to be the last of my life, was terrible. The bits stopped in our throats; not a word was uttered by any of us, and in that situation we were to pass almost an hour. Six and three-quarters struck at last. "I only want five minutes, but I must speak to Bonneville," said Madame de Lavallette. She pulled the bell, and the valet-de-chambre came in; she took him aside, whispered a few words to him, and added aloud, "Take care that the chairmen be at their posts, for I am coming.—Now," said she to me, "it is time to dress."

A part of my room was divided off by a screen, and formed a sort of dressing-closet. We stepped behind the screen, and, while she was dressing me with charming presence of mind and expedition, she said to me, "Do not forget to stoop when you go through the door; walk

slowly through the registering-room, like a person exhausted with fatigue." In less than three minutes my toilet was complete. We went back to the room, and Emilie said to her daughter, "What do you think of your father?" A smile of surprise and incredulity escaped the poor girl. "I am serious, my dear, what do you think of him?" I then turned round, and advanced a few steps. "He looks very well," she answered: and her head fell again, oppressed, on her bosom. We all advanced in silence towards the door. I said to Emilie, "The jailer comes in every evening after you are gone. Place yourself behind the screen, and make a little noise, as if you were moving some piece of furniture. He will think it is I, and will go out again. By that means I shall gain a few minutes, which are absolutely necessary for me to get away." She understood me, and I pulled the bell. "Adieu!" she said, raising her eyes to Heaven. I pressed her arm with my trembling hand, and we exchanged a look. If we had embraced, we had been ruined. The turnkey was heard; Emilie flew behind the screen; the door opened; I passed first, then my daughter, and lastly Madame Dutoit. After having crossed the passage, I arrived at the door of the registering-room. I was obliged, at the same time, to raise my foot and to stoop lest the feathers of my bonnet should catch at the top of the door. I succeeded; but, on raising myself again, I found myself in the large apartment, in the presence of five turnkeys, sitting, standing, and coming in my way. I put my handkerchief to my face, and was waiting for my daughter to place herself on my left hand. The child, however, took my right hand; and the jailer, coming down the stairs of his apartment, which was on the left hand, came up to me without hindrance, and, putting his hand on my arm, said to me, "You are going away early, Madame." He appeared much affected, and undoubtedly thought my wife had taken an everlasting leave of her husband. It has been said, that my daughter and I sobbed aloud: the fact is, we scarcely dared to sigh. I at last reached the end of the room. A turnkey sits there day and night, in a large arm-chair, and in a space so narrow, that he can keep his hands on the keys of two doors, one of iron bars, and the other towards the outer part, and which is called the first wicket. This man looked at me without opening his doors. I passed my right hand between the bars, to show him I wished to go out. He turned, at last, his two keys, and we got out. There my daughter did not mistake again, but took my right arm. We had a few steps to ascend to come to the yard; but, at the bottom of the staircase, there is a guard-house of gendarmes. About twenty soldiers, headed by their officer, had placed themselves a few paces from me to see Madame de Lavallette pass. At last, I slowly reached the last step, and went into the chair that stood a yard or two distant. But no chairman, no servant was there. My daughter and the old woman remained standing next to the vehicle, with a sentry at six paces from them, immovable, and his eyes fixed on me. A violent degree of agitation began to mingle with my astonishment. My looks were directed towards the sentry's musket, like those of a serpent towards its prey. It almost seemed to me that I held that musket in my grasp. At the first motion, at the first noise, I was resolved to seize it. I felt as if I possessed the strength of ten men; and I would most certainly have killed whoever had attempted to lay hands on me. This terrible situation lasted about two minutes; but they seemed to me as long as a whole night. At last I heard

Bonneville's voice saying to me, "One of the chairmen was not punctual, but I have found another." At the same instant, I felt myself raised. The chair passed through the great court, and, on getting out, turned to the right. We proceeded to the Quai des Orfèvres, facing the Rue de Harlay. There the chair stopped; and my friend Baudus, offering me his arm, said aloud, "You know, Madame, you have a visit to pay to the President." I got out, and he pointed to a cabriolet that stood at some distance in that dark street. I jumped into it, and the driver said to me, "Give me my whip." "I looked for it in vain;—he had dropped it." "Never mind," said my companion. A motion of the reins made the horse start off in a quick trot. In passing by, I saw Josephine on the Quai, her hands clasped, and fervently offering up prayers to God. We crossed the Pont St. Michael, the Rue de la Harpe, and we soon reached the Rue de Vaugirard, behind the Odéon theatre. It was not till then that I breathed at ease. In looking at the driver of the cabriolet, how great was my astonishment to recognize Count Chassenon, whom I was very far from expecting to find there. "What!" I said, "is it you?"—"Yes; and you have behind you four double-barreled pistols, well loaded; I hope you will make use of them." "No, indeed, I will not compromise you." Then I shall set you the example, and woe to whoever shall attempt to stop your flight."

We entered the new Boulevard, at the corner of the Rue Plumet: there we stopped. I placed a white pocket-handkerchief in the front of the cabriolet. This was the signal agreed upon with M. Baudus. During the way, I had thrown off all the female attire with which I was disguised, and put on a dicky great-coat with a round silver-laced hat. M. Baudus soon joined us. I took leave of M. de Chassenon, and modestly followed my new master. It was eight o'clock in the evening; it poured of rain; the night was extremely dark, and the solitude complete in that part of the Faubourg St. Germain. I walked with difficulty. M. Baudus went on more rapidly, and it was not without trouble that I could keep up with him. I soon left one of my shoes in the mire, but I was, nevertheless, obliged to get on. We saw gendarmes galloping along, who were undoubtedly in search of me, and never imagined that I was so near them. Finally, after one hour's walk, fatigued to death, with one shoe on, and one off, we arrived in the Rue de Grenelle, near the Rue de Bac, where M. Baudus stopped for a moment. "I am going," he said, "to enter a nobleman's hotel. While I speak to the porter, get into the court. You will find a staircase on your left hand. Go up to the highest story. Go through a dark passage you will meet with to the right, and at the bottom of which is a pile of wood. Stop there." We then walked a few steps up the Rue du Bac, and I was seized with a sort of giddiness when I saw him knock at the door of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Duke de Richelieu. M. Baudus went in first; and, while he was talking to the porter, who had thrust his head out of his lodge, I passed rapidly by. "Where is that man going?" cried the porter. "It is my servant." I quickly went up to the third floor, and reached the place that had been described to me. I was scarcely there, when I heard the rustling of a silk gown. I felt myself gently taken by the arm, and pushed into an apartment, the door of which was immediately shut upon me. I stepped on towards a lighted fire, which cast around the room a very faint glimmering. Having placed my hands upon the



stove to warm myself, I found a candlestick and a bundle of matches. I guessed that I might light a candle. I did so ; and I examined my new abode. It was a middle-sized room, on the garret-floor. The furniture consisted of a very clean bed, a chest of drawers, two chairs, and a small German stove, of earthenware. On the chest of drawers I found a paper, on which the following words were written :—" Make no noise. Never open your window but in the night, wear slippers of list, and wait with patience." Next to this paper was a bottle of excellent claret, several volumes of Molière and Rabelais, and a basket containing sponges, perfumed soap, almond-paste, and all the little utensils of a gentleman's dressing-box. The delicate attentions and the neat handwriting of the note, made me guess that my hosts combined with their most generous feelings elegant and refined manners. But why was I in the Hotel of Foreign Affairs ? I had never seen the Duke de Richelieu. M. Baudus was indeed attached to that department, but in a very indirect manner. I could not have inspired any interest in the King. Besides, in that case, it would have been more natural to pardon me. If I was there by the connivance of the Minister, what reason could he have had to violate his sacred duties, belie the loyalty he owed to his sovereign, associate himself with the party of Bonaparte, and protect a criminal sentenced for a conspiracy ?

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#### GALILEO.

[ATHENEUM.]—This distinguished philosopher was born at Pisa in 1564. He was the son of a Florentine nobleman, and was educated for the medical profession ; but a passion for geometry took possession of his mind, and called forth all his powers. Without the aid of a master, he studied the writings of Euclid and of Archimedes, and such were his acquirements, that he was appointed by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to the mathematical chair of Pisa in the twenty-fifth year of his age. His opposition to the Aristotelian philosophy gained him many enemies, and at the end of three years he quitted Pisa, and accepted of an invitation to the professorship of mathematics at Padua. Here he continued for eighteen months adorning the university by his name, and diffusing around him a taste for the physical sciences. With the exception of some contrivances of inferior importance, Galileo had distinguished himself by no discovery till he had reached the forty-fifth year of his age. In the year 1609, the same year in which Kepler published his celebrated commentary on Mars, Galileo paid a visit to Venice, where he heard, in the course of conversation, that a Dutchman of the name of Jansens had constructed and presented to Prince Maurice an instrument through which he saw distant objects magnified and rendered more distinct, as if they had been brought nearer to the observer. This report was credited by some and disbelieved by others ; but in the course of a few days, Galileo received a letter from James Badovere at Paris, which placed beyond a doubt the existence of such an instrument. The idea instantly filled his mind as one of the utmost importance to science ; and so thoroughly was he acquainted with the properties of lenses, that he not only discovered the principle of its construction, but was able to complete a telescope for his own use. Into one end of a leaden tube he fitted a spectacle-glass, plane on one side and convex on the other, and in the other end he



placed another spectacle-glass concave on one side and plane on the other. He then applied his eye to the concave glass, and saw objects "pretty large and pretty near him." They appeared three times nearer, and nine times larger in surface, than to the naked eye. He soon after made another, which represented objects above sixty times larger; and, sparing neither labor nor expense, he finally constructed an instrument so excellent as "to show things almost a thousand times larger, and above thirty times nearer to the naked eye."

There is, perhaps, no invention that science has presented to man so extraordinary in its nature, and so boundless in its influence, as that of the telescope. To the uninstructed mind, the power of seeing an object a thousand miles distant, as large and nearly as distinct as if it were brought within a mile of the observer, must seem almost miraculous; and to the philosopher, even, who thoroughly comprehends the principles upon which it acts, it must ever appear one of the most elegant applications of science. To have been the first astronomer in whose hands such a gift was placed, was a preference to which Galileo owed much of his future reputation.

No sooner had he completed his telescope than he applied it to the heavens, and on the 7th of January, 1618, the first day of its use, he saw around Jupiter three bright little stars lying in a line parallel to the ecliptic, two to the east, and one to the west of the planet. Regarding them as ordinary stars, he never thought of estimating their distances. On the following day, when he accidentally directed his telescope to Jupiter, he was surprised to see the three stars to the west of the planet. To produce this effect it was requisite that the motion of Jupiter should be direct, though, according to calculation, it was actually retrograde. In this dilemma, he waited with impatience for the evening of the 9th, but unfortunately the sky was covered with clouds. On the 10th he saw only two stars to the east—a circumstance which he was no longer able to explain by the motion of Jupiter. He was therefore compelled to ascribe the change to the stars themselves; and, upon repeating his observations on the 11th, he no longer doubted that he had discovered three planets revolving round Jupiter. On the 13th of January, he, for the first time, saw the fourth satellite. \* \* \*

While Galileo was occupied with these noble pursuits at Pisa, to which he had been recalled in 1611, his generous patron, Cosmo II. Grand Duke of Tuscany, invited him to Florence, that he might pursue with uninterrupted leisure his astronomical observations, and carry on his correspondence with the German astronomers. His fame had now resounded through all Europe; the strongholds of prejudice and ignorance were unbarred; and the most obstinate adherents of ancient systems acknowledged the meridian power of the day star of science. Galileo was ambitious of propagating the great truths which he contributed so powerfully to establish. He never doubted that they would be received with gratitude by all,—by the philosopher as the consummation of the greatest efforts of human genius,—and by the Christian as the most transcendent displays of Almighty power. But he had mistaken the disposition of his species, and the character of the age. That same system of the heavens which had been discovered by the humble ecclesiastic of Frauenberg, which had been patronised by the kindness of a bishop, and published at the expense of a Cardinal, and which the Pope himself had sanctioned by the warmest reception, was,

after the lapse of a hundred years, doomed to the most violent opposition as subversive of the doctrines of the Christian faith. On no former occasion has the human mind exhibited such a fatal relapse into intolerance. The age itself had improved in liberality ;—the persecuted doctrines themselves had become more deserving of reception ;—the light of the reformed faith had driven the Catholics from some of their most obnoxious positions ; and yet, under all these circumstances, the Church of Rome unfurled her banner of persecution against the pride of Italy,—against the ornament of his species, and against truths immutable and eternal.

In consequence of complaints laid before the Holy Inquisition, Galileo was summoned to appear at Rome in 1615, to answer for the heretical opinions which he had promulgated. He was charged with “ maintaining as true the false doctrine held by many, that the sun was immoveable in the centre of the world, and that the earth revolved with a diurnal motion ;—with having certain disciples to whom he taught the same doctrine ;—with keeping up a correspondence on the subject with several German mathematicians ;—with having published letters on the solar spots, in which he explained the same doctrine as true ;—and with having glossed over with a false interpretation the passages of Scripture which were urged against it.” The consideration of these charges came before a meeting of the Inquisition, which assembled on the 25th February, 1616, and the court declaring their disposition to deal gently with the prisoner, pronounced the following decree :—“ That Cardinal Bellarmine should enjoin Galileo to renounce entirely the above-recited false opinions ; that, on his refusal to do so, he should be commanded by the commissary of the Inquisition to abandon the said doctrine, and to cease to teach and defend it : and that, if he did not obey this command, he should be thrown into prison.” On the 26th of February Galileo appeared before Cardinal Bellarmine, and after receiving from him a gentle admonition, he was commanded by the commissary, in the presence of a notary and witnesses, to desist altogether from his erroneous opinions ; and it was declared to be unlawful for him in future to teach them in any way whatever, either orally or in his writings. To these commands Galileo promised obedience, and was dismissed from the Inquisition.

The mildness of this sentence was no doubt partly owing to the influence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and other persons of rank and influence at the Papal Court, who took a deep interest in the issue of the trial. Dreading, however, that so slight a punishment might not have the effect of putting down the obnoxious doctrines, the Inquisition issued a decree denouncing the new opinions as false and contrary to the sacred writings, and prohibiting the sale of every book in which they should be maintained.

Thus liberated from his persecutors, Galileo returned to Florence, where he pursued his studies with his wonted diligence and ardor. The recantation of his astronomical opinions was so formal and unreserved, that ordinary prudence, if not a sense of personal honor, should have restrained him from unnecessarily bringing them before the world. No anathema was pronounced against his scientific discoveries ; no interdict was laid upon the free exercise of his genius. He was prohibited merely from teaching a doctrine which the Church of Rome considered to be injurious to its faith. We might have expected, therefore, that a philosopher so conspicuous in the eyes of the world would have respect-

ed the prejudices, however base, of an institution whose decrees formed a part of the law of the land, and which possessed the power of life and death within the limits of its jurisdiction. Galileo, however, thought otherwise. A sense of degradation seems to have urged him to retaliate, and before six years had elapsed, he began to compose his "Cosmical System, or Dialogues on the two greatest systems of the World, the Ptolemean and the Copernican," the concealed object of which is to establish the opinions which he had promised to abandon. In this work the subject is discussed by three speakers, Sagredo, Salviatus, and Simplicius, a peripatetic philosopher, who defends the system of Ptolemy with much skill against the overwhelming arguments of the rival disputants. Galileo hoped to escape notice by this indirect mode of propagating the new system, and he obtained permission to publish his work, which appeared at Florence in 1632.

The Inquisition did not, as might have been expected, immediately summon Galileo to their presence. Nearly a year elapsed before they gave any indication of their design; and, according to their own statement, they did not even take the subject under consideration till they saw that the obnoxious tenets were every day gaining ground, in consequence of the publication of the Dialogues. They then submitted the work to a careful examination, and having found it to be a direct violation of the injunction which had been formerly intimated to its author, they again cited him before their tribunal in 1633. The venerable sage, now in his seventieth year, was thus compelled to repair to Rome, and when he arrived he was committed to the apartments of the Fiscal of the Inquisition. The unchangeable friendship, however, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, obtained a remission of this severity, and Galileo was allowed to reside at the house of the Tuscan ambassador during the two months which the trial occupied. When brought before the Inquisition, and examined upon oath, he acknowledged that the Dialogues were written by himself, and that he obtained permission to publish them without notifying to the person who gave it that he had been prohibited from holding, defending, or teaching, the heretical opinions. He confessed, also, that the Dialogues were composed in such a manner, that the arguments in favor of the Copernican system, though given as partly false, were yet managed in such a manner, that they were more likely to confirm than overturn its doctrines; but that this error, which was not intentional, arose from the natural desire of making an ingenious defence of false propositions, and of opinions that had the semblance of probability.

After receiving these confessions and excuses, the Inquisition allowed Galileo a proper time for giving in his defence; but this seems to have consisted solely in bringing forward the certificate of Cardinal Bellarmine already mentioned, which made no allusion to the promise under which Galileo had come never to defend, nor teach in any way whatever, the Copernican doctrines. The court held this defence to be an aggravation of the crime rather than an excuse for it, and proceeded to pronounce a sentence which will be ever memorable in the history of the human mind.

Invoking the name of our Saviour, they declare that Galileo had made himself liable to the suspicion of heresy, by believing the doctrine, contrary to Scripture, that the sun was the centre of the earth's orbit, and did not move from east to west; and by defending as probable the opinion, that the earth moved, and was not the centre of the

world ; and that he had thus incurred all the censures and penalties which were enacted by the church against such offences ;—but that he should be absolved from these penalties, provided he sincerely abjured and cursed all the errors and heresies contained in the formula of the church, which should be submitted to him. That so grave and pernicious a crime should not pass altogether unpunished, that he might become more cautious in future, and might be an example to others to abstain from such offences, they decreed that his *Dialogues* should be prohibited by a formal edict,—that he should be condemned to the prison of the Inquisition during pleasure,—and that, during the three following years, he should recite once a-week the seven penitentiary psalms.

This sentence was subscribed by seven Cardinals ; and on the 22d June, 1633, Galileo signed an abjuration, humiliating to himself and degrading to philosophy. At the age of seventy, on his bended knees, and with his right hand resting on the Holy Evangelists, did this patriarch of science avow his present and his past belief in all the dogmas of the Romish Church, abandon as false and heretical the doctrine of the earth's motion and of the sun's immobility, and pledge himself to denounce to the Inquisition any other person who was even suspected of heresy. He abjured, cursed and detested, those eternal and immutable truths which the Almighty had permitted him to be the first to establish. What a mortifying picture of moral depravity and intellectual weakness ! If the unholy zeal of the assembly of Cardinals has been branded with infamy, what must we think of the venerable sage whose grey hairs were entwined with the chaplet of immortality, quailing under the fear of man, and sacrificing the convictions of his conscience, and the deductions of his reason, at the altar of a base superstition ? Had Galileo but added the courage of the martyr to the wisdom of the sage ;—had he carried the glance of his indignant eye round the circle of his judges ;—had he lifted his hands to heaven, and called the living God to witness the truth and immutability of his opinions, the bigotry of his enemies would have been disarmed, and science would have enjoyed a memorable triumph.

#### GABRIEL LINDSAY. \*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNREVEALED."

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—In the summer of 1670 Mr. Pemberton went to reside with his family at the then rural and distant village of Hackney, in a mansion that had formerly belonged to a brother of the gallant Sir Edmund Varney, who was slain at the battle of Edgehill, nobly refusing to shun death by the surrender of the royal standard. "My life," said he, "is my own, and I can dispose of it ; but this standard is mine and your sovereign's, and while I live I will not yield it."

Mr. Pemberton was a merchant ; and his dealings, which lay chiefly in the Levant trade, had been carried on extensively and prosperously. In the pleasant retirement of his new abode he found relief from the toils of business ; in its purer air, a restorative to his somewhat impaired health.

One Sabbath morning, strolling through the fields in the direction of the Lea river, he saw a man, dressed in a suit of coarse grey cloth,

approaching, whom he thought he knew. As they came nearer to each other, he found he was not mistaken. He accosted him by his name ; but the man started aside, looked wildly at him, hurried past, and exclaimed, in a strangely sad and melancholy voice, "*Oh, the great and the dreadful God !*"

These words carried with them fearful recollections. During the awful visitation of the plague five years before (or rather at the time when people were filled with feverish apprehensions of its coming), a poor crazed creature, as he was considered, ran about the streets night and day (like the man Josephus mentions, who denounced "woe to Jerusalem !" a little before the destruction of that city), crying aloud, "*Oh, the great and the dreadful God !*" These were the only words he uttered ; but he uttered them incessantly, and with a countenance full of horror. He passed swiftly along from street to street. No one ever saw him stop to take rest or food ; none held discourse with him, but thousands heard his dire and dismal cry.

Mr. Pemberton had himself met this poor creature several times ; and, though incapable of being influenced by any purely superstitious feeling, could never hear his mournful exclamation, or look upon the haggard terror of his countenance, without experiencing vague emotions of involuntary disquietude. It was not surprising, indeed, that the minds of men should be predisposed to such impressions ; for every person at that period had wonderful stories to tell of mysterious signs that foreshadowed some impending calamity. Apparitions were seen in the air ; flaming swords, held by invisible hands, hung over the devoted city ; hearses and coffins moved in funeral procession along the sky : one saw an angel, clothed in white, waving a fiery spear ;—another, standing by, cried out "What a glorious creature it is !"—Others beheld visionary shapes in churchyards, gliding among the graves, and making signs to the houses, the ground, and the people, signifying that the churchyards would soon be filled with the dead. These, and a multitude of similar fancies, were so incessantly repeated from month to month, that they who had sense enough to treat them as the distempered offspring of fear and credulity, were yet unable wholly to resist their momentary influence.

When Mr. Pemberton returned home he mentioned to his wife what had occurred.

"Do you remember," said he, "our poor friend Gabriel Lindsay?"

"Yes !" replied Mrs. Pemberton, with a deep sigh. "There was not, in all that time of general misery, a case more sad and terrible than his."

"I met him this morning."

"Good Heavens !" interrupted his wife, "what do you mean?"

"I am sure it was he, my dear, as that I am now speaking. I know it was generally supposed he was one of the tens of thousands who, during the fiercest ravages of the pestilence, were flung by night into the common receptacles of the dead ; but assuredly it was not so ; for if ever Gabriel Lindsay lived, he crossed my path this morning, and I spoke to him."

"Spoke to him !"

"Yes."

"Then he knew and answered you?"

"Neither !" said Mr. Pemberton. "I called him by his name ;

but he hurried on, ejaculating, as he passed, in a tone that thrilled to my very soul, 'Oh, the great and the dreadful God!'"

"Did you follow him?"

"No; believing him dead, seeing him thus unexpectedly, and hearing from him only those memorable words, I felt, as it were, transfixed to the spot; and before I could rouse me from my sudden distraction, he was out of sight."

"You must be mistaken, my love."

"We shall see that. He doubtless lives in this neighborhood; and, if so, it will not be many days, I'll answer for it, before I find him out. I shall not rest till I discover his abode, that I may render him the aid and comfort which I am sure he needs."

That very day Mr. Pemberton began his inquiries; but it was nearly a month before they were attended with success. Instead of living (as he had conjectured) near the spot where they had met, it turned out that his friend (for Gabriel Lindsay it proved to be) dwelt in a lone cottage near Waltham Abbey, some eight or ten miles distant; where his sole companion was an aged female (to whom the cottage belonged), who provided for him the few domestic conveniences he required.

Gabriel Lindsay was between sixty and seventy. Like Mr. Pemberton, he had carried on extensive mercantile dealings in the Levant; but distinguishing himself during the civil wars by his attachment to the king's cause, he had been frequently singled out for spoliation by the parliament, first as a malignant, then as a delinquent, then as a cavalier; and under those several denominations, though all signifying one and the same description of crime, loyalty, his coffers had been plundered. Still a rich man, however, at the period of the Restoration, he looked forward to the secure enjoyment of his wealth, in the bosom of an affectionate and beloved family. Similarity of pursuits, nearness of neighborhood, and corresponding political sentiments, had cemented between him and Mr. Pemberton an intimate friendship.

In 1665, when the plague swept off in the course of a few months nearly half the population of London, and the desolation was so terrible, that in many of what had once been the principal thoroughfares of a crowded city, the rank grass sprang up as in the deserted halls of a ruined palace, Gabriel Lindsay disappeared. No other evidence was required of his having fallen a victim to the pestilence; for it was a thing of common occurrence during that appalling calamity, for whole families to disappear, and their fate to be known only by their dwellings being found without a human being in them, after its ravages had abated.

Mr. Pemberton no sooner ascertained the retreat of Lindsay, than he set off for Waltham Abbey, with the design of prevailing upon him to take up his abode in his house at Hackney. It was evening when he reached the cottage, accompanied by the guide who had brought him the intelligence of its being Lindsay's habitation. Lindsay was sitting at the door, in conversation with his aged companion; but arose hastily and went in, while the old woman advanced to meet Mr. Pemberton. From her he soon had all the confirmation he required as to the identity of his friend, and learned other particulars, which prepared him the better for accomplishing his object.

It appeared that Lindsay had lived in this lonely spot for the last three years; but the old woman knew nothing of his history, or where-



fore he had chosen to shun all intercourse with the world. Perceiving, however, that Mr. Pemberton took a kindly interest in his situation, and had sought him out from a desire to befriend him, she did not hesitate to whisper in his ear that she was "sadly afraid the poor gentleman was troubled in his conscience, and had perhaps been a Round-head. But she was not afraid of anything that could befall her for giving him shelter, even if he were; for she had lost her husband and three sons in the cause of the blessed Martyr, and that was answer enough should she ever be questioned for what she had done."

When Mr. Pemberton entered the room where Lindsay was sitting, he walked up to him, took him by the hand, and called him by his name. A slight shudder passed over him as he muttered, in a half whisper to himself, "Oh, the great and the dreadful God!" Mr. Pemberton continued to hold his hand without speaking; while Lindsay, slowly raising his eyes, fixed them upon him. "Stephen Pemberton," said he, in a low calm voice; "my old, my much-loved, my excellent friend, Stephen Pemberton. I know you; but," he continued, shaking his head, "it is strange you should know me. Misfortune hath laid her hand so heavily upon me, that I do scarce know myself."

He folded his arms, drooped his head upon his bosom, and remained silent. Mr. Pemberton drew a chair beside him, sat down, and after a short pause spoke.

"Lindsay, it grieves me to see you thus. But cheer up, man! The storm that is loudest, passes the swiftest: the tide of ill fortune ebbs at last, and we are often borne to happiness upon its retiring waters, at the very moment when our fainting spirits can no longer pay down the price for that cheapest of all earth's comforts—hope. It is even so now with thee. Do but resolve to welcome fortune, and she stands ready to greet you in return."

These words were poured into a deaf ear. Lindsay neither replied nor manifested, by look or gesture, that he heeded them. He continued sitting in the same dejected attitude, with folded arms and down-cast eyes. Mr. Pemberton laid one hand gently upon his shoulder, while with the other he clasped his friend's, and proceeded:

"Come—call home your thoughts—be yourself a little, and listen to me."

Lindsay sighed deeply, as he again murmured to himself, "Oh, the great and the dreadful God!"

"Ay, my good friend!" responded Mr. Pemberton; "but God is as good as he is great—as abounding in mercy as he is terrible in wrath. Turn to him and be comforted!"

Lindsay raised his eyes to heaven. Tears stood in them. With a trembling voice he replied to this tender exhortation, in the language of the psalmist, "For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy to them that call on thee!"

The old woman, who was standing by the little lattice, shadowed with clustering honeysuckle, through whose thickly-curved tendrils the setting sun shed a dappled light upon the floor, wiped her own eyes as she directed a look towards Mr. Pemberton that seemed intended to remind him of what she had said as to the condition of Lindsay's mind. "He wanders, at times," was her observation; "but only when he is most troubled at what hath happened."

Mr. Pemberton saw that his friend's reason had sustained a shock, under which, though it had not sunk, it was partially paralyzed; and



his hope was, that the gentle consolations of friendship might restore the balance which a grievous calamity had disturbed.

In that benevolent hope he was not disappointed. Lindsay yielded, with little opposition, to the proposal of becoming, for a time, one of his family. But the cold indifference with which he yielded, showed it was to him merely a question of where he should linger out his remnant of life. It might have been proposed to conduct him to a palace or a prison, without awakening any corresponding emotion according as either had been assigned to him.

Mr. Pemberton, overjoyed at his success, did not restrain the outward manifestation of it. Lindsay remarked his delight, and exclaimed, with a sort of irritable despondency, "I hate the treachery of smiles! They stood at the threshold of all my misery, and like painted devils, cheating me with the semblance of angels of light, played before my dazzled path till—crash!—the bolt fell, and I was smote in my inmost soul! Oh, the great God!—the dreadful God!—the great, the dreadful God! He took his arm from under me and I perished—He sent a sharp curse upon me, and I am condemned to incurable sorrow!"

This was followed by a paroxysm of grief, during which he walked up and down in violent agitation, covering his face with his hands, uttering incoherent sentences, and frequently repeating those sad words which seemed so indissolubly connected in his mind with the remembrance of his former sufferings.

When he became calm, he allowed himself to be conducted to the carriage that was waiting, without uttering a word, even to say "farewell" to his aged companion, who took her leave of him with much honest affection. He maintained the same silence during their short journey, and Mr. Pemberton did not consider it prudent to awaken him from the repose of his deadened feelings.

It was, as we have said, in the summer of 1670, that this event took place. In the winter of 1682, twelve years afterwards, Gabriel Lindsay was still a part of Mr. Pemberton's family; but he was then upon his death-bed. During the intervening period he had felt the full benefit of the kindly attentions he had received. His mind recovered its stability so far as to be no longer subject to occasional aberrations; he regained enough of his former relish of society, to mingle, at times, in that which constituted the select circle of his friend's table; and his conversation assumed a tranquillity that showed he had mastered the one solitary image which before reared itself in gloomy despotism over every other.

In all those twelve years, however, he never once glanced at that image; he never once spoke of those disastrous circumstances which had burst like a sudden tempest over him, and blighted his existence. His own silence became a solemn injunction upon his friend's lips, which were sealed. But now, when he felt his end approaching—when the world, he knew, would soon cease to be a living memorial to him of his great tribulation, it seemed as if it were a tribulation no longer; as if the release that was at hand had already relieved him from his burden. Like a traveller who triumphs over perils, but tells of them at ease when they are past, and can return no more, so Gabriel Lindsay, while yet hovering on the confines of time and eternity, discoursed calmly of things which it was terrible for him but to think of, before their remembrance was hastening to oblivion.

It was only two days before he breathed his last that he unfolded to Mr. Pemberton the *appalling history of a single week*.

"I was returning from Smyrna in the autumn of 1665," said he, "when on my arrival at Leghorn I heard that the plague had broken out in London. I found letters at Leghorn from my family and friends; and one, I remember, from yourself. They were written, however, before the distemper had arrived at its height, and did not, therefore, communicate such alarming accounts as were conveyed by later intelligence. Impatient to reach England, that I might watch over the safety of my family, I would not wait while the vessel in which I had sailed from Smyrna underwent some necessary repairs, but took my passage on board a ship which was to sail the next morning. We had a quick voyage. The first thing that gave me notice of what I might expect, was the appearance, as we sailed up the Thames, of ships, hoys, smacks, boats, and rafts, moored below bridge, crowded with men, women, and children, who had fled to them for refuge. In several of the small craft, I saw the bodies of those who had died of the pestilence. They were in a state of loathsome putrefaction; but no one ventured to go near them, to give them burial.

"With much difficulty I got on shore, and, full of distraction, hurried to my house in Wood Street, Cheapside. But, good God! what a sickness came over me as I traversed what had more the appearance of green fields than of paved streets! The few persons who were moving about in silence and consternation, kept the middle of the road, at a distance from each other; every one fearing that those he passed might be infected. Neither carts nor coaches were to be seen, except some country waggons bringing provisions to market.

"Whole rows of houses were shut up; from some of which I heard the dismal wailing and shrieking of women.—Passing through Lombard Street, a casement was violently and suddenly opened, just over my head. There was a dreadful scream. I looked up and saw a young woman in her night-clothes, screeching 'Death! death! death!' in a tone which chilled my very blood. Presently a youth rushed from an opposite house, crying, 'Oh, my father has dropped down dead!' He stood before me with his hands clasped, and looked piteously in my face, as if he thought I could restore his father to life. I passed on, wild with my own fears.

"I perceived that the doors of all the churches were thrown open. In Cheapside I met a maniac, almost naked, with a pan of burning charcoal on his head, who was denouncing judgment upon the city, in a voice that had nothing human in it; and as I turned into Wood Street there was a minister, a venerable-looking old man, standing in the highway opposite my own house, ejaculating, with uplifted hands, 'Spare us, good Lord! Spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood!' When he had pronounced these words three times, he walked on a few paces, then stopped again, and again repeated them.

"These, you will think, were solemn preparations. They were indeed types and forerunners of my destiny! When I came to my own door, I beheld it marked! You know what that meant. A blood-red cross, of a foot long, was painted on it; and these words, in large letters, appeared above the cross,—'LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US!'—The house was closed—the door padlocked outside—and two men stationed before it, to prevent all communication with those who were within. **THE PLAGUE WAS THERE!**

"Great God! What were then my feelings! I had not speech to inquire after my wife and children. I did not doubt they had all perished—my sons, my daughters, my beloved Rachael, and the new born one, which in her letter to me at Leghorn she had joyfully prepared me to expect on my return! And there I stood, ALONE!—I, who only five months since had quitted England a happy man, to make a prosperous voyage for their sakes who were gone. Oh, my friend! Nothing but the hope which now glows brightly here, (laying his hand upon his heart,) that I am hastening to them, where we shall part no more, could enable me to look back upon that dreadful moment."

"And *had* they perished?" asked Mr. Pemberton, in a voice almost subdued by his emotions.

"I was not then aware," continued Lindsay, "of the inhuman precautions employed to arrest the progress of the pestilence: I did not know that the instant any one fell sick in a house, nay, upon the rumor merely of sickness having shown itself, persons were despatched to shut it up, and watchmen were appointed to keep guard night and day, to prevent any one from either going in or coming out; thus consigning to inevitable death, or miraculous escape, the infected and the healthy! It was natural, therefore, when I saw my own dwelling thus closed and thus watched, that I should conclude not a living creature breathed within its walls. This was terrible enough; but, alas! it fell far, very far short of what was actually the case—of what my eyes were doomed to witness, my bursting brain to endure.

"I made myself known to the men. I asked, in agony, how long my wife and children had been dead, and where they were buried. Then it was I learned the horrible truth. One of the fellows, a churlish caitiff, with an unpitying tongue, told me he did not believe anybody was dead yet in the house, for the dead-cart had not been stopped! I cannot describe to you the effect this answer produced! The image of what their situation must be, passed like a grim vision before me. I pictured a scene of misery under which my senses staggered. I demanded to be admitted. I was denied. With frenzied strength I attempted to wrench off the padlock, and batter in the massy door. The men raised their long iron-armed poles, and threatened to strike me down, if I did not desist.

"At that moment I heard a feeble cry. I looked up. There was my eldest daughter at one of the windows, drawn thither by the noise. 'Father! father! she exclaimed, and sunk down. I had but a glimpse of her countenance. Ah me! it was as if I had seen her in her coffin, so pale and ghastly did she appear.

"'We will let you in,' said the men, 'but you must remain in, for four weeks after all shall be whole!'

"'Do with me as you please,' I replied, 'but let me be with my wife and children.'

"I was admitted. None came to greet me! A fearful silence reigned. I stood in the hall, and strained my ears to catch a living sound that might tell me I was not standing in the sepulchre of my whole race. A faintness came over me. My limbs shook. Involuntary tears (for I had no power to give my thoughts the direction that might have produced them), burst forth. I sat down upon a bench that was near, to recover myself, and gain fortitude for a scene I no longer doubted was prepared for me.

"After a few moments I arose, to seek the apartment at the window

of which I had seen my daughter. But as I passed a small room that opened from the first landing-place, the door was open, and I saw my son Benjamin, a comely youth, twelve years old, lying dead upon a couch ! I cannot say I loved him best, for all my children were very dear to me ; but at that moment I thought I did. I threw myself upon my knees beside his body ; I kissed his livid lips, and with my own trembling hands closed his eyes, which seemed to look upon me, as they had ever done, with mild affection. He was still warm, so I knew life had not long departed.

"While gazing on him, I heard a soft, slow step descending. I turned round—it was my Rachael ! I sprung towards her—I held her in a passionate embrace to my almost breaking heart. My tears fell upon her cheek as she lay senseless in my arms—tears of joy, of gratitude, of hope ! 'My God ! my God !' I cried, 'blessed be thy name ! I am not wholly wretched ! I am still a husband and a father !' O, my friend—it is only when we believe ourselves robbed of all, that the possession of a treasure we have *not* lost can overwhelm us with transport amid our sorrow for what is irrevocably gone.

"My transports, alas ! were soon over. Rachael had left Benjamin alive not half an hour before, called from *his* side to attend our youngest daughter Judith, whose condition was yet more alarming. Her delirious screams tore her away from the mild and patient sufferer, who complained not. But Judith was at rest too ! dying, as I learned, more like a strong man, than a tender girl of fourteen. Think, my friend, what a task was mine, when, recovering from the swoon into which the sight of me had thrown her, I had to lead her to the couch whereon now lay the lifeless form of our son !"

"It must have been dreadful !" exclaimed Mr. Pemberton.

"To me it was so—but with the stricken mother that feeling was past. 'Poor boy !' was all she said, as she looked upon him ; and taking a napkin from her pocket, she gently wiped away the black froth that already began to ooze from his mouth. She neither wept nor sighed.

"'Come,' said she, 'come from danger,' and she led me out of the room. 'I rejoice for thy return, my dear Gabriel ;' she continued, 'but Heaven grant I may not have bitter cause to grieve at it hereafter. It was but last night, in the midst of all my own heavy affliction, I silently prayed to God he might turn your steps from this devoted city.'

"She conducted me to the apartment where my only remaining children, my son Joseph and my daughter Alice, were sitting like victims waiting for their turn to die. Joseph was supporting his sister, after having recovered her from the fit into which she had fallen at the window. The ashy hand of sickness had swept away all the beauty from her cheeks : but, as yet, neither of them had been attacked by the pestilence. The condition of Alice was merely the effect of grief and terror.

"I learned from Rachael that the men stationed outside, to watch the house night and day, were instructed to execute any commissions that might be required ; to obtain food, drink, medicine, or other necessities. These they deposited in the passage, or conveyed in at the window. I understood, also, a nurse might be obtained, tempted by a large sum of money ; but having once entered the house, she would not be allowed to quit it till the prescribed period. Medical men,

alone, under certain regulations, were permitted to have ingress and egress.

"Night came. I heard the dismal tolling of a bell, and the more dismal cry, at intervals, of '*Bring out your dead!*' I looked from the window, and saw the red, dusky glare of the torches, carried by the men who belonged to the dead-cart. I perceived they stopped at almost every house; and dreadful were the shrieks and wailings of those who were compelled thus to part with the remains of parents, children, kindred, without being allowed to follow them to the grave, to provide them with a coffin, or to give them any of the commonest rites of burial. I looked at Rachael as the lumbering cart came rolling heavily towards our own dwelling. I could not speak. She understood me; for falling upon my neck, and shedding the first tears I had seen, 'No, Gabriel!' she exclaimed, 'I cannot part with them yet. To-morrow night!'

"The next night came; but before the sun went down that day, my first-born, my Alice, had breathed her soul away in these arms. She must have had the disease lurking in her, though we suspected it not; for in the morning she awoke with grievous pains in her head, her throat and tongue red as blood, her breathing hard, and her breath pestilentially noisome. Towards noon violent convulsions came on, and she complained of scorching heat over her whole body, with such excessive soreness of the skin that she could not bear the covering of the finest linen. I despatched one of the watchers outside for a doctor.

"He came; but was satisfied with looking upon her at a distance: the tokens of the plague were too plainly visible. He pronounced her beyond the aid of medicine, and left her to die. My curses followed him as he departed; for I was half frantic, and could not believe death so certain. My wife, who had seen the symptoms and progress of the disease in our children already dead, bade me, in a voice of stifled anguish, 'be resigned, for hope there was none!' Almost while she spoke, my child's death-shriek pierced my heart. What a shriek it was! She was dead!

"My wife fell upon her knees before me; with uplifted hands and eyes she exclaimed, '*Oh, the great and the dreadful God!*' My son came forward silently, to raise his afflicted mother, while I, stupified, unable to speak or move, hugged my dead Alice closer to me, as if I could yet shield her from some horrible danger.

"I believe I was roused from this stupor by the rumbling of the dead-cart at midnight, the hollow sound of the bell, and the hoarse, horrid cry of '*Bring out your dead.*' I have never had, and have not now, the recollection of anything that passed till then, from the moment my poor Rachael was kneeling at my feet. I had been permitted too (or, for aught I know, I would do so), to sit all those hours with my mournful burden in my arms; for when the coming of the dead-cart awakened me to consciousness, the corpse of Alice was still resting on my bosom.

"I looked round the room. I was alone. My son was not there. Rachael was not there. A horrible dread came over me. I called upon them in a loud screaming voice. No one answered. I flung the body from me in wild distraction, and ran towards the door, repeating frantically the names of Rachael and Joseph. My wife came to me, pale and trembling. She was followed by three hideous-looking men, one bearing a torch. 'To the grave!' said she, in a whisper, looking

at me with a stony expression of her fixed eyes. 'To the grave ! It must be ; I and Joseph have bid them.' I covered my face with my hands, and only *heard* what was done !

"But why should I harrow up *your* feelings, my friend, by a recital of sufferings like these ? Every hour, every minute, of the days I passed in that pest-house, brought with it still-increasing anguish, distinguished by no change of circumstance. Death held on his grisly revels, till there would have been mercy in continuing, and then he stopped. On the fourth day my son sickened of the plague, and dropped down dead before our eyes, almost without a token of its presence ; though immediately after dissolution his body broke out into fetid sores, the stench of which was so loathsome that we were impatient for the night and the coming of the dead-cart.

"In vain I now implored that we might be allowed to remove ; in vain I offered large bribes to let us flee ; in vain I grew desperate, and threatened to force our way out at whatever hazard. A deaf ear was turned equally to prayers, to temptation, and to menaces.

"At length the calamity I most dreaded overtook me. On the sixth night my wife's hour of travail suddenly came on ; and there was no human being save myself near her ; and—"

For the first time Lindsay's voice faltered, and he paused.

"No !" he continued, while tears rolled down his cheeks. "No, no ! *that* is too frightful ! It drove me mad ; and there comes a huge blank after that terrific night, which is full of nameless horror ! Even now I hear the voice of Rachael moaning in my ears, '*Oh, the great and the dreadful God !*'"

Mr. Pemberton was hardly able to offer his dying friend consolation ; but he did what he could ; and two days after listening to this "appalling history of a single week," he received his parting blessing as he calmly expired !

#### THE CASTLE AND FORTRESS OF D'HAM.

*This is their prison-house ; a citadel  
Much famed in olden times for war's exploits,  
And holding out its strength against the force  
Of thundering opposition. Marry now,  
If walls had tongues yon noted bastions could  
Such tales deliver, as the warrior loves  
To hear o' winter's nights.—STUART.*

[GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE OF FASHION.]—The circumstances which led to the incarceration of those political personages, who are now pretty universally known as the "Ex-Ministers of France," are no doubt generally well known to our readers.

It will be necessary, in order to the more satisfactory elucidation of the subject of this embellishment, to reiterate, or at least apply ourselves to a portion of such particulars which have preceded those we are about to append to them. In furtherance, then, with the principles of liberty which were established by the simultaneous rising of the French National Guard and people, in July, 1830,—in other words, in consequence of the "Revolution of Three Days,"—those who held the portfolios of government just before that eventful, that extraordinary



consummation of a country's wrath, were arraigned upon charges the most serious which could be well made against the public servants of the crown and commonweal—charges which not only periled their property, but jeopardised their persons. These personages were Auguste Jules Armand Marie, Prince De Polignac, Minister for Foreign Affairs, *ad interim*, and President of the Council of Ministers; Pierre Denis, Count de Peyronnet, Minister of the Interior; Jean Claude Balthazar, Victor Chantelauze, Keeper of the Seals, and Minister of Justice; and Martial Come Annibal Perpetue Magloire, Count de Guernon Ranville, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs and Public Instruction. These were, we say, the delinquents.

The result of this arraignment, and their fate, is now pretty well known; and has been commented upon by every one, not in the doze of apathy, of all nations. They were sentenced "to perpetual imprisonment, being also deprived of their titles, dignities, and honors."

Mount St. Michael, an almost inaccessible, water-surrounded castle, frowning in appearance, and sterile as to situation, first received within its dreary walls these doomed and misguided individuals; and here for awhile were they compelled to wear out the "tediously lagging hours;" for what hours pass swiftly when the breath of liberty, and the balm of a contented mind, refresh and sweeten them not.

From some cause or another, probably from the petitions of the prisoners themselves, who must have deemed any change for the better, they were subsequently removed to a less melancholy prison-house, which although nearly impervious to the chances of escape, was not enveloped by those chilling atmospheres of which it may be said "on horror's head" too frequently "horrors accumulate." This event took place on the 29th December, 1830, and the place selected for the reception of the banished ones was the CASTLE OF D'HAM, in Picardy, of which, (for the very cause enumerated, it must be an interesting embellishment), we now present to our subscribers, as it appears in two several points of view to the traveller. To this fortress Polignac and his fellows in exile were conducted under an escort of hussars, which was relieved between La Villette and Le Bourget by two squadrons of chasseurs. On the 30th the prisoners were placed in safe, it may be unmitigated durance in the Fort.

Although its very appearance convinces us that the Castle of D'Ham, is one of great strength and security, since

Deep moats hem in its massy towers  
Which oft has pour'd out warlike showers,  
And battlements frown on the foe  
Should any pitch their camp below,  
And watchful sentinels can tell  
To those above if all be well."

Yet it is placed in a cultivated country, and has long been one of the most interesting objects presented by "the fruitful plains of Picardy." It may be said to be situated between Beauvois and St. Lis, on the Mons road to Paris, and it wore precisely the appearance to the English when, in 1815, they were encamped for a short time near it, which it does in the view offered to our readers. It should also be mentioned that though only garrisoned by old veterans, "Invalids" as they were termed, it was nearly, if not quite, the last place which surrendered to Great Britain, or the allies, in the memorable war which destroyed the masterdom, and sealed the doom of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Such is the "prison house" of those whose ill-advised measures led to their inhabiting it. Whether they be fated to pass the remainder of their lives within its fastness, remains to be developed; still must the Castle and Fortress of D'Ham remain "to point a moral, or to swell a tale," an object of curiosity to the traveller, and of interest to the historian, and so do we present it to our friends.

## Journal of Fashions.

### THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

##### MORNING DRESS.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—Blue *gros de Naples*, corsage fitted close to the shape. A cape is so cut as to form four lozenge-shaped falls, one before and one behind each shoulder. Up the centre of the *corsage* are disposed six plaits, of the same material as the dress, narrow at the band and widening at the top; three fold over on each side from the centre, but not fastened close. Down these plaits are disposed loops of silk braid or satin, which gives it a good effect. The sleeve tight to the elbow and full at the top; cuffs trimmed upwards with loops towards the elbow. The skirt is trimmed with satin triangular pieces, with three leaves coming from beneath; all the ornaments corded with satin. Head dress rich satin, and velvet *toque*, feathers and ornaments of pale gold, with emerald sapphire, or anything to match the necklace.

##### EVENING DRESS.

Primrose gauze, or crape, over a satin slip. *Corsage* tight; very narrow satin cape, with two points at the shoulder. Epaulettes formed of three rows of satin, cut at the edges into leaf-shaped points, and corded—the lower one having five, the middle one six, and the upper one seven leaves. In front of the bust are six leaves of satin, three of which are seen on each side of an upright strap which confines them. Sleeve short; the arm-band is cut with a point, back and front, upwards—and with leaf-shaped or rounded straps, downwards. The skirt is trimmed with satin, cut to form two straps to fold in at the bottom and over at the top, about the height of the hem.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]—MORNING DRESS.—An open dress, composed of rose-colored *chaly*; the *corsage* is made low, and finished with a *revers* of the pelerine kind, cut in *dents* of a new shape; they are embroidered in silk to correspond, and are edged, as is also the front of the dress, with a white fancy silk trimming. The sleeves are *à quatre bouffants*. *Chemisette* of white embroidered *tulle*, with a ruff of the same material, and neck-knot of green gauze ribbon. The hair is parted on the forehead, and braided in a round knot, from which a cluster of ringlets issues behind.

EVENING DRESS.—A dress of white *gaze anatis*; *corsage en cœur*, and sleeves of the *imbecille* kind. The skirt is trimmed with *nauds* of

the same material, edged with blond lace. *Coiffure à la Princesse Marie*, ornamented with light sprigs of blue fancy flowers, corresponding in color with the *ceinture* and bracelets. Ear-rings and necklace of gold.

**HATS AND BONNETS.**—The materials continue the same, but the shapes have altered a little. Among the new *capotes* are some composed of azure blue *moire*, and trimmed with feathers to correspond; the feathers are very short, they are arranged in a bouquet, and attached on one side by a round rosette of gauze ribbons, also to correspond.

**PARISIAN HATS AND BONNETS.**—Bonnetts of sewed straw are no longer confined to morning dress; we have seen them adopted for the public promenades; but the plait must be particularly fine. Round brims are now more in favor than square ones; they continue to be trimmed with ribbons, but instead of bows the ribbons are arranged in sprigs of foliage.

**EVENING HEAD DRESSES.**—A row of English point lace, mounted on a bandeau of ribbon, and sustained by some light *coques* of gauze ribbon, is much in favor for social parties; as are also caps of citron-colored *tulle*, trimmed in front with small sprigs of forget-me-not; this was the only trimming; it supplied the place of blond lace, and had a very pretty effect.

**MAKE AND MATERIALS OF EVENING NEGLIGEE.**—*Mousseline de sire* has again come into favor for social parties. We have seen also some new kinds of *gaze d'Asie* and *gaze de laine*. White muslin dresses are fashionable, though not so much so as the materials just mentioned. Evening dresses have the *corsage uni*, and cut very low. Instead of a *chemisette* a square front is worn, which rises above that of the dress, so as to shade the neck a little; it is either of lace, or very richly worked. The form of sleeves is more graceful, they are of the usual width at top, but diminish gradually from the elbow, so as to be full, but not immoderately so, at the wrist. Head dresses of hair, as already described, are most prevalent in evening dress. Crape hats are likewise very fashionable. The most elegant are trimmed with a bouquet *à la jardinière*, which drops, *en gerbe*, on one side of the brim. The inside of the brim is trimmed, *en pompon*, with a *rose à mille feuilles*.

**MAKE AND MATERIALS OF HALF DRESS.**—*Chaly*, *palmyriennes*, and a variety of fancy silks, are in favor. Dresses continue to be made half high, and for the most part with *corsages* of crossed drapery. No trimming, whatever, round the border, if the dress is of a figured material; but if it is of plain silk or *chaly*, it is sometimes embroidered in color. We have just seen one in white *chaly*, embroidered in a wreath of forget-me-nots round the border; the *corsage* was in drapery, which met, but did not cross; and the sleeves, of the half-large kind, were confined at the wrist by a narrow blue cord, which passed three times round the arm, and tied on one side.

**JEWELLERY.**—Fancy Jewellery continues in favor. Some of the new *ferronières* are of very small gold chain, of the most delicate workmanship.

Slippers cut very low in the quarters are now more generally adopted than *bottines*, even for the promenades.

## Varieties.

**PANTECHNICON.**—Amongst the various improvements in the neighbourhood of Belgrave Square, London, is a building called the Pantechnicon, which, from its extent, the great outlay of capital upon it, and the convenience it will be the means of affording to the higher classes, is worthy of notice. It is divided into three separate departments—the first, and most important, being appropriated to the sale of carriages, and to the housing of furniture of every description; thus obviating, at a reasonable rate, the ruinous sacrifices made yearly by families having no regular establishment in town. This division, which comprises also a capacious auction room, is built completely fire-proof,—the roof, flooring, girders, &c. being of cast-iron; it covers an area of one acre and a quarter, is five hundred feet long, and nearly seventy wide. Distinct from this building, but directly opposite, the second portion, which is yet incomplete, covers vaults capable of containing fifteen thousand pipes of wine, with every convenience of a private cellar: it consists of two lofty arcades for shops, &c., two extensive picture galleries for the exhibition and sale of works of art, and a show room for the sale of musical instruments,—all on the grandest scale. Of the third portion we are incompetent to give any description, it being yet in too unfinished a state; but we have little doubt that, when complete, the whole will constitute a fashionable lounge for visitors, whether on business or pleasure.

**APPLICATION OF STEAM IN 1543.**—It appears that in the year 1543 a certain sea officer, called Blasco de Garay, offered to exhibit before the Emperor Charles V. a machine by means of which a vessel should be made to move without the assistance of either sails or oars. Though the proposal appeared ridiculous, the man was so much in earnest, that the Emperor appointed a commission to witness and report upon the experiment. It consisted of Don Enrique de Toledo, Don Pedro Cardona, the Treasurer Ravago, the Vice Chancellor Gralla, and many experienced seamen. The experiment was made the 17th June, 1543, on board a vessel called the *Trinidad*, of two hundred barrels' burden, which had lately arrived with wheat from Colibre. The vessel was seen at a given moment to move forward and turn about at pleasure, without sail or oar or human agency, and without any visible mechanism, except a huge boiler of hot water and a complicated combination of wheels and paddles. The assembled multitude were filled with astonishment and admiration. The harbor of Barcelona resounded with plaudits, and the commissioners, who shared in the general enthusiasm, all made favorable reports to the Emperor, except only the Treasurer Ravago. This man, from some unknown cause, was prejudiced against the inventor and his machine. The experiment over, Garay collected his machinery, and having deposited the wooden part in the royal arsenal, carried the rest to his own house. Singular as this fact may be, it is fully established by various documents lately found in the archives of Simancas, and is so circumstantially stated as to be incontrovertible.

**COFFEE, THE ELIXIR VITÆ.**—There is an old woman, now living at Boulogne, who has reached her hundred and seventeenth year, and

subsists entirely upon coffee, of which she consumes between thirty and forty cups per diem. This out-coffees Voltaire himself, who was content with a couple of dozen. The female, of whom we are speaking, was born at Villaroux, three leagues distant from Chambéry, but was not married until her sixty-sixth year, when she gave her hand to a young man of five and twenty, who left her a widow at the end of twelve years. In 1827, she was visited by one of the late King's physicians, who gave her hopes of enjoying a further term of a quarter of a century and upwards.

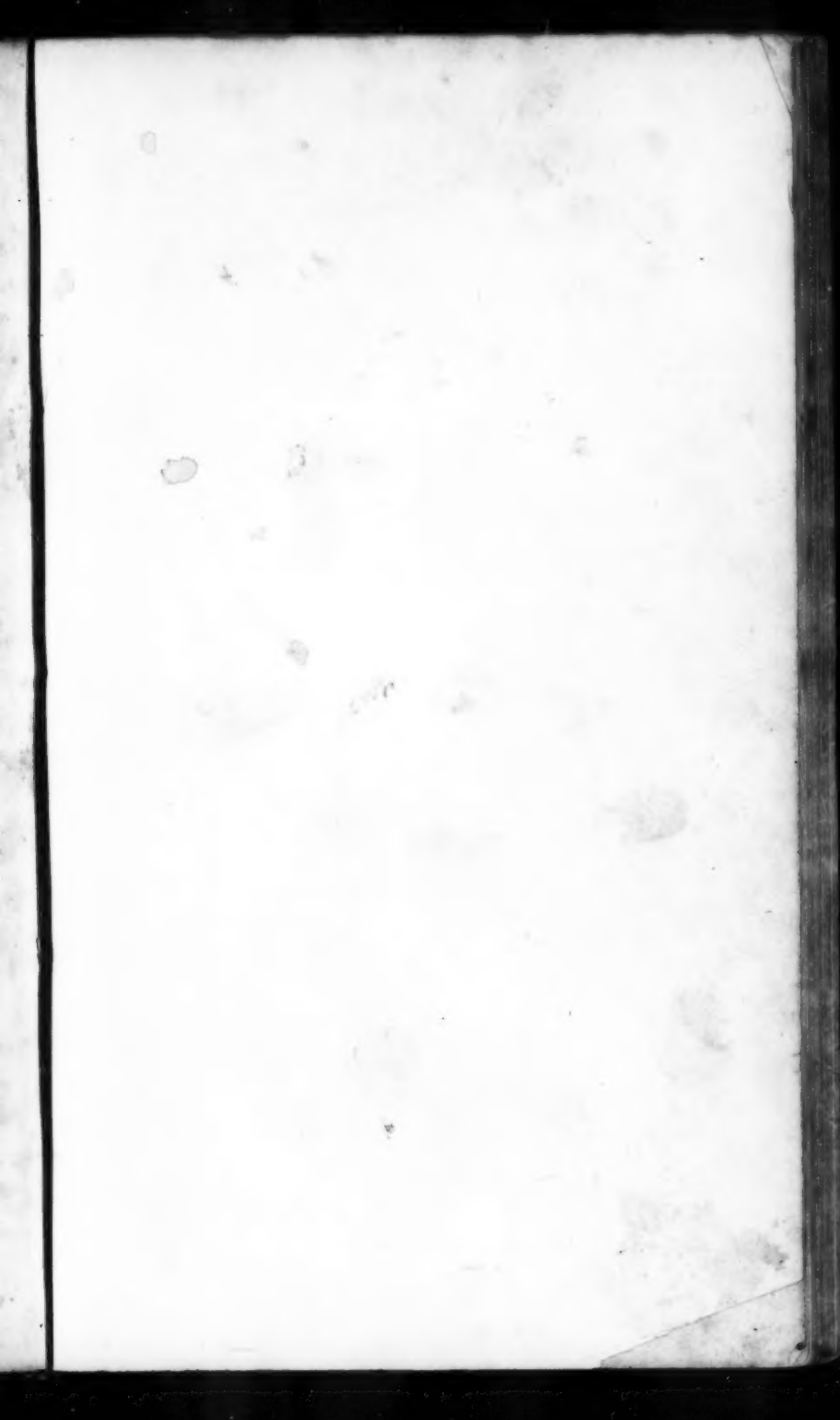
**CHAMPAIGN TO TREAT THE RUSSIANS.**—During several months, a quantity of packages, supposed to be filled with cases of champaign, had been passed into Poland across the Bavarian and Austrian territories. The quantity of these packages, and their extraordinary weight, at length induced the custom-house officers to try if the champaign was properly up, and the packages on examination were found to be filled with *gun-barrels* and the necessary appendages! Each case is said to have contained three hundred (!) stand of arms destined for the use of the brave Poles against their oppressors.—Another successful scheme was, to conceal such articles in American timber; and thus they passed without any difficulty, till the vigilant (or *sleeping*) officers had their eyes opened by the opening of one of the logs.

**HYPERBOLE.**—As we advance towards the South, we invariably find an increase of exaggeration in the figurative language of ordinary conversation. An Englishman, to signify that he is extremely wet, says, that he is "*wet to the skin*." A Frenchman goes further, and asserts that he is, "*Mouillé jusqu'aux os*," (wet to the bones); but a Spaniard beats them both hollow, and announces that he finds himself, "*Mojado hasta los tuétanos*," (wet to the very marrow.)

**TELEGRAPHS.**—A succession of experiments has just been made at Sonnois, about eight miles from Paris, to ascertain the merits of a new telegraphic invention for night service, which is effected by the use of lanterns of stained glass. The experiments established the practical merit of the invention. During the night of Saturday last it was intended further to try the adaptability of fuses, and a telegraphic machine of an entirely novel construction, having a similar object in view.

**JOINT-STOCK-COMPANY BOOK.**—A literary publication is projected at Paris, to be formed of the contributions of a hundred and one of the principal authors of Paris, each to write two chapters of "*Paris, or Manners as they Are*," to be presented to M. Ladvocat, the bookseller, as a testimony of their respect for him, and a recompense for the losses he has sustained during the past year.

**GOOD THINGS IN PETTO.**—Among other articles lying in durance in the bond warehouses of London, according to a Parliamentary return, there are 43,000, prints and drawings, 923 pictures, 370,000 cwt. of books, 186 cwt. of casts and busts, 10 manuscripts, 173,000 bamboo canes, 220,000 walking canes, 6,600 cwt. of Juniper berries, 96 lbs of "*puddings and sausages*," 300 millstones, 50,000,000 lbs. of tea, 9,300 tongues, 21,800 flasks of eau de Cologne, 3,300,000 gallons of rum, and 850,000 ditto brandy.







*Pendleton's Lithog. Boston*

MORNING DRESSES.

*For Sale at the Athenaeum.*

5245

## THE WHITE LADY: A TALE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—Whoever has passed the old military road from the Black Mount to Fort William, will remember the deep secret corrai which opens from the extremity of Kinloch-Leven. Surrounded by lofty precipices, it lies like a vast cauldron in the bosom of the hill, and it is only for two or three hours after noon that the sun ever shines upon the little stream which murmurs along its bottom. Before the last century its gloom was deepened by the forest of birch and pine trees which overhung the crags; but, partially covered with short turf and deer's grass, it affords excellent pasture in the summer months. For this and its profound solitude it was formerly the favorite haunt of the great stags at that season, when they retire from the herds into the recesses of the mountains. Their passes were well known to the hunters of Lochabyr, and, at the twilight or full moon, the dark figure of a deer-stalker might sometimes be seen watching behind the great stone of *Cean-glass*, or stealing down the deep hollow of *Sloch-dubh*.

It was on a bright still morning in February that such a figure appeared, following the bank of the stream which descends from the corrai. Though the sun had risen, the shade was still so deep under the mountain that the green tartans of the Highlander were scarcely visible as they moved through the blue tint of the dewy heath, and at times he could only be distinguished by the motion of his long white purse and the little snowy speck of the cockade in his bonnet. At length his dark figure reached the gorge of the corrai; and as it passed into the sunshine, the light flashed brightly upon the long Spanish matlock which he carried on his shoulder, and the dirk, pistols, and broadsword, which kept a continual glitter as he moved. The light now discovered the shaggy limbs of a large deer-greyhound which followed at his foot, and sometimes stopped to stretch his nose to the wind, or prick his ear at the forked thorns which showed their grey half-withered points among the cairns.

They had entered the parks which lie along the side of the lake, and were approaching the little peel-tower which then occupied the site of the present house of Kinloch, when suddenly the dog put his nose to the ground, and, raising his ears, tracked the path with increasing speed, till all at once he bounded forward and disappeared in the winding of the ground. The hunter hastily unslung his matlock, and, springing forward, glanced his keen eye to every bush and hollow from which the game might start. Without, however, seeing any object, he came to the deep chasm where the stream falls over a lofty crag into a deep black pool overhung by birch trees and aspens; but as he turned the rock which shuts in the ravine, he at once discovered the object which the dog had tracked.

By the edge of the pool stood a tall dark young man, wrapped in his plaid, and leaning on his deer-gun; his mantle was of the coarse thick tartan worn by a simple deer-stalker, but the broad eagle's wing and tuft of heath in his bonnet were distinctions which could be worn by none but a *duine-uasal* of the clan Donnel. As he stood musing on the foaming water, he was roused by the dog, which bounded up the path, and, leaping on his breast, whined, howled, and saluted his cheek with his rough dewy nose.

The young man received him with the caresses of an old friend, but,  
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immediately looking round, hastened towards his master with the extended hand, and the exclamation, "Welcome, my own foster-brother !"

The hunter returned his salutation with that mixture of affection and respect with which the inferior foster-brother regarded the superior. After the first words,—“I fear, Kinloch, that I keep late tryst, since you are thus early abroad to meet me,” said the hunter.

“No, Angus,” replied the young laird, “you are before time ; but it is I that am impatient to see you, upon an enterprise which will take all our space to concert. I returned last night from Loch Awe —”

“Loch Awe !” exclaimed the hunter, “and did you see the young lady of Fraoach-Elan ?”

“No,” replied Mac Donnel ; “I had enough to escape the Campbells and *dubh-gaul*, without crossing the laird of Mac Naughton, whose right hand is left unchristened to revenge his father’s blood on me and mine. I saw red Duncan, however, who has not forgotten that I spared his life at Inverlochty : from him I learned that Beatrice is confined to the island, and that Alan Dubh Mac Alan has sworn by the holy rood that his daughter shall never cross the shore till she submits to give her hand to the Black Knight of Ardcannel. Mac Lauchlin is unremitting in his endeavors to obtain her favor, but, during his visits to the island, she never leaves her room ; at other times she often walks alone upon the narrow beach, and her white figure is seen standing on the little green rock above the water after the twilight has fallen.”

“And is there never a bird on the lake would fly over the waves, and whistle a true song from the blue stone ?” said Angus.

“I have a ‘grey goshawk’ would fly with ‘Lord William’s !’” replied Kinloch. “Argyll is panic-struck by his defeat at Inverlochty, and, expecting nothing less than to see Montrose at Inverara, has summoned all the chieftains who owe him service to bring their vassals to the castle on St. Valent’s day. By the help of Duncan I have concerted a tryst with Beatrice ; and on the evening after her father leaves the island, she will wait on the little *cladach* under the east rock. We must be on the lake an hour after sunset. Duncan will provide the boat, and I trust to you and your brothers to be in my aid.”

“We are as the sword in your belt and the gun on your shoulder,” answered Angus.

As Kinloch was about to reply, his attention was drawn by the low restless growl of the dog, and, glancing down the ravine, he saw one of his men ascending the path with great haste. In a few minutes he reached the fall, and, without replying to the question of his master, delivered a small billet into his hand. As Kinloch glanced on the seal, his cheek became red as the collar of his crimson doublet, and, tearing open the paper, his eyes ran eagerly over the writing ; but all at once his face changed deadly pale, and, turning suddenly to the attendant,—“Cross the larch with all your speed,” said he ; “warn Eachain Mòr, and Donald Ladir and his brothers, to meet at the ferry of Glen Co an hour before sunset ; bid them bring their mail-shirts and two-handed swords, and put balls in their pouches ;—I shall wait you at Invercoe.”

Angus stood in silent amazement while Kinloch gave some further brief instructions to his vassal ; but as soon as he had left them, Mac Donnel put the letter into the hand of his foster-brother. “Alan Mac Alan has discovered the tryst,” said he ; “Ardcannel is at Fraoach-

Elan, and the bridal is fixed for to-morrow before vespers, in the convent church of Inishail."

The clansman ran quickly over the fair but trembling lines, which had been traced by the unsteady hand of Beatrice. "What will you do?" exclaimed he.

"That I know not yet," replied Kinloch, "but there is not a moment to lose. Alan Dubh has not discovered the assistance of Dun-can; and while we wait your brothers, we will take farther counsel with the black clerk of Kilmoray, whose silk gown and grey beard are often better than coat of mail and steel winyard."

Angus threw his mattock over his shoulder, and his brother leading the way, they bounded into the ravine, and fording the brook, were lost under the copse-wood which descended to the tower.

\* \* \* \* \*

The day began to close within the cloister of Inishail. The stained light faded in the narrow casements, and faintly touched the tall pillars and white figures of the tombs around the chancel. One by one the lamps appeared like twinkling stars through the dim and solitary aisle, and the black figures of the monks glided like shadows across the choir, and vanished at their stalls; but not a sound disturbed the profound stillness, except the faint hum of the water and the slow toll of the vesper-bell, scarce audible within the building.

At length the bell ceased, the light was illuminated about the altar, the dark cowls of the monks appeared motionless in their stalls, and in a few moments the white figure of the abbot, followed by the procession of friars, entered the aisle and passed towards the choir. The priests were scarce seated when the faint sound of pipes pealed through the cloisters, and, as they gradually advanced, continued moving round the church with the wild thrilling clamor of a war-march.

The music stopped all at once, and in the succeeding pause the heavy measured tramp of feet approached through the cloister, and suddenly the black shadows of an armed crowd entered the aisle. As they passed forward, the flutter of female drapery appeared beyond the dark tartans and blue mail; and the veiled figure of Beatrice, attended by a white train of bride-maidens, moved slowly towards the altar. Supported by their arms, the bride advanced like an inanimate shadow through the crowd of gazing monks and warriors. Her face was wholly covered by the veil of her white plaid, but, as she passed, the quick palpitation of her breath was visible on the mantle, and the hand which held it had the cold lifeless whiteness of death. Except from her place in the procession, she had not been distinguished among the rest of the female figures; for her dress had no other ornament than the simplest of her attendants, and the plaids drawn over their heads discovered only the features of a few.

As the train approached the altar, the bride became visibly agitated, and once or twice her head moved as if her eyes glanced round for some object of hope or expectation: but there was none to meet them, except the black still figures of the monks; and as she drew her plaid closer to her face, her slender fingers trembled like a leaf.

At length the crowd gathered before the altar, and the black knight, who had closed the procession with his own followers, advanced to the rail; but the bride never lifted her eyes, nor offered any reply to a few eager words which he whispered at her cheek. The abbot stepped down to the rail and opened the missal; Alan Mac Alan fixed his stern

eye upon the bride, and all at once the deep voices of the monks began the chorus of the service. The bridemaids fell on their knees before the rail, but the bride remained fixed and motionless, till Alan Dubh, taking her hand, signed to her to kneel, and she sank slowly down with the empty passiveness of an infant. The service proceeded without interruption, the *care cloth* was spread over the kneeling couple, the ring was placed on the finger of the bride, and the abbot was about to speak the final benediction, when several armed men rushed into the church, and, regardless of the sacred service, cried the alarm-cry of the Mac Naughtons, and, forcing their way towards the chiefs,—“Alaister Mac Coll-cedach has come down Glen O, with all Montrose’s Irish!” cried the foremost, “and is burning the lake-side down to the black wood of Ardtuitle!”

As he spoke, a dusk-red glimmer shone through the east windows of the church, like the glow of the setting sun. The organ and the choir stopped at once, and the whole bridal company and many of the monks rushed towards the door. As soon as they passed the arch, they beheld the lights of burning houses, and pillars of glowing smoke glimmering through the distant darkness like a chain of watch-fires. Some of the conflagrations appeared as near as the crofts of Auchlian, and threw a dusky glimmer across the water, faintly touching the long black barges and confused figures of the armed men who were already hurrying into the boats or launching them from the shore.

Alan Mac Alan and the Black Knight never quitted the hands of the bride, while the vassals and monks hastened the female attendants on board the barges. In the darkness and confusion, one of the bridemaids was separated from her companions, and a group of monks who had been busy with their assistance suddenly hurried her into a small skiff which lay beyond the rest, and before any could follow, leaped into the boat and pulled off from the shore.

For some moments the shallop kept her course with the crowd of barges, but by degrees she edged away till their long black shadows disappeared one by one into the darkness. For a short time the plash of their oars could still be heard, but suddenly the boat changed her course, and, turning her head to the north, pulled straight across the lake. Not a word was spoken. Whether from alarm or ignorance of their direction, the lady made no observation nor inquiry; and as the black figures of the monks pulled at their oars, not a sound passed but the short dash of the strokes and the quick gurgle of the gliding boat.

The night was so still that every star twinkled in the black water, but their light was scarce sufficient to distinguish the pale figure of the bridemaids in the stern of the boat; and it was only by a momentary shadow that the eye could discern the dark outline of a monk who sat beside her and steered the skiff.

He kept the helm direct for the *Lettir-beann*, the wide birch-wood which covers the lower half of Cruächan, and in less than an hour the broad red moon rose over Beann Luid, and showed the dark shadow of the forest and the tall silvery stems of the birch-trees above the shore. The boatmen redoubled their strokes at the sight, and at length the shallop grounded under the deep shadow of the wood. The monks leaped out on the beach, and the steersman, supporting the maiden from her seat, lifted her gently to the sand. As she descended, her plaid loosened from the brotche, and, the breeze blowing back its hood, the faint moonlight glanced upon her face and illuminated the

pale features of *Beatrice of Fraoch-Elan*. It was but a momentary blink, for a little white hand appeared from the fluttering mantle, and, drawing it close over her face, again confined it with the *brotche*.

The monk who had acted as steersman now gave his arm to assist her from the shore ; and as soon as the rest had drawn up the boat, they ascended the steep bank into the wood, and in a few paces reached the path which leads towards *Glenurchy*. They had not gone a bow-shot when one of the party gave a low whistle, and immediately a boy, mounted on a black Highland *garron*, rode out from among the bushes. The man who supported *Beatrice* asked a brief question, in a low voice ; and at the reply the monks hastily unbraced their knotted cords, and, throwing off their gowns and hoods, discovered the armed figures of *Ranald of Kinloch* and his five foster-brothers.

Each had a quilted acron and steel cap, a dirk and pistol at his belt, and the *corch*, or large black knife, concealed within his sleeve. There was a brief halt while they thrust their friar's weed under the bushes ; and *Ranald*, hastily adjusting the pillion of the *garron*, lifted *Beatrice* to the seat. In a few moments they were ready to set forward ; the *gille beg* proceeded in advance, to guide them through the darkness of the wood, and *Ranald*, walking at the shoulder of the horse, was followed by the formidable guard of his foster-brothers, now completely armed with their match-locks and pistols, and the heavy two-handed swords which they had been obliged to leave for their disguise.

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While *Mac Donnel* pursued his retreat along the north side of *Loch Awe*, *Alaister Mac Coll* pressed forward, with fire and sword, towards *Inverara*. The numbers and valor of his celebrated legion left no thought for opposition, and the only consideration of *Alan Dubh* and the *Black Knight* was to remain secure within the walls of *Fraoch-Elan*. Their alarm, however, was chiefly excited for *Beatrice* ; for though they had little apprehension that the objects of an inroad would incite an attack upon the fortalice, they much doubted lest the active and exasperated *Kinloch* should avail himself of the opportunity to attempt some enterprise to carry off his mistress. Continually expecting to see boats appear through the darkness, the two chiefs sat on either side of the bride, with their hands on their swords, and never quitted her arms until they led her under the portcullis of *Fraoch-Elan*.

*Ardconnel's* heart bounded when he heard the heavy grate fall behind him ; but the bridal company had scarce entered the hall, when he was summoned by *Alan Dubh* to concert preparations against the chance of an assault. Before he left the bride he offered some hasty words of encouragement, which she heard with the same silence in which she had suffered the bridal ceremony ; and the bridegroom, drawing back the plaid from her face, to offer a salute of consolation, suddenly started back at uncovering, not the fair pale features of *Beatrice*, but the round ruddy cheeks of *dey\* Margaret*, her foster-sister !

For a moment he gazed upon the apparition, looked to her slender figure, and stood confounded at the resemblance of shape and stature, which had enabled her so well to personate her mistress. But suddenly seizing the wrist of the trembling maiden, he drew her forward after *Mac Naughton*. " *Alan Mac Alan !* " cried he, fiercely, " here is a

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*Dey.* A term for a milk-maid.



damnable treason ! and if with your knowledge, by St. Moray I will give light to your masking shall make the fire of Mac Colla like Friar Rush !”

Alan Dubh turned back, confounded at this address ; but when he saw the face of Margaret under the plaid of his daughter, he uttered a shout of malediction which was heard in the gate. Immediately he called for the warder, the irons, and his daughter, in one breath ; and the terrified maidens hiding their faces behind each other, he ran from plaid to plaid, till, discovering the entire absence of Beatrice, and the presence but of *one* bridemaids, the whole plot burst upon the confounded father and bridegroom. For several moments Mac Alan stood without speaking ; but suddenly, “Malice !” said he, in a calm voice, “bring my hauberk, and let every man get on his arms.”

“Of what use are arms ?” cried Ardconnel, contemptuously. “How shall we follow, who know not the road ? and besides, she is doubtless fled to yonder sons of Satan, who are setting the fire of hell to your corns and crofts on the Loch side.”

“I care not for the road,” replied Alan ; “wherever it is, it is with Ranald of Kinloch ; and where should *his* road lie, but to his own fortalice ? If they have taken the south side of the lake, they must make the round of the Mealach, or Glen Lochie, and we shall cut them off by the Glens, before they have crossed the Black Mount. If they are gone straight for Glen Co, we shall be but half an hour behind them ; and it shall be hard but the deer’s *chourn*† shall overtake the silk slipper on Beann-Ani.”

Ardconnel gave a sullen acquiescence, but the whole tower was instantly filled with the clatter of mail and spear-staves ; and in less than half an hour the long black line of barges, filled with glaives, haubkerks, and steel bonnets, swept glittering through the moonlight water.

The bell of Caolchairn struck midnight as they passed under the castle, and disembarked upon the level meadows of the Coish. The party was not fifty paces below the path from the Lettir-Beann, and the moon shone so bright that they could have seen the white figure of Beatrice at a bow-shot distant. For a moment the chiefs paused upon the brae, and gazed towards the wood ; but immediately the long clinking line of haubkerks and glaives filed into the narrow path, and marched rapidly towards Glenurcha.

They had almost reached the ford where the road parts for Clachan Disart and Glen Strac, when they met a herdsman, who, from the general alarm of the inroad, was driving his cattle to join his friends, who had collected their herds under the walls of Castle Caolchairn. He had come by the very path which is the shortest track for Glen Co ; and upon being interrogated if he had seen any who bore the description of Beatrice, immediately declared, that, not half an hour before, he had passed a lady, mounted on a black garron, and attended by six armed men, in whose bonnets he distinguished the badge of the Mac Donnells. Supposing them to be a party belonging to Alaister Mac Colla, he had driven his cattle among the bushes at their approach ; but had lain concealed so near the path, that he overheard one of the men speak of passing into Glen Co’s country, by Glen Etive and Dalness.

At this intelligence Alan Dubh hurried forward the pursuit, and im-

† The ancient Highland brogue.



mediately ascending from the glen followed the path which leads over the range of mountains that separates Glen Strae from Glen Kinglass. As they ascended, the pursuers glanced to each grey stone or white birch that caught the pale moonshine, and more than once deceived them for the glitter of mail and the slender shape of a maiden figure. By degrees, however, the moon became obscured by shifting clouds, and a deep, black, sullen bank rose in the north, and gradually drew over the whole sky. The last light faded from the rocks as the pursuers passed the summit of Larich-Ouran : and as they descended into Glen Kinglass the darkness became so great, that each *carnach* could scarce discern the man by whom he was preceded.

They reached the narrow strath, forded the water, and followed the glen, without meeting any trace of their pursuit, till they came out beneath the deep woods of Glen Etive. The night was profoundly still and close ; not a breath of wind ruffled the broad lake, but a deep continual roar came from the mountain ; and as they reached the bank of Alt-Chapel the black water was running over the largest stones with impetuous fury. The men made a sudden stand upon the brink, but all at once the sound of distant voices came through the thunder of the torrent. "Forward ! forward ! they are before us !" cried Alan Dubh ; and, rushing into the water, the dark line of men locked their arms together, and after a moment's desperate struggle gained the opposite bank.

The voices were now lost ; but the pursuers hurried on with unabated speed, though scarcely able to distinguish the shadow of the scattered trees, when suddenly a flash of lightning showed the distant summits of the mountains, and gave a momentary glimmer to their path. It discovered, however, no object but the grey rocks and doddered oaks ; and the sound of their step was lost in the distant but heavy peal of thunder which rolled down the glen. The rising storm seemed to give new energy to Alan Dubh. "Press on !" said he, "they will shelter from the tempest ; or if not, there is no maiden may ride the Etive."

For several hours they continued their march with unabated speed and constant vigilance. All night the thunder rolled before them, and the unceasing lightning played and glimmered about the black ridges of Glen Co, as if the spirits of the storm were engaged in battle on their summits. All at once a terrific explosion of light blazed in the north, and for an instant the whole mountain of Dalness seemed on fire with the white forked lightning, which ran like serpents upon the air. For several moments a deep dark pause succeeded, but suddenly an awful peal of thunder burst in the wind, and the earth and air seemed to tremble beneath the reverberation, which rolled over the mountains, and rebellowed from hill to hill, till it died away in the south.

Alan Mac Alan watched the tempest in silence, but his countenance betrayed no doubt nor fear for the fragile maiden, who was then exposed, unsheltered, to its fury ; but after that terrific peal the lightning and the thunder continued to decrease, and the storm could be distinguished receding gradually into the west. As it passed away, a few large heavy drops of rain fell in Glen Etive, but the close air remained still and breathless, as if it listened to the passing tempest.

The morning began to break as the pursuers approached the water of Etive ; but as soon as they came in sight of the stream they made a sudden halt. No mortal nor horse could ford the swollen flood ; and doubtful if Beatrice and her conductors could have passed before the

rising of the water, Alan Dubh and the Black Knight debated whether to cross the river or search the neighboring wood. At length they decided to leave a party of their followers behind the stream, and with the rest to hasten forward and gain the passes of Glen Co.

Having made the necessary division, the pursuers defiled over the tottering bridge, formed of the trunks of two trees, thrown from bank to bank ; and having passed the narrow strath beyond, began to climb the steep chain of mountains which closes the extremity of Glen Etive, and bounds the royal deer-forest of Dalness. The gushing streams and rain-worn rocks now gave evidence that they had reached the tract over which the storm had passed ; and as the light advanced and they ascended on the hill, they discovered the grey trunks of the scattered pine-trees, blown over from the crags, and the slopes of the hill torn into deep gullies by the rain. The stream by which they ascended had brought down vast fragments of its rock, and upon one of the heaps of shingle, now deserted by the abating water, lay a little doe, which had been surprised and washed away by the sudden rise of the torrent.

The sun was about to appear as they ascended out of the deep black pass which leads towards Glen Co, and came upon the high naked *drim*, or back, which lies between Beann-Dubh and Scur-na-Bhovic. It is a wild, unsheltered, lofty ridge, so high above the natural region of vegetation, that it affords no plant but a short cold moss, which barely covers the black spongy soil. No trees have cast a seed so high, and, devoid of any pasture for the deer, it is frequented only by the solitary eagle, or a lonely fox crossing from the cairns. At intervals, a little black heap directs the track of the shepherds from glen to glen ; and formerly, on the highest spot, the hunters had built a small hut, for shelter against the storms by which they were sometimes overtaken in passing from the forest.

As they approached this spot, " It should not be unlikely they might rest in the *bothy*," said an old Highlander, who followed Mac Alan. " There could be no better shelter, and they should never think to be followed into Glen Co's country, and Alaister Mac Colla in Glen-nurcha."

Mac Naughton made no reply, but his eye glanced eagerly for the hut, and he advanced up the steep with increasing speed. They had nearly reached the summit, when one of the Highlanders observed a bright object glittering on the moss ; and as he came to the spot, discovered it to be a fragment of double mail. On lifting it, he immediately recognised the gusset of a hauberk ; but several of the links were torn and twisted in an extraordinary manner, and some marked as if partly fused. His companions examined it with surprise ; but as they proceeded they picked up the lock of a pistol, the hilt of a dirk, and several small fragments of dress and arms, till, as they came to the summit of the hill, they beheld a sight which froze them with horror.

Scattered over the moss and rocks lay the remnants of arms and garments, blackened, and singed, and torn to shreds. The tatters of actons and plaids were whirled high upon the precipices, and hung fluttering from the points of inaccessible rocks ; and below lay a two-handed sword, split and shivered like a lathe, and near it the barrel of a match-lock, twisted and writhed like a hazel withe. No living being, nor any remains of a human body, were visible : but the prints of recent steps were deeply tracked in the moss, and it was easy to trace

the short tread of a small horse, and the stride of several men, who appeared to have passed during the storm.

After the first pause of astonishment, the Highlanders looked round for the hut ; but it was gone, and nothing appeared against the sky except the smooth naked line of the moss where it had stood. Alan Dubh hastened forward to the spot. The earth was raised, and swept to the bare rock ; and in the scattered drift was marked a faint circular trace, like the vortex of a whirlwind. At a considerable distance, rafters and stones were scattered along the hill, and upon one of the beams hung the tatters of a white plaid and a broad fragment of yellow silk, resembling the embroidered breast of an acton.\*

Mac Alan snatched the fluttering tartan from the tree, and spreading the folds beheld with horror the peculiar pattern of the white plaid, worn by the women of Glenurcha. For a long while he stood motionless and speechless, the torn plaid fast clenched in his hands, and his eyes fixed upon the sullied colors. At length he was aroused by the reiterated voice of Ardconnell, who hastily called his attention to the indistinct figure of a man, seated upon a large stone in the glen below. They called, but he did not answer nor turn his head ; and the whole company hastily descended the hill towards the spot.

As they approached, they discovered a grey old man sitting on the stone ; his bow lay on the grass beside him, and between his feet a large deer-lurcher, apparently dead, and his long hair scorched and stained with blood. Regardless of the clank of the armed steps which advanced towards him, the hunter continued leaning his face on his hand, his eye fixed on the dog, and his grey head moving with a slow abstracted motion. There was a wild, fearful vacancy in his look ; and as the Highlanders stopped and spoke to him, he returned no answer nor notice, and continued with his gaze fixed upon the greyhound, till a beam of the rising sun flashing on his face from the bright corslet of Alan Dubh, he suddenly lifted his head. At the sight of the clear light he started up, and, breaking into a laugh of fearful exultation, waved his hand to the red sunshine. "The fire ! the fire of heaven !" he exclaimed ; "the battle of the spirits amidst the clouds !" and tossing his arms, he broke into a wild Ossianic song :

They came in the fire of the sky,  
Like the terrible spirit of Loda,  
When he rides in the roar of a thousand storms,  
And scatters battle from his eyes.

He stopped suddenly, and pointing to the hill, leaned forward and muttered, in a low voice, "The fire ran upon the ground ! the rocks were lifted in the wind !—Bran ! Bran ! Bran !—Where is my dog ?"

He looked wildly round, but instantly sitting down, wept over the greyhound, and a momentary gleam of reason seeming to come to his mind, "Mo chu fein !" he whispered ; "Bran of the winged foot ! The fire and the wind came from the cairn—he was fleet as the great stag of the desert, but he could not fly from them !"

Again he relapsed into silence, while Alan Dubh strove in vain to rouse his abstraction, by an inquiry to ascertain if he had seen his

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\* A destruction by lightning, exactly similar in its circumstances to that above described, took place at the close of the last century in Brae Mar : a party of eight or ten men disappeared, without any other traces of their awful fate than the remnants of arms and dress scattered upon the hill where they were last seen.

daughter ; but at length, as he endeavored to awake his notice, by describing the *nighean gheal* (white maiden), and the *bratche solas* (brotche of light) which she wore, he suddenly lifted his head : "*Light ! light !*" he exclaimed, "it was all *light* !" And passing from one object to another, with the sudden transition of a maniac, he fell into that deep poetical Gaelic, which solitude, and the frequent recitation of ancient verse, rendered the familiar language of the old deer-stalkers. For a moment he pointed to the pass above.

"The White Lady sat on the stone !" said he, in a low voice ;—"the tall warriors were around the hut. Gaul ! Ossian of the stately steps—the mighty form of Fion ! Their hands were on their great swords—their looks were in the glen !"

He stopped suddenly, and his voice changed to a low, almost inaudible whisper. "She was pale—pale—like the flower in the blast ! Her tears fell with the rain : there was no hall—no house, *but* the cold moss—the wet rock, and the fire, and the wind, and the water, around her !" His voice sunk to an inarticulate murmur ; but still he continued that fearful abstracted motion of his grey head ; and at times they could distinguish in his muttering the recurrence of the words, "*Tha mi trom ! trom !—Tha mi trom, mo nighean bhoiach !*"\*

Alan Mac Alan returned to Fraoch-Elan, but Ranald and Beatrice never came to Kinloch. Days and weeks elapsed, and some thought they had gone to France, to King Charles and Glen Garry. But King Charles came to Holyrood, and Mac Mhic Alaister returned to Invergarry ; but when the traveller passed Kinloch there was no smoke on the tower, and no light in the casement ; and when he asked for Ranald and his foster-brothers, the old warden turned away his face, and shook his head, and gave no answer. But long after in the Glens the hunters said they were seen in the mountain of Dalness, and that the faint cry of a female voice was heard at night amidst the storms.

Months, years, centuries, the hunters and the deer have passed away ; but the shepherds say they are still upon the hill, in the same habits as they were seen passing up Glen Etive on the night that Alaister Mac Colla "*burnt Loch Awe.*" Their appearance always indicates a tempest, and some think that it precedes the death of a Mac Donnel. Before a storm, the White Lady is seen standing upon the green heap of *cairn-bothan* ; and more than once, at the twilight, *Ian Dubh Drinachan*, the last of the old race of deer-stalkers, has met on the hill the gigantic figures of ancient-looking men, in the antique habit of the former Highlanders. Some have affected to rally his failing sight ; and upon these occasions he generally shook his head, and made no reply : but if questioned "*discreetly,*" he would describe the sharp-pointed bonnets of the unknown hunters, the long Spanish "*spunk*" guns on their shoulders, and the gigantic two-handed swords on which they leaned, and seemed to watch the passes of Glen Etive.

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\* I am sad ! sad !—I am sad, beautiful maiden !"

## YESTREEN I SLEPT.

[ATHENÆUM.]

YESTREEN I slept an' dream'd of her  
 Wha aften keeps the sleep frae me,  
 I thought we met in some bright land,  
 Some holy land where angels be !  
 For every face we there did see  
 Was dimm'd by neither woe nor care,  
 And harps woke heaven's high minstrelsey,  
 Because my love was list'ning there !

She seem'd as lovely as she is,  
 And as bewitching she did seem :  
 I thought her mine, ah ! cruel bliss,  
 This might have shown me 'twas a dream !  
 But could such visions me, forlorn,  
 Revisit aft, or aye remain ;  
 I'd wake nae mair, nor e'er return  
 Back to this weary warld again !

For what is life withouten love ?  
 And what is love wi' nae return ?  
 Oh ! is there aught her heart could move,  
 Or cause mine, mourning, cease to mourn ?  
 If life give nought but dark despair,  
 If hopes an' joys but visions seem,  
 I'd rather wish my days nae mair,  
 Or pass'd in an eternal dream !

## A PEEP INTO THE STOCK EXCHANGE, LONDON.

[METROPOLITAN.]—The Stock Exchange is known to the greater part of the public as a place where government funds and securities are bought and sold preparatory to their transfer at the Bank. Few perhaps are aware, that these real transactions of business constitute a very small part of the purposes to which its ten or twelve hundred members daily and exclusively devote their time within its walls ; or which, during the hours of business, attract the great number of anxious agitated faces that crowd around its doors, or stand in groups about its purlieus. Of late years, indeed, a column of the newspapers is usually occupied with an account of the preceding day's business, reports, &c. ; but, as it is well known that the public is interested in 800,000,000*l.* of national debt, this seems all natural enough. Now and then, it is true, the editor growls out something on the subject of Stock Exchange tricks—"bulls," "bears," &c. : but even this scarcely awakens the curiosity of the public : they know that they have always received their dividends regularly, with all these mysterious givings-out, and conclude therefore that the allusions are to something of private or confined interest, like a gambling affair in high life, or a disputed pigeon-match at the Jockey Club ; even the not unfrequent circumstance of a coroner's inquest on a stockbroker, or of men of

supposed wealth flying their country, though they excite a vague notion of some terrible agency being at work, convey no distinct notion of its nature or extent ; and these events continue to be as little regarded by the public generally, as the bursts of smoke and the roar of Etna by the peasant who unheedingly dresses his vines on its base. It is our present design, therefore, to let the reader have a peep into the crater of the Stock Exchange, and to explain to him briefly what he will see therein. It may interest—it may do him a more essential service, if it deter him from mingling as an actor in the scenes into which we are about to enter. Ten times our space, however, would not suffice to describe fully this vast arena of avarice and speculation, or to tell in detail the evils which proceed from it. Until lately, when other nations have paid us the deep but undesigned homage of adopting our customs and institutions, it might have been said that nothing at all approaching to it ever existed in any age or country ; and only in England perhaps, where the energies of men are unshackled, and where the pursuit of wealth is the universal all-absorbing passion, could a place originally formed for the sober purposes of business be fostered into a monster of such gigantic dimensions. Will it be conceived, then, that behind the dingy brick buildings which form Bartholomew Land and Threadneedle Street, approachable only by dark and dirty alleys, there stands the largest gaming-house in Europe—or rather one to which the hells of St. James's Street or the Frascati's of Paris, are what mere threepenny whist-clubs are to them—where half a million sterling is sometimes won and lost in a few hours, and which annually precipitates thousands from affluence to beggary—where magic lamps and wishing-caps are outdone in the rapidity with which needy adventurers become the masters of splendid mansions and equipages ; and, a necessary consequence, their former owners exchange them for garrets and poverty ! This place, also, and not the common risks of trade, swells the Bankrupt-list, and crowds the Insolvent Debtors' Court, though the sufferers, for an obvious reason, withhold the fact, if possible, from their creditors. The most august assemblies, too, are not free from its influence ; and many a vote has been given, and many a speech delivered, the motives of which might have been found in the member's jobbing-book. All this, however, though an unexaggerated statement of facts, is, perhaps, necessarily vague and incomprehensible to those who are unacquainted with the real nature of the place ; we will, therefore, for the benefit of the uninitiated and of the "country gentleman," first give a little explanatory matter, and then proceed to show a few sketches taken from the life.

The Stock Exchange, then, is a large building, the locale of which we have already mentioned, consisting of three spacious halls and other apartments, where some thousand or twelve hundred members meet together for the purpose of gaining money by the rise or fall of the funds. Any attempts to explain the particular mode of their transactions would certainly be ineffectual ; for, when their affairs are brought into a court of justice, neither counsel nor judges can ever be made to enter exactly into the detail of them. The nature of it will be conceived with sufficient accuracy by supposing it to consist in betting on the rise or fall of the price of stock, and in hedging or increasing the stake according to circumstances : there are always therefore two opposed parties there ; the one interested in the rise of stock, called Bulls,—the other wishing the fall of them, and called Bears ; both using every



effort and stratagem to effect their respective objects. The public who engage in this game must employ some of these members as brokers, and pay them a commission. The real buying and selling of stock for the public transacted here are, as I have already stated, comparatively trifling in amount to the fictitious bargains which are made the means of gaming here, and which constitute the main business of the place. It may also throw a little light on the nature of the game to state, that the rise or fall of the funds depends respectively on the scarcity or the glut, real or artificial, of stock : and that public events affect the price on the principle, and in proportion, that they make money abundant or scarce ; or that they add to, or diminish, the national means of paying the public debt. With this much of explanation, we will now introduce the reader to the scene of action. Let him imagine himself in the large hall of the Stock Exchange, on the morning after the arrival of important news—the near prospect of a war, issuing of press-warrants, or unexpected mention of a loan by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No business being allowed to be done before 10 o'clock, until that time the members, assembled in unusual numbers, and for the most part deeply interested in the consequences of the news, saunter about, read newspapers, or chat in groups, waiting quietly the signal to begin. This is given by the senior door-keeper, who, as the time approaches, mounts several steps from the floor, and holds extended a large watchman's rattle, his eye fixed side-long on the clock. At the appointed moment he springs the ill-omened instrument ; and suddenly all quit their quiescent state, and rush simultaneously into one dense cluster—shouting, struggling, and vociferating with deafening clamor ; some offering to sell ; others bidding to buy ; each party saying and doing whatsoever they think calculated to produce their own effect on the market, and in particular to establish the first or opening price, as may suit their respective purposes, this being an important point in tactics here. On occasions when the news is very important, and its effects consequently rapid and considerable, ruin and riches are the results, respectively, to many present before the clock has struck the next hour. We have seen those who left their homes in the morning possessed of many thousands, leave the spot to return thither in the afternoon not worth a shilling. We have on these occasions seen a man stand, and even retort the banter and practical jokes of those around him, who in the course of the last hour had lost 10,000*l.* sterling ; while another, more sensitive, stands gazing with wildness and dismay at the struggle which is going on before him, and at the sight of his whole property being swept away by the course which the market is taking. This state of things often continues, with short intervals of abatement, during the whole morning ; few men, however, have bodily strength enough to continue long, in the heat, noise, and pressure of this raging group. Some retire awhile, hoarse and pale, to recover their strength ; but, urged by the cries which proceed from the mass, (for each party proclaims its triumphs, as the price rises or falls, with deafening shouts,) they rush again into the arena and resume the fray. Hitherto all has been keen, intense seriousness, heightened sometimes by disputes and personal feelings into wildness and fury, when it frequently happens that the whole scene becomes changed in a moment, as if by magic or the effect of a sudden phrensy—every one knocks off his neighbor's hat, turns the flaps of his coat over his head and shoulders, or

pelts him with paper-bombs charged with saw-dust ; they slap, bump, and jostle each other : Bartholomew-fair, or the most exhilarating moment of a breaking-up for the holidays, presents nothing equal to it for noise or extravagance ; and the whole frolic generally ends with "the Black Joke," or some other popular tune, sung in full chorus by all present ; even those who have been ruined in the course of the morning mingling with wild mirth with the rest, partly from habit, and partly to conceal their distress from their companions, which would, if suspected, deprive them of a last desperate chance of retrieving their fortunes. All this may seem at first sight mere childish folly and extravagance ; but it is perhaps an instinctive effort of nature to recover from the effects of the violent and overstrained action to which their spirits have been exposed. This interlude is, however, of short duration, and in a few minutes all is deep, concentrated, furious excitement again. On these occasions it sometimes happens, that one of those dense yellow fogs, which often darken and choke up the narrow parts of the city, throws a deep gloom over this struggling group ; the aspect and confusion of the scene becomes then diabolical ; lamp-light is substituted, and hardly serves with its yellow glaring light to distinguish the anxious agitated countenances passing alternately from light to darkness, while much of the picture is hidden in what a painter would call—frightful masses of shade.

This knot of men, so occupied, form what is called the "Stock Market : " the price which is established by them is that which is quoted in the newspapers, and affects the property of all holders of, or speculators in, the funds. Passing over, however, the large class of persons who are interested in these fluctuations in the character of stockholders, and confining ourselves to those who make them the medium merely of gambling, it may be estimated perhaps that five thousand persons are, on an average, interested in this way in the actions and effects of this cluster of men at the Stock Exchange, precisely in the same manner that the persons who surround a gaming-table are in the results of the game there. About 1000 of these are connected with the house, and are pretty generally therefore on equal terms with each other ; the other, and larger part, are the public, who engage, through the medium of their brokers, in this desperate and unequal game. It would obviously be wholly impossible to show in detail the effects of the place and business of which we have here given a true but bare outline, acting as it does so extensively, and on so large a number of persons.

The imagination of the reader may, however, with a little aid, follow out the effects which proceed from this centre, with something like general accuracy of detail. Let him, in the first place, imagine the close of a day on which a great rise or fall has taken place, and the unfortunate party, consisting of some two or three thousand individuals, returning severally to their homes, in all the various states of depression according with their losses, or the firmness of nerve with which they support an evil great to all men, but vital and overwhelming to a city man. Other men have a variety of pursuits, tastes, habits, and resources ; money supplies their expenses, but does little more : but to the city man, it is everything—support, credit, occupation, amusement, distinction. What must be the feelings with which such a man returns to a family, whose sole dependence is on him, and who perhaps, unconscious of exposure to risk or danger, have been reduced to utter poverty by the events of the day. It is not, however, our design to

give in any degree a heightened description of this part of our subject, or to excite painful interest by minute, defined, and individual detail, much less by allusion to those tragic and extreme cases which sometimes occur; enough will be done in this way if the reader will suffer his imagination to dwell for a moment on the mass of varied calamity which must necessarily proceed from such sudden and intolerable transitions from affluence to destitution, operating too so extensively on all sorts of people—often the most pampered and helpless. The evil is not, however, confined to London, or to those who frequent the City; but has a tendency to spread its infection to all who are in any way connected by business with the government funds. Gaming is, indeed, the most universal and easily awakened of all our passions: its hazards and chances unbind that boundless and almost terrific love of excitement which lurks deeply in the soul of man, and affords a glimpse of its latent and illimitable energies.

We have now spoken of the losing party; that of the winner may be treated much more briefly. The gainers are ultimately much less in numbers than the losers; the principle of the few and the many obtaining very strikingly in these affairs. They, on the other hand, experience all the intoxicating effects of suddenly acquired wealth: the imagination of the reader may here also easily supply the absence of detail, by supposing the state of mind in which a man returns home to dinner, richer by 10,000*l.* than he left it in the morning; a circumstance of, by no means, unfrequent occurrence, in times of loans and great changes, to the frequenters of this place. Hence the men of enormous wealth, large landed proprietors, members of parliament, &c. whose names grow bulky in a season, and manifest the rankness of the soil from which they spring. It is obvious, also, as what is gained by one person is lost by another, that the fortune of one man of enormous wealth is the accumulated property of many; perhaps it may be stated as an average, that the breaking up of twenty men goes to the fitting out of one of these first rates; and among the public who engage systematically in the business of the Stock Exchange, this is perhaps a moderate estimate of the proportion the losers ultimately bear to the gainers.

It will readily be conceived, that the men who are devoted to so peculiar and engrossing a pursuit, are distinguishable from other classes of the community, and even from those with whom, nominally, as men of business, they are apparently intermingled; they have, in fact, not the slightest pretensions to the character of men of business, and have no more direct connexion with trade than the members of the Jockey Club or of the betting-room at Newmarket. The phrase of good or bad times applies not at all to them, or in a sense directly opposite to its usual application: all they want is fluctuation in the prices of stock; and, consequently, times of storm and disaster are to them, as to birds of prey or Cornish wreckers, times of activity and harvest. They are, therefore, a separate and distinct class, and have, as might be expected, peculiarities of character, and manner, and appearance. Some persons indeed, who affect, like Sancho's kinsman, a fine palate in these matters, pretend that they can always distinguish a Stock Exchange man from others, by a kind of off-hand, reckless, slangish manner of doing things, and a mixture of the City and Tattersall's in his dress and appearance. The sudden changes and appalling risks, to which their occupation subjects them, cannot also be favorable to health or tran-

quillity. Thews and sinews, indeed, that seem proof against any exertion, are shattered to pieces by the constant anxiety and agitation of this pursuit : pale, anxious faces crowd the canvass, though, if a pun be allowable on so grave a subject, they can never be said to be without a "speculation in their eye."

As it is well known that the Israelites play an active and conspicuous part on the Stock Exchange, it may be expected that mention will be made of them here. They are, as individuals, scarcely distinguishable from the rest ; but, acting in their national spirit, they cling together pretty much in their schemes, and agree at least in trying to spoil the Egyptians : they are, also, perhaps more reckless and obstinate in encountering large and decisive hazards than the Gentiles. Some of them have acquired immense wealth : but it is often attended with remarkably little improvement in manner or appearance. We have seen a Jew worth a quarter of a million, who still retained completely the look and manner of his brethren, who obligingly present baskets of oranges to the public at the Bank, with the astounding offer of ten for sixpence ! Singing in the Stock Exchange has been mentioned, but only as affording occasional recreation : it serves, however, much more important purposes ; all slight violations of the rules of the house, or indeed any conduct in a member that gives displeasure to the rest, exposes him to a regular sort of musical pillory—the culprit is surrounded by a compact and imperious circle of choristers, and forced to stand in that awkward and insulated situation, while "God save the King," or some other popular song, is being sung—he then takes off his hat, makes a bow all round, and is released. Often, however, when he thinks he is about to escape, either because his offence has been grievous, or else that the singers are in unusually good voice, an *encore* is called for, and in no case, that we know of, evaded on the plea of hoarseness or indisposition. In some instances, however, singing has been made the instrument of more condign punishment. On one occasion a member, whose conduct was supposed to have compromised the character of the house with the public, was surrounded and sung to in the above-mentioned manner, whenever he made his appearance in the house. Being a man of strong nerves and animal spirits, he bore it pretty well for some time, hoping that he should soon be allowed to transact his business quietly and comfortably again, as usual ; but these singing areopagites, not thinking him an object for mercy, continued to encircle him whenever he entered the house ; and, however urgent his business, insisted on first treating him with the old tune, till at last his spirits, and even his health, began to fail, and he was finally obliged to sacrifice a lucrative connexion and retire from the house, being, although a loyal man, unable to bear "God save the King" any longer.

This place is, indeed, favorable to hoaxing and practical jokes of all kinds ; a soil where they attain to a peculiar luxuriance of growth and vigor. In general, anything like resistance to the merry or serious inflictions of the main body is quite useless and bad policy. One instance, however, occurs to us of an old Hebrew, who wrought his deliverance by giving battle with a singular sort of weapon. The only crime that old Nathan had been guilty of was, we believe, the oddity of his dress and appearance : these, however, always drew on him the mosquito attacks of some point device beaux, who used to twig his flapped waistcoat and large powdered wig and pig-tail, whenever he

waddled across the house. One day one of his Hebrew brethren, seeing him much tormented by his enemies, cried out, "by a sudden inspiration, "Vig 'em, Nathan:" the hint was not neglected by the poor pestered Israelite, who, laying hold of his bell-rope of a pig-tail, swung his wig, all powder and grease, round in all directions, leaving its impression in white on many a well-cut masterpiece of Stultz and Nugee. Ever after this lucky thought, the cry of "Vig 'em, Nathan," was always sure to clear a way for him through his foes, however compact and resolute. This love of fun and frolic is not, however, at all inconsistent with the darker and more pernicious character of the place: even the more important fact, that the members are generally, as individuals, as honest, liberal, and friendly men as any in existence, is also perfectly reconcileable with it to those who have observed how much our notions of right and wrong, on particular subjects, are influenced by example and custom. Although, therefore, the picture is not entirely without light tints and playful features, yet, as a whole, we do not scruple to represent the Stock Exchange as an enormous, though, perhaps, irremediable evil; and to counsel the inexperienced to avoid the attraction of its risks and time-bargains as they would the current of a whirlpool. All that can be fairly said in mitigation is, that it is the direct offspring of our past financial system, and that it has often enabled England to carry forward its political plans, which must, without it, have been abandoned. It may be said also, that no one can reasonably complain, on his own account, of an evil which he encounters, if at all, willingly. We are not indeed ourselves of that school of legislators that would interfere to guard men from falling into ditches, or from running against posts: personal prudence is the only adequate protection against the mania of speculation, as it also is against all the other evils of life; and every man with its aid can, if he pleases, legislate for himself as strictly as his fears or his exposure to temptation may require.

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PITY THE LADS THAT ARE FREE.

[ATHENÆUM.]

PITY the lads that are free,  
Pity the chieils that are single;  
For gude sake! tak pity on me,  
I'm teased night an' day wi' Jean Pringle.  
For lasses I carena a preen,  
My heart's my ain an' I'm cheery,  
An', were't nae for that cutty Jean,  
I'd sleep as soun' as a peerie!

What's beauty?—it a' lies in taste!  
For nane o't wad I gie a bodle;  
But hers, hauntin' me like a ghaist,  
Is whiles like to turn my noddle!  
She 's wooers—but what 's that to me?  
They're walcome to dance a' about her;  
Yet I like na her smilin' sae slee  
To lang Sandy Lingles the souter!

Yestreen I cam in frae the plew,  
 The lasses were a' busy spinnin';  
 I stoiter'd as if I'd been fou,  
 For Jeanie a sang was beginnin'.  
 I hae heard fifty maids sing,  
 Whiles ane, an' whiles a' thegither;  
 But nane did the starting tears bring  
 Till she sung the "Braes o' Balquhither."

Last Sunday, when gaun to the kirk,  
 I met wi' my auld aunty Beenie,  
 I looked as stupid 's a stirk  
 When simply she said—"How is Jeanie?"  
 An' at e'en, when I, wi' the rest,  
 Was carritch'd baith Larger an' Single,  
 When speer'd—Wham we suld like best?  
 I stammer'd out—"Young Jeanie Pringle!"

Last onk I gaed in to the fair,  
 To wair out my Hallowmas guinea,  
 When, wha suld I fa' in wi' there,  
 A' dinkit out finely—but Jeanie!  
 I couldna gang by her for shame,  
 I couldna but speak, else be saucy,  
 Sae I had to oter her hame,  
 An' buy a silk snood to the lassie.

It's no but she's baith gude an' fair,  
 It's no but she's winsom an' bonnie;  
 Her een, glancing 'neath gowden hair,  
 Are brighter, I daursay, than ony.  
 But pawkie een's naething to me,  
 Of gowd locks I want nae the straikin';  
 Folk speak about love—but they'll see  
 For ance, by my faith! they're mistaken.

I promised the lasses a spree,  
 I promised the lads a paradin',  
 I canna weel hae't—let me see—  
 Unless I get up a bit waddin'.  
 I think I'll send ower for the clark,  
 He might cry us out the niest Sunday;  
 It's winter—we're nae thrang at wark,  
 Sae I think I'll just marry 'gin Monday!

## THE FIRE AT PERA.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—The district called Pera is a peninsular promontory, which stands on the side of the harbor opposite to Constantinople, and was called Pera by the Greeks of the lower Empire for that reason, because it was "on the other side." It is formed by



the Bosphorus, and the harbor, that wash its base, from whence it rises to a high ridge. Along the spine or summit of this ridge runs the great leading avenue, called by way of eminence "Pera Street." From this descend, at each side, sundry very steep and narrow lanes, formed in many places into shallow steps or stairs, impassable for any kind of carriage, but frequently ascended by horses, and every day by hummalls or porters, bearing heavy burdens which have landed from ships or boats on the shores below. These steep narrow avenues, which resemble the "Wynds" in Edinburgh, lead to Tophana, Galata, Tersanha, or the Arsenal, and many other important and populous places, either on the waters of the Bosphorus or of the harbor. At one extremity of the Peninsula is the valley of Dolma Bactché, through which the Turks dragged their ships at the siege of Constantinople, and above it are the great burying-grounds of different nations, where people of all countries and opinions at length repose together in peace: these occupy the broad Isthmus which connects the Peninsula with the country. At the other extremity is the Genoese city of Galata, still surrounded by a battlemented wall, enclosing a narrow semicircular town on the sea-shore, the convex part of the arch turned towards the sea. From the burying-ground to Galata is a continued town of about three miles in length, through the heart of which runs the Pera Street, with little variation from a right line. As the view from this elevated street is very beautiful and extensive, all the Franks of opulence had here their town residences, and all the Ambassadors their palaces. It was therefore adorned with more extensive and goodly edifices than are to be found in any other part of the Turkish empire; the rest of the town, however, is mean and dirty, consisting of wooden houses crammed into lanes and alleys, and crowded with people. The whole population of the Peninsula has been estimated at 200,000, and the number of houses at 30,000.

Of all the edifices which distinguished Pera, the most conspicuous and delightful was the British Palace, and the circumstances connected with it must have endeared it to the minds of Englishmen. The first residence of the Embassy at Pera was a small building which had been a private house near the Galata Seraé. But when we had rendered such essential service to the Turks by expelling the French from Egypt, they evinced their gratitude in a conspicuous manner, by providing a princely residence for the representative of his Britannic Majesty in the Turkish capital. There stood, in the most elevated part of the town, an open space with a number of small wooden houses scattered over it. These the Turks cleared away, surrounded the area with a substantial wall, and, while Lord Elgin was Ambassador, laid the foundation of a large palace in the centre, and when it was raised a few yards with solid stone, conferred it on the English, to finish it on the plan in which it was begun. The late Levant Company gave £10,000, and the British Government contributed the remainder, so as to complete it in a style of correspondent magnificence. But the circumstance which rendered it particularly interesting was, the delicate compliment paid by the Turks to British feeling and opinion. When it was ready, they sent, on the day on which it was opened for the reception of the Embassy, a number of their slaves, who were emancipated on the spot, and given to understand they owed their freedom to English philanthropy; and it was particularly affecting to see many of these poor people, who had been thirty years in chains, bending in

gratitude to their benefactors. Never perhaps was a higher compliment paid by one nation to the sentiments of another, or the opening of an edifice hallowed by a more impressive ceremony.\*

The edifice stood nearly in the centre of a demesne, including a lawn and garden of about four acres, enclosed from the streets by a high and substantial wall. It was an oblong quadrangular building of three stories, surmounted on the roof by a lofty kiosk or square cupola, which commanded most extensive views of the Bosphorus, Sea of Marmora, Constantinople, and the surrounding countries—and lighted a large hall within, round which were the apartments. One of these was the grand hall or reception room; at one end stood the throne, as the representative of Majesty, on the steps of which the unfortunate Caroline was often seen sitting and weeping when she made Constantinople her short sojourn. This room was lighted by very splendid lustres, and the floor was formed of inlaid mosaic of different woods, and, whether considering its size or its decoration, was certainly the finest in the Turkish empire. The others were in a style of corresponding grandeur: every Ambassador added something to the ornaments and decoration; and Mr. Canning, it is said, expended £10,000 in alterations and improvements while he remained at Pera. The garden, however, was the favorite object of care. Lady Liston caused exotics to be brought from every country; the woods about the Black Sea were searched for the most beautiful shrubs and trees, to form walks and plantations; and it became not only the most ornamental, but the most delightful retreat in the centre of a dense and crowded city.

Pera, in common with other Turkish towns, has been always subject to fires. The inflammable Moslem houses, the exceeding carelessness of the people, their impressions of predestination, an arid climate, and strong winds, produce more frequent and more extensive conflagrations at Constantinople, than in any other country in the world. Within ten years Pera has been ravaged by five dreadful fires, which have in succession burned down every house on the Peninsula. In March, 1822, a woman in Tophana left a tandour burning, while she went to the mosque. On her return her room was on fire, and from this commencement the whole of Tophana and Foudekli was consumed, and not a house was left standing from Galata to Dolma Bactché; and for nearly three miles, the face of the city, which looked down on the Bosphorus, was one continued blaze, consuming, it was supposed, about 13,000 houses. Immediately after followed the fire of Casim Pasha, on the other side of the Peninsula, on the harbor. This communicated with the ships at the Arsenal, and a large man-of-war floated in flames to the Fanal, and nearly set fire to Constantinople. On this occasion about 6,000 houses were burned, and the fire was attributed to the Greeks, whose intention, they said, was to destroy the Turkish fleet, and which was very nearly effected. The next fire occurred in Galata, on the side of Tophana, which consumed all the houses within the moles, at that end of the town. This was immediately succeeded by another, which was accompanied by a remarkable phenomenon. There stands in the town a lofty building, called the Tower of Galata. In this was kept a large drum, which a sentinel, on the look-out from

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\* See Walsh's "Account of the Levant Company;" also Clarke, who was present on the occasion.

the top, used to beat as a signal of alarm, whenever he saw a fire. On this occasion no drum was beat ; but several persons saw the point of the spire illumed by a bright flame, which was the first intimation they had of the existence of a fire somewhere below. It frequently happens that the flame bursts out in places very remote from the burning houses. The Turks attribute this to red-hot nails, which they say spirt out from the burning wood, and sticking in some inflammable substance, which they happen to light on, communicate the fire at a considerable distance. In the present instance, the houses on fire could not be seen from the tower which they set in a blaze. What the former fire here had spared, was now consumed, so that all Galata, with the exception of a few houses, had been reduced to ashes, and still exhibits large gaps, which never have been filled up.

Hitherto the district, properly called Pera, on the summit of the hill, had escaped, and there was a general feeling of security, that its stone houses would resist the fire which destroyed those of wood ; but the time was now come when that delusion was to be at an end. On the 2d of August, 1831, a gentleman, looking into the English palace garden, at about ten o'clock in the morning, saw some dry grass smoking, and on pointing it out to the people, they ran to extinguish it with the greatest anxiety, and then informed him that there was a fire somewhere, which had set the grass smoking by the adhesion of a red-hot nail. He immediately went in search of the fire, and found a few houses in flames at a place called Sakiz Aghatz, in a deep valley between the Great Burying Ground and the village of S. Demetri. The situation of the place was so remote, and the fire at the time so trifling, that he thought there could be no possible danger to the town ; but he was probably struck by the distance to which fire may be communicated. The palace garden, in which the grass was on fire, stood on the summit of a hill, more than half a mile from the burning houses.

The wind which prevailed was that which periodically returns at this time of the year. There is a species of solanum, much used in soups, called patlinjam, and by an odd coincidence, when this first appears in the market, the wind sets in ; it is, therefore, called patlinjam melktem. It comes very strong from the N.E. and continues for three weeks or a month, drying up every substance capable of combustion, and rendering it highly inflammable, and then spreading the flames the moment they begin. The interval between the fire and the palace was a steep hill, which presented a face of wooden houses, almost like a pile of dry timber. Against this the flame was driven, and it ascended with incredible activity. Several persons who stood on the brow of the hill over the fire, seeing it traveling so fast towards Pera, where they lived, now hastened home ; but on their return, the streets were so obstructed by crowds hurrying away with their effects, that they were delayed, and they found the fire had traveled as fast as they did, and was actually at the walls of the English palace garden, and entering the Pera Street as soon as themselves.

It was generally supposed that the English palace, insulated in the middle of an open area, could not be reached by the fire ; but in a short time the flames spread all round ; the houses on all sides of the garden wall were in a blaze, and the whole area of the large garden was canopied by sheets of flame and smoke. Several persons had brought their furniture and effects there, as to a place of security ; but

the air became so heated, and loaded with fiery particles, that everything laid there began to burn. The trees now took fire, and the wind, which had never ceased, suddenly increased to a furious gale, and drove the whole column of flame full against the deserted building. The noise it made was like the roaring of a vast furnace, and it seemed to envelope the whole palace. In a few minutes after, it was observed to smoke violently; flames then burst out of the windows, and in about twenty minutes the roof fell in, and nothing remained of this fine edifice and all it contained, but scorched walls and smoking ashes.

From hence the fire took the direction of Pera, consuming everything before it with irresistible and incredible force; the fire-proof stone houses opposing no more delay to it than the wooden sheds. All the residences of the French, Dutch, Sardinian, Russian, and Prussian Ambassadors, and the merchants' houses, were prostrated before it, and in about six hours all the palaces of the European missions were destroyed, except the Austrian and Swedish, which were out of the direct line of the fire. The latter had been burnt before, and little remained of it but the gate-house; the former had belonged to the Venetian, and seemed to bear a charmed existence. It has stood almost since the time of the Crusades, and the fires seem to turn aside from it as if they knew it to be incombustible. The fire continued to extend through different directions, particularly down Casim Pasha, till eight or nine in the evening, when the wind subsided, and its progress was stopped, after extending over an area about three miles in circumference, and consuming all that part of the peninsula that former fires had spared. The next morning presented a dismal spectacle. The people, driven from their houses, had no place of retreat but the burying-ground: here they were seen in thousands stretched on the earth, with no covering but the sky, and no bed but the graves. The Sultan immediately directed that barracks and other large edifices should be appropriated for their shelter, and he distributed among them 100,000 piastres. A return was made to him of the number burnt out, and they amounted to 80,000. As the population was very dense, and averaged at least eight persons to a house, it is supposed that 10,000 houses were destroyed, if the return of the persons be correct.

But the circumstance which marks this fire above all others is the loss of property. On all former occasions the strong stone houses had escaped; and a person who had one interposed between the direction of the fire and his wooden edifice, thought himself secure under such a shield. Hence it was, that when the fire began no one who occupied a stone house thought of removing his effects. There were, besides, attached to each of them, in general, a fire-proof vaulted magazine, below the foundation, and whenever, from any extraordinary alarm, the inhabitants left the house above, they placed all their property in this magazine below, and retired. But such was the intensity of this fire, that neither iron nor stone walls could oppose, and all the property laid up in places of security was destroyed. A M. Calatro, one of the Dragomen of the English mission, had a magazine of this kind, to which he descended by seventeen stone steps. Here he deposited all the effects not only of himself but of his brother dragomen. The next day he found the iron trap-door melted, and everything in his vault reduced to ashes, leaving to the whole corps nothing but the Benichas or long gowns they happened

to have on their backs. It so happened, also, that the families of all the Ambassadors were at Therapea or Buyukdere for the summer, and no one remained in the palaces to remove any of the property, which was all destroyed.

The only house that effectually resisted the fire was the British Chancery. It has an arched cell, of brick and stone alternately, with iron windows, which the people in the office hastily plastered up with mud, when the fire came on them, and then they ran off. The next day it was standing, but as it was red hot, they were afraid all the papers within were calcined like the MSS. of *Herculeum*. For several days they were afraid to open the doors, lest the air rushing in, as had been the case in several instances, should inflame the highly combustible materials within; but at length they did so, and found all safe. Next door to the Chancery, was a very large and strong house, which the pious founder placed under a guardianship which he thought more effectual than Greek arches and iron shutters. He set over the door, on a marble tablet, the following inscription:—*MARIE ET IOSEPHO PROTECTORIBUS HANC DOMUM ET OMNIA SUA CREDITIT FREDERICUS CHIRICHO. A.D. 1708.* Notwithstanding this prudent precaution, the house was burned to the ground, leaving nothing standing but part of the front wall with the marble tablet.

So complete has been the obliteration of all that marked the former streets of Pera, and so sudden has been the change, that people cannot find their way through them. It is not like a fire in England, where the roofs fall in and leave the walls standing, to mark the direction of the street: here everything is prostrate, and the open space presents no more direction than a rugged common. An Englishman, who had not been long at Pera, left for Odessa on business, and returned in little more than a week. When arrived at Tophana, he took his bag in his hand and proceeded up to Josepinas Locouda, off Pera Street, where he lodged. He heard nothing of the fire, and, when he came to where he thought his inn ought to stand, he found nothing but an open space, encumbered with heaps of rubbish. He thought he had wandered into some other district, and returned to Galata, to a friend's house, where he first learned the catastrophe, and that nothing remained of his inn or the street in which it had stood.

You will ask, are there no firemen or engines in a place where there is such an awful loss of life and property almost every year? I answer, that there is a numerous corps of Trombadgis, the most active and efficient firemen in the world. They are naked to the waist, and wear on their heads inverted copper basins as their only protection; you see them in the streets rushing to the fires with their engines, and, in intrepidity, skill, and muscular vigor, they are unequalled. I one day saw a number of them on a burning wall, directing their pipes against a house they were determined to save; and, while they played on the fire, another set below were wholly employed in playing on them, to keep them cool and wet in the midst of the flames. If these fellows were under proper regulations, they would be the most efficient body in the world, but they have no law but their own will and cupidity. They sit idly on their engines before the burning houses, with their naked arms folded on their breasts, and the tubes of their implements decorated with flowers; and, if no one offers them money, they will continue there inactively in the midst of the fire. I one day saw a man who was exceedingly anxious about his property, earnestly entreat

them to play upon his house, that was just opposite. They continued insensible and inflexible, till one of them whispered in the man's ear; his whisper was returned; they immediately started, and with a fierce and frightful energy rushed into the fire and soon subdued it. The man had promised them 10,000 piastres. It is supposed that, if similar offers had been made by the respective missions, all the palaces would have been saved; but there was no one in Pera to make the offer, and the Trombadgis did not, and would not, expend a spoonful of water to put them out. Indeed it is generally considered that the Turks were really well pleased at this conflagration of the Franks' property. They did not seem disposed to give the slightest aid to extinguish it. The Seraskier and the Galata Effendi, as official persons, were riding tranquilly about. They entered the English palace gardens, quietly looked on the fire, and walked out again. They went into several Frank houses in Pera Street, where they sat smoking and drinking coffee till the fire drove them out, and no entreaty of the owners could induce them to direct the Trombadgis to exercise their engines.

It is rather remarkable that most of the fires which happen here, occur in the daytime, and occur from smoking morning pipes—the contents of which the Turks often throw out on a dry mat, and leave it to itself. From this circumstance it happens, that comparatively few lives are lost. In this present conflagration, which consumed the residences of 80,000 people, but twelve lost their lives, and half of them were killed by the falling in of walls after the fire had burnt down. But the daylight cannot protect property. There are a number of Greeks and Ionians, who have been klepts and pirates during the revolutionary war, and this being over, they have come to exercise their vocation in Pera under another form; robberies were very frequent before the fire, and during its continuance, and after, the most extensive depredations were carried on by these fellows. A law exists in Turkey, that any man caught in the act of plundering during a fire, is thrown into the burning house from whence he took the property; and, on a former occasion, I actually knew that it was practised. But now these fellows evaded this: under the pretence of being hummals, or porters, they took up the effects brought out of a house, to carry them to a place of security, and the proprietor never saw them again. This was carried to such an extent, that the next day orders were given to stop every person in the street with any property, and, in case of suspicion, to bring it to certain houses appointed for the purpose. A friend of mine lost his trunk, and, having heard that one of these depots was the Tersana, he went there to look after it: here he saw displayed five or six hundred trunks, and, on searching among them, found his own, which he brought home in triumph. Another friend was still more fortunate; he entrusted a valuable scrutoire, containing money and other property, to a hummal, who disappeared. After fruitless inquiries he gave up all for lost, when, some days after, he was accosted in the streets by a Turk, who brought him home to his house in Galata, where he showed him his scrutoire, told him he had been separated from him in the crowd, and was ever since looking for him to restore it.

It is impossible to see anything more dismal and dreary than the aspect that once gay Pera now presents. The Turks are already beginning to run up their wooden houses, which they are projecting farther, and making the streets narrower than ever; but all the stone



edifices remain, and will remain, in ruins. It is very doubtful if any of the natives can, or will, incur the expense of rebuilding their palaces; and merchants will hardly hazard their property again on such expensive edifices as they formerly occupied. Pera, therefore, is likely to consist, in future, of wooden houses, among stone rubbish.

#### POLAND—ITS FATE AND CONSEQUENCES.

[METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.]—We have from the commencement of the struggle of the immortal Polish people given their cause our feeble support. We have this month presented to our readers a Map of the present territory of the Duchy of Warsaw (as its flagitious spoilers call it), that its limits may be imprinted on the memory of our readers, that the country of the brave and noble four millions of Poles—the remnant of an ancient and great nation, may be treasured up in our memories before it is forever annihilated, utterly blended with the domains of the modern Scythians, and extinguished forever. The robbers have been successful: physical strength has purchased them a fearful victory—a fresh harvest of blood, spoliation, and plunder. The knout and the dungeon of the northern despot are to be gorged anew with victims in the noblest cause that can adorn human nature; and this, the latest struggle of Poland, will in all probability be her last. How inscrutable are the decrees of Omnipotence! When we see guilt and crime successful over the most hallowed cause in support of which a people can lift up their hands in prayer or in combat, we are more than ever lost in blindness to human destiny.

Poland is fallen! Again the atrocities of the Muscovite savage, Suvarroff, have been repeated, and the dust of his victims is moistened with the blood of a fresh sacrifice. Again the Muscovite has shouted his *Te Deum* to the God of Justice and Mercy, for his success in carnage and injustice; craving the sanctification of his murders, and the making holy his waste of innocent blood. Our hearts seem withered beneath such a triumph of oppression. Our belief in the creed of retributive justice is shaken, and we almost despair of virtuous effort and high-mindedness ever meeting their due reward.

“Poland is fallen!” The nations of Europe will do well to remember these ominous words. The pestilence of the north is now free to carry its work of desolation to the doors of the western empires, to march and strike at freedom wherever it rears its head. From Petersburg to Belgium the success of tyranny is complete; and Austria is only withheld from a more cordial alliance by the knowledge (that Metternich has not been slow to acquire) of the ambitious designs of Russia, and by a jealousy of her power, by no means ill-founded. On France alone rests the cause of freedom in Europe. France, that is accused of vanity and insincerity so unfoundedly, owes her security alone to the jealousy of Austria towards the Czar. She knows and feels this; and the sentiment which pervades the French people, at the fall of Poland, is but the result of an honest and just apprehension for themselves. They know that before long they must arouse, and very naturally think, that while Russia was occupied with Poland, it was the moment most favorable to them for anticipating the designs of their foe. But Prussia is at the beck of Russia. While, on the one hand, she has violated all neutrality in the contest with Poland, and openly

and boastfully aided by every means, short of marching her troops, the enemies of the freedom of mankind ; she has, on the other, been recruiting the ranks of the Dutch king from her slaves, and aiding disturbances which it is the interest of Europe to put down. Not long can the present complexion of things continue. The war of opinion is not far distant. They who have imprudently provoked it will rue its consequences : they will one day see that justice will appear in all its terrors, and the despot crowns of Europe will moulder into dust before it—they who have ceased to rule in righteousness, and have bathed their hands in innocent blood. Men feel differently now from what they were formerly wont ; they know their own power and their own rights.

Let England beware of her part in the coming contest. The government of England has a choice of two courses. No one will dream she can remain neuter in a strife of such magnitude. She must either ally herself with the semi-barbarians of the north, in their conspiracies against the freedom of the world, or she must take the side of the free nations and France, and range herself opposite the self-called Holy Alliance. Russia is resolved to be the arbitress of Europe. The great barrier that England, France, and Austria, should have erected against her in Poland, is now out of the question. One opportunity for successful resistance is lost ; and Prussia, uniting with Russia, will open a free march for the Cossacks to the borders of every European state, that, in their hatred of freedom, they may be inclined to invade. One lesson, it is true, has been learnt from the Polish contest, and that is, how much, in the way of effort, a war costs that government, and how much less formidable are the armies of a power that were so long kept at bay by a handful of brave men, than was before suspected.

We are yet without the official accounts of the Russian operations. The truth is, we shall never perhaps exactly know the state of facts. But the success of Nicolas will embolden rather than make him inert, in any favorite object of ambition which may present itself. The jealousy of Austria may be turned to good account by France and England, if they manage adroitly ; and this seems the only mode of preserving Europe from the dangers of Muscovite aggression. Prussia opposed to France, single-handed, is no object of apprehension ; it is her Russian alliance alone which renders her formidable. With Austria inimical, the Russian communication with its home resources may be easily broken by that power. But Austria may overcome her jealousy of Russia by a more powerful motive—her hatred of freedom ; and, in that case, France will bring the forces of all three powers upon her head. This she would inevitably have done, had she assisted the Poles in their recent contest.

We have the averments of the French Ministers, that there was no lack of negotiations on the part of France with the Czar. Of what value they were, a little time will show. It appears that M. Sebastiani had obtained from the Russian cabinet a promise that Poland should be preserved, and had made it feel that there was an European as well as a Russian question, depending upon the integrity of treaties respecting it. We repeat that we have no faith in such promises, but still it is a proof that Poland was not neglected as far as negotiation could be of use to her. Whether the British Ministers were equally regardful of their duty remains to be seen. It is the

custom here to affect a mystery in all cabinet matters in which there is no necessity for preserving secrecy. France has been open, and it becomes the British government to be the same. We hope that Earl Grey has not overlooked or neglected any means which he could render available in favor of the brave Polish people : but we know what cold-blooded calculators some Ministers on former occasions have shown themselves. We remember Parga betrayed, Genoa basely sacrificed, in defiance of British faith, and other examples equally dishonorable ; and we are, therefore, perhaps less inclined to trust the Government than we ought to be, now a different set of men are in power. Had the champion of the Portuguese tyrant and his priests, Lord Aberdeen, been Foreign Minister, we should have had no suspicion of interference on the behalf of the Poles. His lordship's sympathies are so deeply in unison with despotism and its tools, even where despotism puts on its meanest aspect and most revolting form, that it will take something more than the generous efforts of the Duke of Wellington, or the froth, fury, and obscurity of Lord Londonderry's oratory, to extricate him from the charge of advocating Anti-British principles, whenever opportunity occurs for his so doing ; or from the general contempt with which not only England, but foreign nations, so justly view the loftiest of his political achievements. The conduct of the present Ministers with respect to Poland we have yet to learn.

One consolation remains, in the midst of the disasters which liberty and humanity have sustained in the fate of Poland. It has caused delay in the projects of the Governments of Europe opposed to freedom, and given it a little longer time to extend its principles, and mature itself, undisturbed, in the bosoms of high and generous spirits. Poland, whatever may be the fate of the survivors in her late noble attempt to burst her chains, will have gained something, in that no Russian tyrant can oppress her more than her half-demon governor Constantine. We have heard it said by the friends of Nicolas, in the way of apology, that his fear of his brother's conduct, had he recalled him nearer home, and for the stability of his throne in consequence, made him deaf to the cry of the Poles, that he might avoid the worst of two evils. We hope, for the sake of Poland, this weakness ascribed to Nicolas may be true, and that a better doom awaits the Poles than we apprehend at present. Yet, weak indeed must the sovereign be, who, on such a paltry pretext, could suffer every stipulation with the Polish people to be violated—every sacred promise to be forsworn ! He should have reasoned—(alas ! do tyrants ever reason ?)—that there were limits to human suffering, and that the most submissive may be goaded into resistance by usage which renders existence itself no longer a benefit.

To conclude, we must again leave events to work out for the good cause of liberty on the continent. Often, when least expected, the most cheering prospects arise ; while the best hopes are baffled, and the laudable desire for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, which is innate in every generous bosom, is once more disappointed. It will not, however, be long before the cause of freedom must triumph everywhere. Except the ultra-Tories, who will chuckle over the fate of Warsaw, the people of England see and feel, in the defeat of Polish freedom, that a great and a virtuous cause has suffered—for a reason inscrutable ; in contemplating which, to use the words of a powerful writer, " Religious men find exercises for their faith, and make it the last effort of their piety not to repine against Providence."

TO ———.

[ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.]

OFT I've look'd in Lady's eye,  
Where the sweetest light did lie,  
Oft I've seen its glances roll  
All the language of the soul ;  
Oft I've seen its brightness shine,  
But I ne'er saw eyes like thine !

Oft I've gazed on lips of red,  
Where the rose its color spread,  
Where vermillion gave its bloom,  
Where the zephyr shed perfume.  
Oft I've gazed on lips divine,  
But I ne'er saw lips like thine !

Oft I've seen a playful smile,  
Winning with an easy wile,  
Telling on the flushing cheek,  
More, oh, more than words could speak ;  
Oft I've wished such smiles were mine,  
But I ne'er saw smiles like thine !

Smiles so winning, eyes so blue,  
Cheeks that show the blood shine through,  
Hair so brown, in loosen'd flow  
Curling o'er thy neck below ;  
Oft I've seen the tresses twine,  
But I ne'er saw tress like thine !

By that neck so clear and white !  
By that bosom of delight !  
By that form of living grace !  
By the beaming of that face !  
Oh, since all have power to move me,  
Why the devil can't you love me ?

## PLAGUE AT GIBRALTAR.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—Lest the head of this article should cause it to be supposed that some dissertation on infectious diseases is here intended, I must at once declare that such is not the case ; it is only meant to record some of the moral features of the epidemics which have occurred in the garrison of Gibraltar—hitherto the most fertile field in Europe for the study of contagious disease.

It is well known that many of the present inhabitants of the rock have accumulated great riches merely from the frequent recurrence of epidemics. Now that their treatment is somewhat better understood, and that fear, that worst of all infections, has not as formerly abolished all police regulations, the chances of making fortunes by these events are considerably diminished ; add to which, the present registration of

landed property prevents the accidental holders of title deeds from appropriating to themselves houses or lands, which the death of the real owners induced them to convert to their own use. During the fever of 1804, the houses of sick individuals were openly plundered at mid-day of every valuable they contained. The family of a Portuguese lady, who had all fallen victims to the epidemic, had been successively carried to their graves; she alone lay abandoned to her bed, with just sufficient of sense left to see what was passing around her. A neighbor, who had hoped that there would be no kind friend at home to receive her visit, came to the house, and under the impression that her conduct was unwitnessed by any living being, proceeded to rifle the drawers of some valuable jewellery, with which she decamped. The Portuguese lady, contrary to expectation, recovered; as soon as she was able to walk, she returned her neighbor's visit, intent on reproaching her with the theft, but death had laid his cold hand on the offender, who was extended on the floor a corpse. Under these circumstances, to take possession of what was her own property the lady conceived was perfectly justifiable. In the act of helping herself the police entered the house to remove the dead bodies, and found her in the act of carrying off the jewellery. In vain did she protest the property was her own; the appeal was useless, she was hurried off to prison, and as soon as the fever had subsided was brought to trial. Fortunately the parties yet lived of whom the Portuguese donna had purchased the trinkets; these lent some weight to the story she told in her defence, and when the possession of the ornaments came to be contrasted with the notorious poverty of the woman who had died, the prisoner's innocence became apparent.

At this time the living were scarcely sufficient in number to bury the dead; delinquents imprisoned for crime were offered their liberty on condition of undertaking that office. Even those under sentence of death were pardoned for this purpose. Four mutineers, soldiers of one of the Irish regiments in the garrison, had been condemned to be shot at the period of the commencement of the epidemic. They had taken a final leave of their wives and children on the morning of execution, and were conveyed to "Bay-side" to undergo the sentence of the court-martial. Their eyes were bandaged, and they had already fallen on their knees, when, ere the platoon received the word "to fire," the town-major stepped up to the culprits, and told them, on condition of their devoting their lives to the care of the sick and the burial of the dead throughout the duration of the fever, his excellency the governor consented to grant them a free pardon. The poor wretches, already half dead with fright, could scarcely comprehend the proposal; they joyfully assented to the terms. Being set at liberty joy lent them wings, they took to their heels, contending with each other which should gain the barrack-yard first to communicate the joyous intelligence to their families. Here all the women and children, belonging to the different regiments of the garrison, had assembled to join in the wailing and lamentation customary with the lower class of Irish on these occasions. Uttering the wild shouts so peculiar to their country, the four men with reversed jackets, and bandages with which their eyes had been bound still hanging loosely round their heads, bounded into the barrack-yard to the great terror and astonishment of the women and children, who had already commenced the most dismal howlings, concluding this world had closed upon the condemned. Confu-

sion and dismay now seized every one present ; their natural superstition led them to suppose these were but the apparitions of the deceased. A cry of "ghosts !" was raised. Some of the women ran distractedly screaming to and fro, whilst the more bold shared in silent trembling the general panic. On three of the four wives of the soldiers, the yet unexplained phenomenon of their husbands' reappearance had a fatal effect. Strong hysterics seized their frames, as they viewed with streaming eyes, and indistinct vision, the supposed spectres. The pardon of the men was the death-blow of their wives, who never recovered from the fearful effects of that sudden surprise. The poor fellows, however, braved the fever in its direst forms, and all except one survived its fury.

One third of the population of the garrison were at this time swept off. Protestant, Catholic, Jew, and Mahommedan, were buried in one common grave. The cries of the sick and dying resounded from the houses and ships. The heavy rumbling of the dead-cart was constantly heard in the streets. Coffins, of rough deal, lay piled in pyramids in the market-places. The scene of desolation was such as may not be painted too minutely, but it may be easily imagined how every way terrific are these scourges of Providence, if we for a moment picture the ties of kindred or of love broken and despised—every one intent on individual safety—flying from death in one shape but to meet it in another !

The extreme danger resulting from any unnecessary detention of a corpse above ground, in so hot a climate, gave rise to some ludicrously tragic events, which in the general dark picture of an epidemic may almost be considered the only endurable relief.

A Genoese captain, from whose body the breath had scarcely escaped, was placed in a shell for interment ; the evening gun told at this time the closing of the garrison gates, outside of which was the burial ground. The corpse was consequently allowed to remain in the apartment where it laid, till the following morning. The mate of the vessel to which the captain belonged, calling at the captain's house to ascertain his fate, was informed that he was dead, and already nailed down in his coffin. The mate recollected the captain wore a pair of gold ear-rings, and deeming it a pity these should be interred with the body, watched a convenient opportunity to steal up-stairs, when he removed the lid from the coffin, and proceeded to detach the ear-rings from the captain's ears. One of these did not easily yield ; the mate thinking at the moment he overheard footsteps on the stairs, attempted to force the ornament from the ear, and in so doing tore away part of the flesh. Blood instantly spirted from the wound, and with a deep groan the Genoese slowly raised himself from his narrow bed ! The mate was filled with terror ; he threw himself on his knees, and implored all the saints in the calendar to pardon the sacrilege he had committed. He declared he meant no harm to any one ! When the mutual surprise had so far subsided as to admit of an explanation of their relative situations, it was discovered that the captain had been too speedily deposited in his coffin. He embraced the mate, and prayed heaven to reward instead of punishing him, for only tearing off his ear, whereby he had prevented him from being buried alive !

Benito Soto, the pirate, who was imprisoned at Gibraltar, during the epidemic of 1828, nearly succeeded in getting himself removed from his prison, by ingeniously coloring his face with yellow ochre, and his



tongue with ink. In this state he was found by the gaoler, extended on the floor of his cell. So frightful did his condition appear, that even those who had taken pains to inoculate themselves with the disease, were afraid to approach him. Reflection, however, on the symptoms of his case, led to the suspicion that some hoax was intended. He was consequently strictly watched, and the trick was discovered. Instead of being conveyed to the hospital, as he expected, where he would not have found it difficult to make his escape, he was more closely confined than ever. This imposture having failed, he subsequently attempted to commit suicide, which, from the cares of Mr. Scrogie, one of the garrison staff, who presides at the farewell ceremonial of culprits, he was prevented from effectually accomplishing.

The over-crowded population of Gibraltar, during the last fever in this place, filled with just alarm the *sinecurists*, who had so long enjoyed the fruits of office; they perceived the attention of the government at home would now necessarily be drawn to the state of the population in the garrison, and therefore adopted every expedient to reduce the amount of its numbers, and amongst other measures, strictly prohibited the re-entrance into the town of all the Spanish emigrants, who had been encamped, during the fever, on the neutral ground. Orders were given to the inspectors at the different gates to prevent their admission. Towards the close of the fever the ingenuity of these gentlemen was roused to devise means to escape the vigilance of the gatekeepers. The dead-carts, which, from the regularity of their arrivals and departures, had been compared to stages, and had been actually nick-named "The Swan," "The Defiance," &c. &c. were pitched upon, on account of their fitness for concealment, as an excellent means of serving their purpose. A party of these ill-fated men bargained with the driver to carry them into the garrison, which being agreed on, they were placed within the vehicle, and conveyed without observation to their place of destination. They had scarcely, however, descended from the pestiferous cage in which they had been confined, ere they were seized with the worst symptoms of the yellow fever, the carts being strongly impregnated with the contagion. Contrary to their expectations, they all fell victims to their temerity; and were soon after removed in the same conveyance to their graves.

The frightful ravages this disease made at Barcelona in the year 1823, exhibited the fear the Spaniards still entertained of it. The medical men despatched from Algeiras to visit the Gibraltar hospitals, after examination of the sick declared the malady to be nothing more than bilious intermittent fever, an opinion which for a short time greatly delighted some English medical sages, who exultingly reported that the Spanish physicians had but confirmed their own ideas of the nature of the disease. Few hours, however, had elapsed ere their eyes were opened to the true opinion of the Spanish doctors. On the arrival of the latter at the Spanish lines, on their return to Algeiras, the commandant was informed that a yellow fever, of the most virulent description, existed in the garrison. All communication was immediately suspended, and a military cordon was formed across the peninsula which connects Gibraltar with Spain, thus preventing any entrance of the English residents into the neighboring country. Birds or beasts which accidentally crossed the cordon were at this time pursued and shot. The Spaniards were prohibited from eating fish, being told that the English were in the habit of casting dead bodies into the sea,

which, by poisoning these animals, might communicate the disease. The inhabitants of the garrison were even forbid to sail along the Spanish shore on pain of death, which latter prohibition had nearly proved fatal to the writer. A sudden breeze prevented a boat, in which he was sailing, from tacking at the required moment, and carried him involuntarily beyond a jetty which had been marked out as a boundary by the sea line. A volley of musketry from the shore, which made sundry apertures in the flapping sail, soon told that a choice between that of being drowned or shot was extremely probable; the former alternative was chosen: leaving the boat to drive before the wind, he jumped overboard, and strove, by swimming, to regain the English territory. But "ere he could arrive the point proposed" he became exhausted, and, as is usual, just previous to sinking, felt all the strange sensations antecedent to such a death, which those who have been in similar situations can alone appreciate. With just sufficient sense left to know that the rays of the bright sun, which shone full in his face, as he lay floating upon the water, were the last he should ever see, he bade farewell to its light; and at the same moment he was grasped by a stout hand, who, regardless of danger, and instigated by the suggestion of a brave and noble heart, buffeted the contending waves, and drew the tired swimmer to the shore.

#### POPE GREGORY AND THE PEAR TREE.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—Hugo Bon Compagno was one of the gayest of the gay children of the south. He had archness and vivacity—a bright eye and a ready tongue. He was the favorite of the neighbors, and was predestined by the monk who taught him Latin, to make a great figure in the world. Hugo had formed a close friendship with a youth about his own age,—the son of a gardener; in all respects his inferior, save in that plastic quality of temper that moulded itself to the will of others, and which by its docility made, very frequently, a far deeper impression on those who knew him, than the more apt and vivacious qualities of his patronizing companion. However, the two lads were firm friends, and in the day-dreams of boyhood, ere the warm impulses of our nature become chilled in the school of selfishness—ere, in our progress through the world, we imperceptibly imbibe so great a portion of its clay—the youths had but one hope, saw but one fortune for both. Wealth, if they gained any, was to be equally shared by them—honors, if they came, must be participated by either. So dreamt they in the delicious time of youth, so lived they in one of the loveliest spots of Italy,—at a village some few miles from Bologna. The world as yet lay before them, an undiscovered country; they saw it, as the great navigator saw in his dreams, the distant yet unknown land: a halo of glory was about it—it was rich in fruits and flowers, and spicy forests and mines of gold.

At length the time arrived, when this romantic region was to be explored. Hugo was to go into the world.—At the period of which we write, the church was the surest road to honor: and Hugo, as we have before implied, had that keen and subtle temperament, that untiring perseverance, and that aptitude for book learning, which in those days were considered the indispensable requisites for one who, in ostensibly devoting himself to God, sought to grasp at temporal away;

and who, as he bowed with a seeming inward reverence to the Cross, leered with a miser's eye at Mammon and his heaps. Hugo was devoted to the church : he quitted his native village, and grown beyond childish years, and having cast away "all childish things," he became a monk, and in his function pored over that awful volume, so blotted with crime, or stained with tears—so confused, so scrawled with error—that mystery of mysteries—the human heart. Thus he labored, all his thoughts and feelings attuned to one purpose—worldly ambition. His home, his relatives, the companions of his youth, the scenes of his boyhood—all, all were forgotten—the monk had killed the man.

"Well, Hugo," said Luigi, with a saddened air—"to-morrow you quit us : to-morrow you leave the village, and the saints alone know, if we shall ever meet again."

"Meet again, Luigi, and why not ?—you will come and see me—I shall sometimes come here. We shall see one another often—very often."

"Yes—see one another ! But you will only be to me as the ghost of a dead friend !"

"The ghost of a friend ! Can I ever forget Luigi—my earliest playmate—the brother of my heart, though not of my blood ?—Trust me, I shall ever love you."

"A monk love !—a monk has neither parents, nor friends !"

"No : he loves, with an equal affection, all mankind !"

"Aye—and only with all, must Luigi take his share. Farewell, Hugo, and the Virgin bless you : " and Luigi turned away with ill-concealed emotion, and endeavored to proceed with his work. Hugo was likewise sensibly affected by the sincere passion of his friend. And let not the reader too hastily condemn the scene as weak and puerile—hitherto Luigi, although he had known and conceded to the superiority of Hugo, yet felt proud of the excellence that had cast its favor upon himself.—He now saw in it the cause of separation ; he now felt that he was the humble Luigi, the gardener, destined to eat from his daily toil—and that Hugo, his earliest and choicest friend, was to be severed from him to pursue a path, it might be, of glory and renown. Luigi continued at his work.

"What are you going to plant there, Luigi ? " asked Hugo.

"A pear tree—and it is said to be of a rare kind."

"Stay, let me help you," rejoined Hugo ; and approaching Luigi, he assisted him in planting the young shrub, for it was little more. Whilst thus employed, they uttered not a word—each drew a sombre picture of the future, and for the time Hugo felt that he could give up all hopes of the power and splendor, promised to him in his dreams, and in those reveries more delicious, though often as equally vain, as the visions of the night—that he could forego all temporal pomp, all spiritual dominion, rather than wound the honest heart beside him.—For a moment, the genius of the place seemed to ask him—"Why not abide here in the home of thy father—why not rest with us, and get thy food from the earth—why pant for the commerce of the world, 'as the hart panteth after the water-brooks ? ' " Ere the young tree stood supported by the earth, this feeling had subsided, as it had never risen, and Hugo stood again about to say farewell to Luigi, who looked at him with a look of mingled sorrow and distrust.

"Luigi," exclaimed Hugo, with sudden animation—"let this tree be as a covenant between us. As it stands, it is no unapt type of your

friend. The rich earth is about its roots, and the 'dew will lie upon its branches ;' with the blessings of the saints, it may put forth swelling buds and leaves, and rich and odorous fruit—and men may pluck refreshing sweetness from its boughs, and rejoice beneath their shade. So it may grow up, and so it may adorn the land that doth sustain it : and, Luigi, it may be that it may pine and shrink, and never put forth one green leaf—or blight may eat its buds, and canker gnaw its heart, and so, cut down, it may be cast upon the fire, and so may perish. Thus stands your friend : I shall be planted in the church, Luigi—in that soil, rich with the flesh and blood of saints—heaven may rain its dews upon me, and I may put forth glorious fruit—and, Luigi, (the voice of the speaker became slightly tremulous)—these hopes may be a melancholy mockery of my fate—for I may perish, unknown, unhonored, unregretted. I know not how to account for it, my mind is possessed by a sudden superstition—I feel, and it is an odd, perhaps an unchristian fancy, that this tree will be the symbol of my destiny : if it flourish, I shall prosper ; if it fade, Hugo will decay too. But, however it may be, Luigi, the hearts of our youth shall, in their friendship, be the hearts of our old age. And though we shall meet, yes often meet, yet here I promise, that there is no time so distant, no state so high, that even though, parting here as youths, we never meet but as grey-headed men—that here embracing in this humble garden, we next encountered in the halls of kings—I give my solemn word that you shall be to me the same Luigi, I the same Hugo."

Luigi grasped the hand of the speaker—"Heaven prosper you, Hugo—and forget not your friends—Remember, remember the pear tree."

Hugo quitted his paternal home ; years passed on, and whilst Luigi, a happy and contented man, tilled his ground and propped his vines, and saw his ruddy offspring flourishing around him—whilst he enjoyed that great gift of Paradise, "a country life," and lived in an atmosphere of serenity and sweetness, Hugo was toiling through the devious paths of church-craft, a childless man. He was a politician and a priest—then, more than ever, twin-flowers upon one stalk—he had advanced in dignity, and had almost within his grasp that bright reality, the shadow of which had shone like a star upon his tide of life, and tempted him to ford all depths, to dare all dangers, to hold all toil as nought.

And Luigi lived on, and became an old man. His children's children frolicked under the shadow of the pear tree, which shot up, and spread out, as though some spirit were specially charged to tend it.

"Ha !" cried Luigi, 'tis a rare crop ;" as two of his grandchildren, perched in the boughs, plucked the fruit, and threw it into the laps of their little sisters, who piled it in two large baskets—"tis a rare crop," repeated Luigi, "and if Hugo bear but half as much, there are few richer among the brotherhood. He said, as this tree flourished, so should he prosper : he was a true prophet ; though 'tis well he left something behind to inform me of his increasing greatness—it seems I should never have known it from himself."

Hugo had, shortly after his departure, forgotten his friend, who, however, continued to tread the same humble, happy path, in which he had at first set out. He had had nothing to disquiet him, no losses, no family afflictions ; the dove, peace, had always nestled in his cot—and

it was not until the old man was bending downwards to the grave, that misfortune threatened his hearth-stone.

A man of high birth and immense wealth had built a magnificent palazzo in the neighborhood of Luigi's cottage. This man was connected by marriage with the family of Hugo. He was purse-proud and despotic, making of his gold a sword against the poor. One day, it was his arrogant whim that the cottage of the gardener interfered with the beauty of the prospect from the palazzo. It was almost instantly conveyed to Luigi, that he must seek another abode, as the land on which the house was built, together with the gardens, belonging to his potent neighbor, were to be devoted to other purposes. The intelligence fell with a heavy blow upon the old man. To leave the cottage—the roof under which himself, his fathers, were born—to quit his gardens, his trees, things which, next to his own children, he loved with a yearning affection—the very thought of it appeared to him a kind of death. He refused to quit—he remonstrated—implored: it was of no avail—the cottage interfered with the prospect.

One evening the old man, half bewildered, had returned from a fruitless journey to the palazzo. He sat down in his garden, and looked with swimming eyes upon his mirthful children (heedless pretty ones, whose very happiness gives a deeper melancholy to a house of sorrow); shocked and wounded by the tyranny of his landlord, he glanced at Hugo's Pear Tree—for so he always called it). The old man leapt from his seat—his resolution was taken—he would go to Rome—he would, as a last hope, strive to find some part of his boyish playmate Hugo, in the wrinkled, politic churchman. All things were soon ordered for his journey, and he quitted the cottage, bearing with him a small basket, filled with the finest pears plucked from Hugo's tree. Luigi arrived in Rome—and now, with a sinking heart, now with a confidence based on honest pride, he sought the presence of the Holy Father. Appearing before the servants of his Holiness, Luigi asked for an audience of Messer Hugo Bon Compagno? When reminded of this unbecoming familiarity, Luigi replied, that he knew not Pope Gregory XIII., but was a dear friend of Hugo's, and therefore demanded to see his companion, not caring, he said, to trouble the pope.

To this Luigi obstinately adhered, continually urging, with great earnestness, that he should be admitted to the presence of his early comrade. There was a simplicity in the old man's manner that for once won upon the minions of the great; and the strange demand of Luigi being reported to his Holiness, he was with great ceremony ushered before the sovereign Pontiff—before the man who was courted by emperors, flattered by kings. All retired, and the rustic and God's vicar upon earth were confronted.

How changed, since the friends had last met!—Then they were, at least in fortunes, almost equal. Now, one was bent beneath the load of empire—worshiped as one only “a little lower than the angels”—the triple crown upon his head—St. Peter's keys within his hand. What has the poor gardener to show against all these?—A basket of pears!

“Now, my son,” said Pope Gregory—“you sought Hugo Bon Compagno—you find him in Gregory the Thirteenth. What ask you at his hands?”

“Justice, most holy father—justice and no favor.”

“Speak.”

"I made with another, in my time of youth, a mutual compact of kindness and protection—we vowed that whichever should prosper in his fortune, should serve and assist the other."

"It was a Christian promise. Well? Stand you in need of succor?"

"Most grievously—oppression has come upon me in my old age."

"And your friend forsakes you in your need? Have you witnesses to the compact of which you speak?"

"Yes—this basket of pears!"

"Pears!" cried the pontiff, and light darted from his eyes as he fixed them earnestly on Luigi—

"We planted the tree on which they grew—'Let this tree be a covenant between us'—were the words of my companion. He and the tree have flourished: for forty years that tree has never failed; for every year it hath brought forth a crop of luscious fruit—and I have sat beneath that tree and wondered how it could be so bountiful to me, when he who helped to plant it, he who was bending beneath his honors and his wealth, had forgotten to send me even a single pear."

"Luigi—Luigi," exclaimed the pontiff, and with a face crimsoned with blushes, he threw his arms about the rustic!—*Their grey heads lay on each other's shoulder.* Thus they continued for some moments, and then Luigi, stooping to the basket, presented a pear to Gregory: he took it, and looking at it, burst into tears.

Luigi kept his cottage.

#### WOMAN.—A FRAGMENT.

[ATHENÆUM.]

AND flowers are wreathed 'mid her clust'ring hair,  
And jewels are bright on her bosom fair,  
And a slender circlet of beaten gold,  
Of plighted vows—of a bridal told;  
And the timid glance 'neath the long dark lash  
That shrinks from that loved one's ardent flash;  
And a mantling blush so deep and bright  
Dyes the soft cheek's red and the forehead's white:  
—The pure ingenuous priceless glow,  
That the virgin's cheek alone may know.

\* \* \* \* \*

She bends o'er an infant's cradle bed,  
And a cap of Cambray's glossy thread,  
(Of the spotless hue of a bridal dress),  
Shades her brow, her hair,—save one long tress  
That gracefully plays o'er the snowy neck,  
Which the gold-link'd gems no longer deck;  
And the lips are curved, and the eyes are bright  
With a smile of the gentlest, holiest light;  
And the cheeks are tinged with the faintest rose  
As she watches her first-born's soft repose.

\* \* \* \* \*

—Each silken braid of her long dark hair,  
And the polish'd forehead high and fair,



Are hidden : the muslin's simple fold  
 Of a widow'd wife—of sorrow told ;  
 And the cheeks are pale, and the eyes are dim,  
 With the burning tears she hath shed for him ;  
 And the bosom heaves with the nameless woe,  
 That a widow'd mother alone may know ;  
 And the home is sad, and the heart is lorn,  
 As she weeps at the smile of her latest born.

## THE SPECULATOR.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—Good ! Leslie, I knew you could never forget him.—His strange coat, which hung together thread by thread, as if it had been (as it really was) manufactured after a fashion of his own—his eyes, the very reverse of those commemorated by Shakspeare, as having “no speculation in them”—you remember their wandering restless expression, ever seeking something new, and dissatisfied with what was old. You cannot have forgotten the tricks we put upon him at Eton, and the unchanging good temper with which he supported them—his perfect carelessness of money, and the good fortune which literally courted his acceptance, when his worthy uncle, Sir Peter Ryland, died, and left him in possession of three thousand a-year—just at the very time, too, when he had (as he thought) received a useful lesson in economy, having been about four months without a shilling. It was my fate to communicate the joyful tidings to my quondam friend, and I went on my way rejoicing at the happy luck of a really good-natured but eccentric being. I found him in a little garret in the poorest part of Chelsea—he was seated on a reversed deal-box, the cover of which had just sufficed to make a blaze on the grateless hearth. His outward man was better than I anticipated, and he greeted me with that peculiar buoyancy of air which told me truly that some new discovery was on foot. “My dear fellow, my old friend,” he exclaimed, shaking me warmly by the hand, “you are just come in the nick of time, to congratulate me on my good fortune.”—“I know it,” I replied drily.—“Know it—the deuce you do ?—What ! has any one forestalled my discovery !—Psha ! it is impossible—I do not mind explaining it to you though—do you see that pipkin ?—Ay, ay, you may laugh, but *you* can distinguish nothing but a pipkin—that pipkin contains my shoe—there is a peculiar gum in leather, which, if properly extracted, would make the finest French polish in the world—this polish, as I will prove to you, *must* be best, when extracted from *old* shoes, because all, except the adhesive matter, wears away.”—“That wears away, occasionally,” I observed, looking at the companion to the one in the pipkin, that was literally in the state of the poor Irishman’s brogue, whose utility he defended by averring, “that if it *did* let the water in, it let it out again.” “Stuff !” exclaimed my friend, “think what a benefit it would be to convert all the old shoes in London into the most splendid varnish ? I have been to Jews’ Row to contract with the old clothes-men for all the shoes they can obtain, and I am to go down again about it. When this is sufficiently softened to show the truth and excellence of my experiment——” —“I think you had first better go with me to Quill and Driver, Lincoln’s Inn, to hear your uncle’s will read,” I replied, anxious to produce a pleasing and electrifying

effect ; " he has left you by three thousand a-year richer than you were ten days ago."—"The devil," irreverently exclaimed my companion. "Poor old Peter ! if he had only tried my preparation of gooseberry leaves, he would have been hale and hearty at this moment ! but my dear fellow, if I leave this it will burn—here, Jane"—shouting at the top of his breath to the landlady's daughter, a dirty, capless lassie of eleven or upwards—"come and stir this, like a smart girl." Unwitting what he did, my eccentric friend thrust his foot, which was only partially concealed by a listen slipper, into the solitary leathern shoe—and I shall never forget the look of dismay he threw upon the pipkin when it first occurred to him that he had, in his rage for experiment, absolutely left himself shoeless. I endeavored to make him ashamed of his carelessness, but in vain—he laughed at the mistake, vowed his discovery in twelve months would be more valuable than old uncle Peter's legacy, and superintended the pipkin operation with manifest delight, while ragged Jane went to purchase a pair of boots for the Speculator, at the nearest shoe-shop, of course with my money. "Very kind of Peter ! it will give me the means of diffusing knowledge all over the world—in three years, my friend, that three thousand a-year will be thirty—thirty, ay, twice thirty ! Sir Peter, poor man ! was content to vegetate upon his estate after the old fashion—never thought of improvement. What glorious dyes I shall extract from the bark of the trees in that curious old copse, his American copse as he called it—and what fine water-mills, on my improved model, I can erect, where he was content to see the miller sag in that crazy structure, covered with lichens and ivy, merely because it looked picturesque."

With many such visionary schemes did my friend amuse himself as we walked towards Lincoln's Inn, and I confess that I became so provoked as to feel almost sorry that his uncle had left such a confirmed madman unbounded power over one of the most beautiful estates in England.

The Speculator's madness, is a madness peculiar to itself. It is not the madness of affectation, which is fantastical ;—nor of wit, which is biting—nor of sentiment, which is sickening—nor of honor, which, according to modern reading, is blood-thirsty—nor yet of love, which worships ideas as realities—nor of patriotism, which is out of fashion. But it is a madness of its own, avaricious, yet reveling in the destruction of wealth ; and in mere wantonness, scattering the gold with the one hand, it would fain make the world believe it was accumulating with the other. I have seen several persons possessed with this sort of mania ; but of all, Harris Ryland was certainly the most demented. On everything unconnected with speculation he was sane and intelligent, and I often tried to apply to himself the arguments which he applied to persons and things, but in vain. The moment a project of any kind was started—the instant a new view of anything was touched upon, he was up and away, with as much avidity as was ever evinced by a child six years old, after a butterfly ; unfortunately, with a great deal more perseverance.

I heard of Ryland's taking possession of his estate, of his projecting and putting in practice such schemes as made the entire neighborhood, from the knight of the shire down to the parish clerk, believe that he was a fit subject for Bedlam ; an opinion which the very paupers would have echoed, were it not that his humanity and his speculations for once agreed. He had submitted to the proper authorities a plan for

ventilating alms and work houses, which he declared would prevent disease from within, or contagion from without ; and prolong the existence of those parish incumbrances to immortality ! This plan you may be certain was not relished by the guardians of the poor, and some warm altercation ensued, which led to a resolution on Ryland's part to prove the truth of his theory by putting it at once into practice. Accordingly, on a spot of ground denominated " Ryland's Close," a green picturesque valley, girded by a succession of little hills, he actually erected seven curious but comfortable dwellings, and speedily found occupants for them, amongst " the lame, the halt, and the blind," whom he purposed curing after his own fashion of their several disorders. Although the blind still remained insensible to the beauties and glories of nature, though the cripple still leaned on his crutch for support, and made the pavement of his little court-yard echo with the sound that tells of human infirmity, and though an old woman most obstinately persisted in dying, at the very moment her speculating physician pronounced her cured, yet I have no hesitation in affirming, that the time Ryland spent in his labors for " the poor and friendless," was the happiest of his life : the natural benevolence of his heart was gratified, and his disappointments softened by the real good he effected, and the solid blessings he bestowed. At this time, too, he fell most unaccountably in love. It is not at all improbable that the father of the girl who attracted his attention was perfectly aware of the rank and station of Sir Peter Ryland's successor, and consequently affected an interest it was almost impossible for any but a speculator to feel in the issue of his undertakings ; but I believe that Lizy Armstrong was too proud, and too amiable, to enter into any system of manœuvring, although she made the first impression on my friend's heart, from the admirable skill she manifested in the composition of a salve which he applied to a cut finger—cut, while he was proving, or endeavoring to prove, that the blade of a table knife fresh from the steel, could be so instantaneously blunted by the application of a particular acid, as to turn at the touch of the softest substance. Unlike most experimentalizers he practised on himself, and the result proved the absurdity of his theory, and the excellence of Lizy's plaster.

A rich man's wooing need seldom be a long one ; and nothing particular occurred, except that the carriage-springs (of his own construction) gave way, as they were returning from church, and the bride, white satin, blonde, and orange blossoms, were consigned to a hillock by the road-side, fortunately without any injury, save a great fright, and a great derangement. After they returned from an excursion which, during our continental wars, was limited to the Scottish or English lakes, I was invited by a note, which I preserved as a curiosity, to join the new-married pair :

" MY DEAR TOM,

" Come to us, and make arrangements to stay as long as you possibly can. I have made a great discovery—I cannot tell you what it is—but come—come—I also want you to know Lizy—I will not say anything about her, *either*. Only come. Yours, as ever."

" P. S. Pray look at the wax with which this letter is sealed, is it not beautiful ? If more important discoveries did not call my attention, I could make a fortune by making sealing wax."

The ruling passion, thought I, as I turned to examine the envelope. I could discover nothing particular in the wax, except that it was of a

very deep red ; but as I did not wish to be " deeper read " in my friend's follies, I had half a mind not to go to Ryland Hall. However, a great deal of curiosity, and I hope some good feeling, or call it perhaps vanity, which leads us to believe that we can effect what no one else can—that feeling which persuades many a pretty woman to marry a confirmed rake, under the idea (vanity, what hast thou *not* to answer for ?) that she can reclaim him—urged me to believe that I might divert, if not stem the torrent, and prevail upon " The Speculator " not to speculate. Leslie, which of us was the most absurd ?

It was evening when I arrived at the hall ; to my astonishment I found that there was no porter at the lodge, and, as it appeared to me, no inhabitants in the house. After ringing and calling, for a length of time, to no purpose, a withered crone came from one of the outhouses, and pointing to the plantations, exclaimed :—" They be all at the lake." I made signs (she was as deaf as a post), to her to show my servant the way to the stables, and after a hungry ride of two and forty miles, set off towards the spot, not in the best of humors, as you may suppose. We are only flesh and blood, Leslie, and the stomach will cry out, and disturb its unworthy members, whenever they are improvident or careless of their master's wants. Just before I came in sight of the beautiful piece of water which the servant mentioned, I heard a tremendous explosion, the very trees vibrated as if an earthquake had riven the hills, and presently after I saw a column of smoke ascend even to the heavens. Some fatal end, thought I, to his experiments. I had scarcely time to collect my shattered senses, when a shout, a joyous shout, burst upon my ear, another and another, and turning the alley, I came full in view of an animated crowd, upon the verge of the lake, which was still overshadowed by the smoke : in a few moments Ryland came running towards me, his face and hands blackened with gunpowder, but his alacrity clearly proving that he was uninjured in strength and limb.

" How fortunate—how very fortunate that you should arrive at this moment ! " he exclaimed, joyfully. " The shaft is sunk, and we were only puffing some impediments out of our way. A mine ! a mine ! my friend ! a right rich mine !—a glorious copper-mine—by Jupiter ! it sparkles in the sun like gold—and gold it soon shall be—the vein runs right under the bed of the lake—so we must follow—it was discovered by mere accident : but you do not congratulate me ! Ah, Tom, Tom—you are a perfect St. Thomas still—but even you must cease to be sceptical on this subject, when you see the specimens—the indications—— ! "

He hurried me onwards, and certainly showed me some ore, which appeared rich with the precious metal. Still I was doubtful, and by way of changing the subject I inquired for his lady.

" Oh—ay—I forgot—women are strange creatures. She would not stay to see the explosion, but wandered up the lake. I dare say we shall soon find her," he continued, as he wiped " the filthy witness " from his hands and face. We plunged into a thicket, almost rendered impassable by the clusters of roses and honeysuckle that tangled the footpath, and after much " sweet encounter " with the blooming and perfumed shrubs, Ryland exclaimed, " I am sure she is here somewhere, with her favorite swans—Lizy !—Lizy !—Lizette."—" Here, Ryland," responded a gentle, and I thought a melancholy voice. We were soon at her side, and I shall never forget the impression she made

upon me that evening. Do not imagine that I was guilty of the immorality of falling in love with my friend's wife. No such thing. Mrs. Ryland could not even be called pretty, but she was womanly and interesting; one glance at her mild face told you that her intellect was not of a high order; but there was something better even than talent about her—there were indications of an affectionate, tender heart, and a self-sacrificing spirit. She looked at the first glance the personification of domestic virtue. She was seated on the grass, binding with her scarf the wing of a large swan, which was evidently much injured; the poor bird's entire side had been dreadfully lacerated; and though her fingers trembled in the performance of her kind task, they shrunk not from it—the partner-bird stood at the water's edge, gazing with an interest that one would suppose belonged only to creatures of a higher order; and as the suffering object writhed under her well-intended care, it emitted a low moaning sound, telling powerfully of its agony. Mrs. Ryland looked up, but as I was behind her husband she did not see me. "Do, Ryland, come here, I am sure it is dying—it was so tame, and knew my voice so well even in this little time." While she spoke the object of her attention rolled from her side, and expired after one or two struggles, which brought it close to its mate. It was affecting to observe the widowed bird stretch its long neck, and move awkwardly round its companion; and I honestly confess that I liked the lady all the better for seeing more than one tear steal down her cheek.

"A fragment of the rock you have been excavating struck it," she said. "I would not be superstitious, but I cannot think the omen a good one." Her husband laughed, and turning to me, observed, "You have infected the very air with your scepticism, Tom; my wife even becomes contaminated."

Day after day during my visit I heard of nothing but the wonders of the mine, the riches of the mine, and the extraordinary purposes to which the wealth acquired from the mine was to be devoted. On the old principle, that "one fool makes many," Ryland seemed determined that one speculation was to be the founder of others: and I confess that when I looked upon the gentle helpless woman, whom my friend had chosen, and thought of the probability there was of his having children who would cry unto him for bread, when he would have none to give, my heart sickened within me, and I bitterly cursed the infatuation which had besotted him. You must not imagine, Leslie, that this mine was the only experiment my friend engaged in—no such thing—it was the *principal*, but not the only one. An outhouse, that, "in the good old time," had been a noble barn, where many a harvest-home had been joyously celebrated, was filled with long-backed pigs, which Ryland declared should be fattened on sea-weed! Note—we were eighteen miles from the sea. Query—what did the sea-weed cost? One comfort was that the expense was not of long continuance, for all the pigs were dead in a month. Was Ryland convinced of the absurdity of his experiment? No, he only remarked, that the weed collected was not of the right kind! Then rabbits—a particular breed of rabbits was obtained—and these creatures, in three months, were, by a still more particular course of feeding, to attain the weight of twenty-two pounds each. To be sure the meat so produced would cost somewhat about fifteen-pence a pound—but what then?—think of a rabbit weighing two-and-twenty pounds! In looking over some horrid old volume "On the Art and Practice of Gunnery," he took it into his head that a

cannon could be constructed so as to contain three charges at once, and only throw forth one at a time. To form this wondrous death-dealing machine it was necessary to erect a temporary forge, and employ some London gun-smiths, and between them and the miners the place was converted into a den of Cyclops. Every one you met had a dingy face and dirty hands; and I fancied that the fair complexion of his fair young wife looked darker and darker still, in the atmosphere which gathered around her. One morning at breakfast, Mrs. Ryland, in her usual gentle tone, inquired "how the mine was getting on, and if any of the ore had yet been disposed of?"

"Why, not yet, my love," was the reply; "we have not worked the profitable portion of the vein yet; in fact, the overseer says, that the richest part is right in the centre of the lake."

"Indeed, my dear!" responded his wife, "and what will it cost you to get there?"

"It is impossible to say."

"My dear Ryland, the servants have been complaining of getting nothing but rabbits to eat, five days out of the seven."

"The rascals!—that rabbit-meat stands me in fifteen-pence a pound—every farthing of it."

"My love, we could get beef and mutton for half the sum."

"My dearest Lizzy, allow me to know best."

"Certainly, my dear. Did James tell you that the incurable mare which you cured of the spavins, is dead?"

"My God!—no—all owing to that d-d fellow's stupidity—he did not fodder her properly. The animal was as sound as a rock canteloupe melon—as well as you or I!"

"James says that the disease only moved from one portion of the body to another."

"James is a fool!—and you—my love—I beg your pardon;—but you ought really to exert a little common sense. I'll prove to you that I can cure not only spavins but glanders—ay, and in their worst state, too—I'll buy up all the diseased horses in the county—I'll send an advertisement to that effect to The County Chronicle—and I'll bet a thousand pounds to a penny that they shall leave me, sound in wind and limb! That beautiful mare!—Such a neat, light, well-formed head!—Such a flat, broad forehead!—She had Arabian blood in her veins—of that I'm certain!"

And away went Ryland, to rate the groom, and actually gave directions for the purchase of diseased horses, that he might prove his knowledge, in the face of the county!

Mrs. Ryland looked after him, and sighed—I echoed both the sigh and the sentiment, and resolved to have one more conversation on the old subject, with Ryland, before I left him, as I found that I could not remain much longer absent from town. I found him, in the afternoon, amongst the American trees, whose destruction he had formerly meditated, snipping and chipping, and smelling at the bark, evidently intent on some new project. I led the conversation, and to do him justice, it is only right to add, that he always replied to my doubts with good humor, if not with good argument.

"The fortune you must *spend*," I said, at last, hastily—

"*Make*, you mean," he responded.

"That is not by any means certain," I continued; "besides, where you have a wife, who will shortly become a mother, dependent upon



you, you ought at least to settle some portion of your property so that no speculation could affect it."

"My dear fellow," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder, and half shutting one restless eye—a habit he had ever since I knew him, when he meditated astonishing you by some sudden display of his talent and forethought—

"My dear fellow, I have made up my mind, that, be it boy or be it girl, it shall never wear caps! Caps are the destruction of infancy—the bane of childhood—they compress the brain, and prevent the growth of the intellectual faculties!—I have some doubt as to the propriety of clothing a child at all, but my mind is fully made up on the subject of caps."

I turned from him, with a mingled feeling of pity and indignation, and the next morning returned to town.

During the next three months I neither saw nor heard from Ryland Hall, except once, when a brace of pheasants, bearing my friend's card, told me of his continued good feeling. I was lounging, as usual, at the Athenæum, when looking over some country papers, my eye was riveted by the following paragraph:—

"We are sorry to announce that an accident, attended with the loss of many lives, occurred yesterday at Ryland Hall. The worthy proprietor had discovered what he supposed a vein of copper ore on his estate, and it is conjectured, pursued it too eagerly to the centre of a beautiful piece of water, in front of his dwelling: at the very moment when it was believed the miners had arrived at the richest part, which the owner hoped would repay his trouble and expense, the water rushed in from above, and deluged the labor of months with ruin. It is conjectured that not less than twenty persons have been overwhelmed in the dismal shaft; and many of the surrounding families are plunged in the deepest distress by the loss of some valued relative or friend."

This was no time for idle ceremony; so I mounted the first coach and found myself ere night at the scene of destruction. The account I had seen was of course exaggerated; fortunately only five persons had been deprived of life, as the greater number of people were at dinner when the accident occurred. I never beheld Ryland so completely depressed; no, not even when he had not a dinner, nor a farthing to purchase one with. There was no possibility of draining off the water, for a considerable portion of the bed of the lake had fallen in, and every vestige of the works was destroyed. He wandered round and round the spread of waters, like a perturbed spirit, and the only happiness he appeared to experience was in bestowing relief and support on the families of those who had perished in his service. I knew, however, that this inactivity would not last.

Good heavens! how changed was that beautiful place in a few short months. The walks and alleys were blocked up with the huge bodies of noble trees his ancestors had planted, and stripped of half, or perhaps the entire of their bark. A portion of the kitchen-garden had been converted to an enormous tan-pit, into which I was near tumbling on my way to the hot-house, where I found the grey-headed gardener with his pruning-knife in his hand busy amongst the vines, which had failed "to bring forth their fruit in due season."

"It's all along measter's faut," said the old man; "I bean't able to tend the grapery, and fodder two hundred and forty varmint rabbits, that are ever eating, eating, eating, in the sunlight—in the moonlight

—in rain and dry weather ; to say nothing of a colony of hawks, which he fosters to destroy the poor rooks, innocent black things ! and good friends to the farmers, though he won't believe it."

Of course his experiments in favor of horses had invariably failed. And in addition to his losing hundreds upon hundreds by the purchase of such a pack of wretched and dying animals, he was obliged to pull down the stables they had occupied, as every quadruped that entered became diseased.

The dairy had been metamorphosed into a species of distillery for converting balm and rue, and potatoes, and Heaven knows what, into brandy. And even the old hall, with its carved oak and moth-eaten tapestry, had been abused to the vile use of storing sheep-skins, which were to be prepared after a fashion of the speculator's, so as to rival all the sheep-skins ever dressed before or since the flood. It was sad to view this change ; the very birds of the air, as they whirled over the fallen trees, chimed their wailings to each other ; and even the swallows had abandoned the lake where they had so often dipped their dappled wings, or chased the busy insects which the benevolence of an all-providing Nature had appointed to be their food.

"Do you remember the poor swan ?" said Mrs. Ryland, as she sat caressing her capless babe, who, notwithstanding the absence of lace and muslin round its fat laughing face, looked to my eyes, poor helpless lump ! particularly interesting. "The swan's blood," she continued, mournfully, "was the first shed there. My heart has often bled since." In this brief visit I learnt what I had before anticipated, that my friend had added to his other speculations that of borrowing money—of applying to the money-changers—the human harpies who increase and multiply, and thrive and feast, on the miseries of mankind ; they had taken his broad acres in trust for their comparatively valueless coin, or decidedly valueless bills, which had to be discounted by other no less ravenous gentlemen, learned in vice or the law—which I take it are synonymous terms. Poor Ryland ! even then he might have been saved ! but the madness was still strong upon him, and he returned with tenfold vigor, when the grief and disappointment occasioned by the mining misery was forgotten, to fresh speculations.

He came occasionally to town, still intent upon some new project, and though the green lands of his ancestors were fading from before his eyes, even as "the green mantle of the standing pool" fades beneath the hot blaze of the mid-day sun, yet "wealth is coming" was his continual cry.

Do you remember his last project, Leslie ? It was *the cure of Insanity* ; and he converted a summer lodge, at the termination of the almshouses I have before mentioned, which contained some five or seven rooms, into a mad-house. My poor, poor friend ! He was its first inhabitant ; the storm, which had long been gathering and gathering, burst at last. There was no reprieve—no means of escape—he was utterly and hopelessly ruined in body and mind. The remnant of that fine estate was sold, and persons connected, I believe, with the parish authorities, bought in the very dwellings which Ryland had erected for charitable purposes. It was more than he could support—his mind was active but nerveless, and doubtless perpetual motion had not a little assisted in destroying what was never at any period of his life strong or vigorous. He sank gradually under it, and became little better than a driveling idiot !

Some kind persons secured him a safe asylum in the house founded by himself. I have seen him twice in his state of hopeless imbecility. The last visit was peculiarly distressing. His poor wife ! *She* was there, Leslie, with her two helpless children, gazing upon the living wreck of what *might* have been ! Good God ! is it not dreadful to think how man perverts the benevolence of his Maker, and how thoughtlessness poisons the cup of life ! And yet the poor idiot was in what would be called rude animal health : while *her* black and threadbare garments—her pallid cheek, and tottering step, substantiated the truth of what her lips declared—"that the world went coldly with her and hers." She kissed him at parting, and made the children kiss him too. And he cared not for those kisses, but looked upon the group with lustreless eyes and a senseless laugh. She covered her face with her worn hands, and I heard her sobbings as she passed from the narrow apartment.

So much for the curse of civilized society—the fool's-paradise of speculation.

## Journal of Fashions.

### THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

#### MORNING DRESS—BREAKFAST COSTUME.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]—A *jaconot* muslin *peignoir*, over a cambric under dress. The *corsage*, fronts, and border of the dress, are all trimmed with embroidery ; that upon the *corsage* is *en cœur*, and in a double row. *Pelerine* collar, partially sustained round the throat by a neck knot of lemon-colored gauze ribbon. Cap of embroidered *tulle*, trimmed with ears of ripe corn and gauze ribbon.

#### MORNING DRESS.

A *peignoir*, composed of *chaly* of a new pattern, striped in *vapeur* and white, the white stripes figured in small bouquets. The *corsage*, of the usual form, is entirely covered by a large *pelerine*. The sleeves are à l'*Amadis*. A rice-straw bonnet, trimmed on the inside of the brim with knots of green gauze ribbon ; knots of ribbon, and an *aigrette*, which falls over the brim, adorn the crown.

HATS AND BONNETS.—We still see a few hats of rice-straw, and, by a singular caprice of fashion, they are now ornamented with flowers in place of feathers, which, instead of being arranged as they have been worn, in sprigs, are united in a bouquet, tied closely together, and placed very high on one side. Bonnets are, for the most part, of rich silks, as *moire*, which is most in favor, or else *gros des Indes*, or the new material, *gros Polonais* ; this last is an extremely rich silk. One of the prettiest *capotes* of the month is of rose-colored *gros Polonais*, with the material disposed in plaits upon the crown. A fall of blond lace is arranged in the style of a fan, round a bouquet of ostrich feathers, which ornaments one side of the crown. Another autumnal novelty is a *capote* of bird of Paradise *moire*, trimmed with *ponceau* ribbons and wild daisies. A large knot of ribbon, with a bouquet of these

flowers in its centre, was placed near the top of the crown on the left side, and another near the bottom of the crown on the right. The insides of the brims of bonnets are trimmed with *pompons* of gummed *tulle*, edged with *ponceau*,—they resemble a full-blown *coquelicot* at a distance. We see also many bonnets ornamented, on the inside of the brim, with blond lace, and some entirely covered with it, in the form of a fan.

**EVENING DRESS.**—Nothing is at this moment decided as to the materials or the style of evening dress. *Gros de Naples*, organdy, muslin, *tulle*, and *chaly*, seem in equal favor. Long sleeves are as generally adopted as short ones, and although low *corsages* are the most numerous, we nevertheless see many half high ones.

Among the most admired dresses that have lately appeared, we may cite a robe of embroidered *tulle*, *corsage à la grecque*, with very short *béret* sleeves, terminated by a narrow *niche* of *tulle*. The border was trimmed with two very deep flounces, each surmounted by an embroidered *entre deux*.

A robe of *gros de Naples*, a dove-colored ground, printed in small squares a shade deeper. The *corsage* was low, trimmed with a bias band cut in festoons, and edged with a very narrow *esplé*, in which the two colors of the material mingled. This trimming forms very deep jockeys over the *béret* sleeves, which are unusually short. The border was trimmed with two bias bands, also edged with an *esplé*, and festooned like that on the *corsage*.

**HEAD DRESSES IN EVENING DRESS.**—*Coiffures en cheveux* are most in favor, particularly of those of the Chinese style, but sometimes the hind hair, instead of being turned up in bows under the tortoiseshell comb, is arranged in a tuft of corkscrew ringlets, which fall a little on one side; a very small curl, or rather a ring of hair on each temple, is *de riguer*. The ornaments are a tortoiseshell comb beautifully wrought, *pompons* of ribbon, or at most a single flower.

**MAKE AND MATERIALS OF OUT DOOR COSTUME.**—A mantle of pearl-grey *gros des Naples*, lined with white sarsnet, and embroidered round the border, in a Grecian pattern, of various shades of grey silk, has just been made for a lady of high rank; it is very ample; the pelerine is smaller than those of last year, and forms a point in the centre of the back, and another, when closed, in front. The collar, which is very deep, corresponds.

Several pelisses, of dove-colored *gros de Naples*, with pelerines of a novel form, have already appeared. The pelerines are *dented* round the edge, and trimmed with *effilé*. Others are of Clarence blue *gros des Indes*, the pelerine and fronts bordered with a *rouleau* of swan's-down.

**HEAD DRESSES IN EVENING DRESS.**—*Coronet-toques*, composed of blond lace, and ornamented with white ostrich feathers, are among the most elegant novelties. Head dresses, *en cheveux*, trimmed with flowers, which, for the moment, seem to have displaced feathers, are also very generally adopted.

The colors most in request are *scabieuse immortelle*, silver-grey, slate-color, green, marshmallows, rose, and azure blue; this last color is particularly fashionable. A new color, called *feuille d'acanthé*, will appear early in the month.

**CLOAKS.**—On the mantles and cloaks that will be worn this winter are designed various patterns of embroidery. A wadding, laid down

on the inside, has the effect of raising the work, and giving it great richness.

**THE MAKE OF THE DRESS.**—The morning dresses of *moire*, *gros de Naples* and *chaly*, which are so prevalent at this moment, have almost universally one or two very deep pelerine capes, which flow gracefully over the shoulders. The hem or bottom turns up almost to the knees.

The sleeves of these morning dresses are put in regular folds, even when the pelerines are added to the dress. Formerly the front of the *corsage* was marked out by plaits which, commencing at the top of the shoulder, descended to the bottom of the waist, where they met *en gerbe*. Sometimes these plaits are as small and thickly placed as they are in *chemisettes*.

## Varieties.

**GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.**—An officer of Lancers, a capital horseman, was commanded, while at full gallop, to charge, feet forward, with his horse. The animal would not obey spur or rider; in fact, the latter could not make the fiery animal perform the evolution. The Grand Duke was enraged, and his curses were terrible on horse and man. He ordered "halt"—a broad pyramid of twelve muskets, bayonets fixed, to be erected, and commanded him to leap them. The deed was performed, to the wonder of all present, without impalement. Not a moment's stay the miscreant Duke would allow, but commanded him to do it again; a second time the daring rider saved his life, and that of his horse. The tyrant, now growing more exasperated, commanded him to leap the third time. A general officer interfered, representing that the horse was exhausted, but in vain,—he was put under arrest. A third time it was done. "To the left wheel, march—march!" was a fourth time given. The horse fell clear of the bayonets on the further side, with two fetlocks fractured, but the officer unhurt. All was silence. The officer then advanced and laid his sword at the despot's feet, (he should have buried it in his heart,) and, thanking the Grand Duke for the honor he had enjoyed in the Emperor's service, begged to resign. This officer was ordered to the principal guard-house, and he disappeared; nor was any trace of him ever discovered afterwards.

**TREMENDOUS ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.**—The Literary Gazette states that a recent discovery has been made of rendering fire arms tremendously destructive. It has already been practically tried.—1st. A pistol, either for cavalry, for the defence of breaches, or for boarding, which can be loaded and fired ten times in a minute, projecting at each discharge twelve missiles in one horizontal line, diverging laterally from 12 to 18 feet, and within an elevation of 6 feet, at the distance of 30 or 40 yards. Each man discharging 120 missiles per minute, 100 men in ten minutes are enabled to discharge 120,000 missiles, each equal in effect to an ordinary pistol ball. Suppose that a squadron of 100 men charge an enemy's squadron of equal numbers, and that 75 direct their aim so badly that not one of their missiles took effect, there still remain 300 well-directed missiles at the first discharge; or, even imagine it possible that only one in 100 was efficient,

100 men in ten minutes could put 1200 *hors de combat*.—2d. A short carbine, capable of being discharged with the same rapidity as the pistol, but propelling sixteen instead of twelve missiles, and particularly applicable to naval warfare; as fifty men, directing their fire on the enemy's deck, while the fire of fifty more was directed against the men on the masts and rigging, would in one minute pour a shower of sixteen thousand missiles over the whole vessel, thus rendering her defenceless, and the boarding and capture consequently easy and almost instantaneous. The invention is applicable to cannon as well as smaller arms.

**EMPHASIS.**—The different meaning that may be given to sentences by emphasis, is shown in Lord Edward Fitzgerald's *apology* to the Irish House of Commons. In a moment of great excitement, Lord Edward said—"Sir, I do think that the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this House are the worst subjects the King has."—This was followed by loud cries of "To the bar," and "Take down his words;" and three hours were spent in ineffectual attempts to induce him to apologize. At last he is reported to have said, with some humor—"I am accused of having declared that I think the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this House the worst subjects the King has :—*I said so, 'tis true, and I am sorry for it.*"

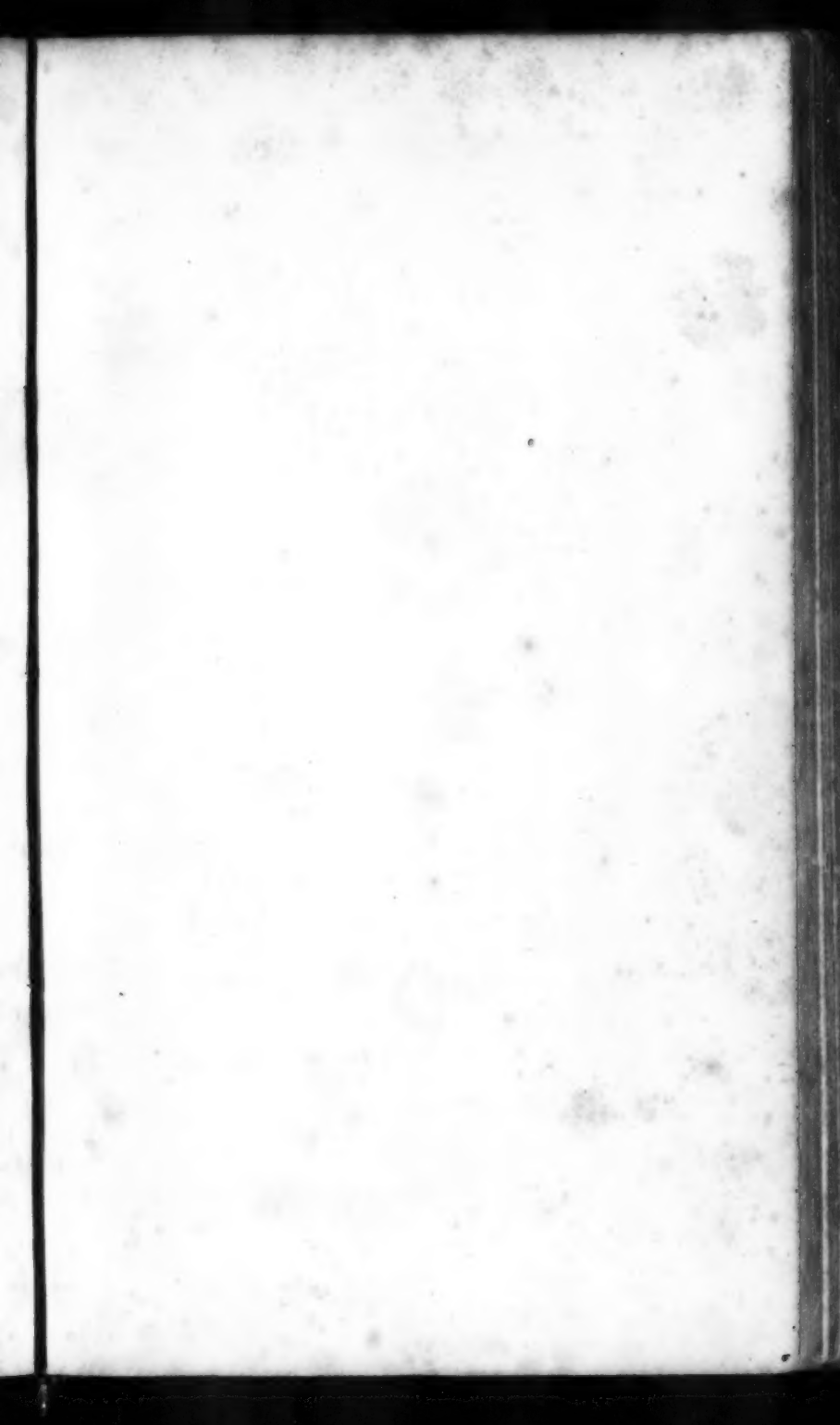
**PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.**—A simple prevention from injury by lightning to corn and hay-ricks is that of merely putting a broken glass bottle as a cap on the point where the thatch terminates, in place of a spar or spiral pinnacle of reed that is usually placed at the summit, both of which are, with the exception of iron, the best conductors of the electric fluid, and are generally the cause of the accidents which occur from lightning; whereas, glass and sealing-wax are non-conductors, and therefore repel the fluid instead of attracting it.

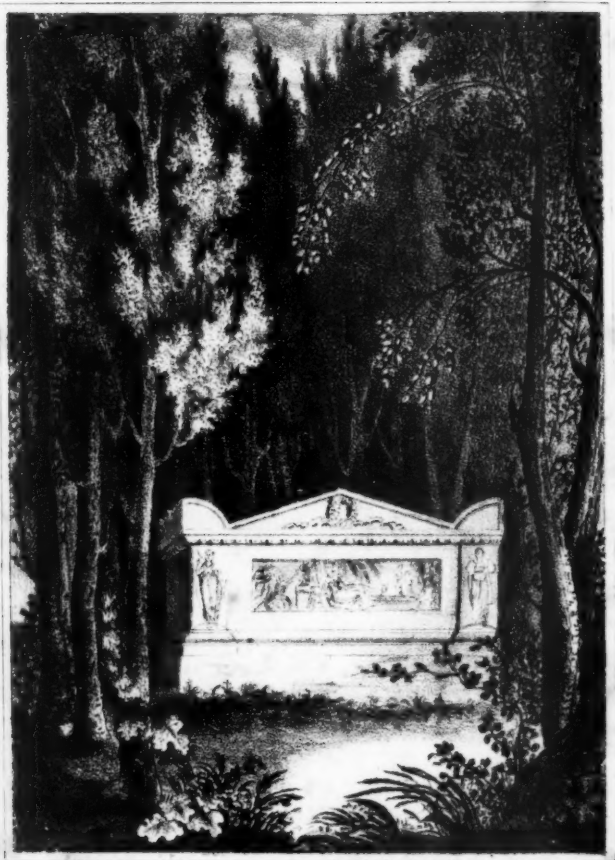
**DON MIGUEL.**—It is calculated that in the space of five years, Don Miguel has imprisoned 26,270 of his beloved subjects. 16,000 have been transported to Angola, to the Cape Verd Islands, and to Mozambica. 13,000 have been forced to fly from his paternal government. 13,700 have perished on the scaffold, and 5,000 are either in concealment or wandering about the kingdom to avoid a similar fate.

**BRITISH COLONIES.**—From the very voluminous and valuable papers prepared by Mr. Hume for his motion to give representatives to the colonies, which was negatived without a division, we have the following information. The British colonies amount in number to thirty-seven, exclusive of the British possessions in India. Of these there have been captured eleven, ceded four, obtained by settlement nineteen. The population of these colonies is, in North America, 911,229; British Guiana and the West Indies, whites 40,485, free colored people, 60,863, slaves 694,530—total 836,527; Crown colonies, whites 238,388, free colored people, 977,407, slaves and convicts 146,899—total 1,332,409. The imports from the whole, in 1829, in official value, was £11,508,943; official value of exports £10,777,244. Ships inwards 2798, tonnage 755,375; ships outwards 2977, tonnage 607,243.

**THE LORD CHANCELLOR.**—In the memoir of Lord Brougham there occurs an error which we are anxious to correct. It is there stated that his Lordship married the widow of John Slade, Esq., whereas it should be John Spalding, Esq.—*Mirror*.







*Endruentz Lithog. Sculp.*

ROUSSEAU'S TOMB.

*See Page 8 of the Album.*

## LOVE AND AUTHORSHIP.

[ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.]—"Will you remember me, Rosalie?"

"Yes!"

"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"

"Yes!"

"Will you answer me when I write to you?"

"Yes!"

"One request more—O Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—Should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?"

"Yes!" answered Rosalie. There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue which they had got by heart—and by heart *indeed* they had got it—but I leave you to guess the book they had conned it from.

'Twas in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down. His arm was the girdle of her waist; hers formed a collar for his neck, which a knight of the garter—ay, the owner of the sword that dubbed him—might well have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlor, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl when many a companion of hers of the same age began to appear the woman.

When another vacation however came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife, as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and curtsying, colored and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing that it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie?" exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore in an accent of surprise; and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand, and curtsying, colored again; and sat down again without hardly interchanging a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her; and her bulk had expanded correspondingly, while her features, that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now mellowed in their expression, into the sentiment, the softness, and the reserve of the woman.

Theodore felt absolutely disappointed. Five minutes before, he was all volubility. No sooner was one question answered than he proposed

another—and he had so many capital stories for Rosalie, when she came down—and yet, when Rosalie did come down, he sat as though he had not a word to say for himself. In short, everything and everybody in the house seemed to have changed along with its young mistress; he felt no longer at home in it, as he was wont; and in less than a quarter of an hour he made his bow and departed.

Now this was exceedingly strange; for Rosalie, from a pretty little girl, had turned into a lovely young woman. If a heart looked out of her eyes before, a soul looked out of them now; her arm, which formerly the sun had been allowed to salute when he liked, and which used to bear the trace of many a kiss that he had given it, now shone white through a sleeve of muslin, like snow behind a veil of haze; her bosom had enlarged its wavy curve, and leaving her waist little more than the span it was, sat proudly heaving above it; and the rest of her form which, only six months ago, looked trim and airy in her short and close-fitting frock, now lengthening and throwing out its flowing line, stood stately in the folds of a long and ample drapery. Yet could not all this make up for the want of the little wife that used to come and take her seat upon Theodore's knee.

To be sure there was another way of accounting for the young man's chagrin. He might have been disappointed that Rosalie, when five feet four, should be a little more reserved than she used to be when she was only five feet nothing. Romantic young men, too, are apt to fancy odd things. Theodore was a *very* romantic young man; and having, perhaps, traced for himself the woman in the child—as one will anticipate, in looking at a peach that is just knit, the hue, and form, and flavor of the consummate fruit—he might have set Rosalie down in his mind as his wife in earnest, when he appeared to call her so only in jest.

Such was the case. Theodore never calculated that Rosalie knew nothing about his dreams—that she had no such visions herself; he never anticipated that the frankness of girlhood would vanish, as soon as the diffidence of young womanhood begun its blushing reign; the thought never occurred to him that the day would come when Rosalie would scruple to sit on his knee—ay, even though Rosalie should then begin to think upon him, as for many a year before he had thought upon her. He returned from college the fifth time; he found that the woman which he imagined in a year or two she would become, was surpassed by the woman that she already was; he remarked the withdrawal of confidence, the limitation of familiarity—the penalty which he must inevitably pay for her maturing—and he felt repelled and chilled and utterly disheartened by it.

For a whole week he never returned to the house. Three days of a second week elapsed, and still he kept away. He had been invited, however, to a ball which was to be given there the day following; and much as he was inclined to absent himself, being a little more inclined to go, he went.

Full three hours was he in the room without once setting eyes upon Rosalie. He saw her mother and her father, and talked with them: he saw squire this, and doctor that, and attorney such-a-one, and had fifty things to say to each of them; he had eyes and a tongue for everybody, but Rosalie—not a look or a word did he exchange with her; yet he was here and there and everywhere! In short he was all com-

municativeness and vivacity, so that every one remarked how bright he had become since his last visit to college !

At last, however, his fine spirits all at once seemed to forsake him, and he withdrew to the library, which was lighted up for the occasion as an anti-room, and taking a volume out of the book-case, threw himself into a chair and began to turn over the leaves.

"Have you forgotten your little wife?" said a soft voice near him—'twas Rosalie's—"if you *have*," she added, as he started from his seat, "~~she~~ has not forgotten you!"

She wore a carnation in her hair—the hue of the flower was not deeper than that of her cheek, as she stood and extended her hands to Theodore, who, the moment he rose, had held forth both of his.

"Rosalie!"

"Theodore!"—He led her to a sofa, which stood in a recess on the opposite side of the room, and for five minutes not another word did they exchange.

At length she gently withdrew her hand from his—she had suffered him to hold it all that time—"We shall be observed," said she.

"Ah, Rosalie," replied he, "nine months since you sat upon my knee, and they observed us, yet you did not mind it!"

"You know I am a woman now," rejoined Rosalie, hanging her head; "and—and—will you lead off the next dance with me?" cried she, suddenly changing the subject. "There now; I have asked you!" added she, "which is more than you deserve?"—of course Theodore was not at all happy to accept the challenge of the metamorphosed Rosalie.

One might suppose that the young lady's heart was interested, and that Theodore was a far happier man than he imagined himself to be. The fact was neither more nor less. Little Rosalie was proud of being called Theodore's wife, because she heard everybody else speak in praise of him. Many a marriageable young lady had she heard declare—not minding to speak before a child—that Theodore was the finest young man in B——; that she hoped Theodore would be at such or such a house where she was going to dine, or spend the evening; nay, that she would like to have a sweetheart like Theodore. Then would Rosalie interpose, and with a saucy toss of her head exclaim, that nobody should have Theodore but Rosalie, for Rosalie was his little wife. 'Twas thus she learned to admire the face and person of Theodore, who more than once paid for her acquired estimation of them; for sometimes before a whole room full of company she would march up to him, and scanning him from head to foot, with folded arms, at length declare aloud, that he *was* the handsomest young man in B——. Then Theodore was so kind to her, and thought so much of anything she did, and took such notice of her! Often, at a dance, he would make ~~her~~ his partner for the whole evening; and there was Miss Willoughby, perhaps, or Miss Millar, sitting down; either of whom would have given her eyes to stand up in a reel with Theodore.

But when the summer of her seventeenth year beheld her bursting into womanhood; when her expanding thoughts, from a bounding, fitful, rill-like current, began to run a deep, a broad, and steady stream; when she found that she was almost arrived at the threshold of the world, and reflected that the step which marks a female's first entrance into it is generally taken in the hand of a partner—the thought of who that partner might be, recalled Theodore to her mind—and her heart

fluttered as she asked herself the question—should she ever be indeed the wife of Theodore ?

When, this time, he paid his first visit, Rosalie was as much mortified as he was. Her vexation was increased when she saw that he absented himself ; she resolved, if possible, to ascertain the cause ; and persuaded her mother to give a ball, and specially invite the young gentleman. He came ; she watched him ; observed that he neither inquired after her nor sought for her ; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced—that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with everybody but Rosalie—Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library ; she followed him, found him sitting down with a book in his hand, perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on anything but reading.—She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day indeed become his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever ; a spirit diffused itself through her heart which had never been breathed into it before, and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew it towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa !

As soon as the dance was done, "Rosalie," said Theodore, "'tis almost as warm in the air as in the room ; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden ?"

"I shall get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, "and meet you there ;" and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

They proceeded, arm-in-arm, to the farthest part of the garden ; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another.

"Rosalie !" at last breathed Theodore. "Rosalie !" breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say "Well ?"

"I cannot go home to-night," resumed he, "without speaking to you." Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak ; for here he stopped, and continued silent so long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in ?" said Rosalie, "I think I hear them breaking up."

"Not yet," replied Theodore.

"They'll miss us !" said Rosalie.

"What of that ?" rejoined Theodore.

"Nay," resumed the maid, "we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in."

"Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie !" imploringly exclaimed the youth.

"For what ?" was the maid's reply.

"Rosalie," without a pause resumed Theodore, "you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times passed for-



ever ? Dear Rosalie !—will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again ? ”

“ When we have done with our girl-hood, we have done with our plays,” said Rosalie.

“ I do not mean *in play*,” dear Rosalie, cried Theodore. “ It is not playing at man and wife to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie ? ”

Rosalie was silent.

“ Will you marry me ? ” repeated he.

Not a word would Rosalie speak.

“ Hear me ! ” cried Theodore. “ The first day, Rosalie, I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, just as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul ; for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice ; recal what you yourself have known of me ; inquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day ? To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Rosalie ! was I not always with you ? Recollect now ! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father’s house ? When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside, but you ? Whom did I stand behind at the piano forte, but you ? Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with, but you ? Whatever you might have thought *then*, can you believe *now*, that it was merely a playful child that could so have engrossed me ? No, Rosalie ! it was the virtuous, generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. Rosalie ! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you ? Will you give yourself to me ? Will you marry me ? Will you sit upon my knee again, and let me call you wife ? ”

Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak ; but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished ; Theodore still holding her hand. At last, “ Ask my father’s consent ! ” she exclaimed, and tried to get away ; but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips !—She did not appear, that night, in the drawing-room again.

Theodore’s addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rosalie. The wedding day was fixed—it wanted but a fortnight to it—when a malignant fever made its appearance in the town ; Rosalie’s parents were the first victims. She was left an orphan at eighteen, and her uncle, by her mother’s side, who had been nominated her guardian in a will, made several years, having followed his brother-in-law and sister’s remains to the grave, took up his residence at B—.

Rosalie’s sole consolation now, was such as she received from the society of Theodore ; but Theodore soon wanted consolation himself. His father was attacked by the fever and died, leaving his affairs, to the astonishment of every one, in a state of the most inextricable embarrassment ; for he had been looked upon as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of B—. This was a double blow to Theodore, but he was not aware of the weight of it till, after the interment of his father, he repaired, for the first time, to resume his visits to his Rosalie.

He was stepping up without ceremony to the drawing-room, when the servant begged his pardon for stopping him, telling him at the same

time, that he had received instructions from his master to show Theodore into the parlor when he should call.

"Was Miss Wilford there?"

"No."—Theodore was shown into the parlor. Of all savage brutes, the human brute is the most pernicious and revolting, because he unites to the evil properties of the inferior animal the mental faculties of the superior one—And then he is at large. A vicious tempered dog you can muzzle and render innocuous; but there is no preventing the human dog that bites from fleshing his tooth—he is sure to have it in somebody. And then the infliction is so immeasurably more severe!—the quick of the mind is so much more sensitive than that of the body! Besides, the savage that runs upon four legs is so inferior in performance to him that walks upon two! 'Tis he that knows how to gnaw! I have often thought it a pity and a sin that the man who plays the dog should be protected from dying the death of one. He should hang, and the other go free.

"Well, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Theodore received when he entered the parlor; "and pray what brings you here?"

Theodore was struck dumb; and no wonder.

"Your father, I understand, has died a beggar!—Do you think to marry my niece?" If Theodore respired with difficulty before, his breath was utterly taken away at this. He was a young man of spirit, but who can keep up his heart when his ship, all at once, is going down.

The human dog went on. "Young gentleman, I shall be plain with you, for I am a straightforward man; young women should mate with their matches—you are no match for my niece; so a good morning to you!"—How more in place to have wished him a good halter! Saying this, the straightforward savage walked out of the room, leaving the door wide open, that Theodore might have room for egress; and steadily walked up stairs.

It was several minutes before he could recover his self recollection. When he did so he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to speak to him," said Theodore to the servant who answered it. The servant went up stairs after his master, and returned.

"I am sorry, Sir," said he, "to be the bearer of such an errand; but my master desires you instantly to quit the house; and has commanded me to tell you that he has given me orders not to admit you again."

"I must see Miss Wilford!" exclaimed Theodore.

"You cannot, Sir!" respectfully remarked the servant; "for she is locked in her own room; but you can send a message to her," added he in a whisper, "and I will be the bearer of it. There is not a servant in the house, Mr. Theodore, but is sorry for you to the soul."

This was so much in season, and was so evidently spoken from the heart, that Theodore could not help catching the honest fellow by the hand. Here the drawing-room bell was rung violently.

"I must go, Sir," said the servant; "what message to my mistress?"

"Tell her to give me a meeting, and to apprise me of the time and

place," said Theodore ; and the next moment the hall-door was shut upon him.

One may easily imagine the state of the young fellow's mind. To be driven with insult and barbarity from the house in which he had been received a thousand times with courtesy and kindness ; which he looked upon as his own ! Then, what was to be done ? Rosalie's uncle, after all, had told him nothing but the truth. His father had died a beggar ! Dear as Rosalie was to Theodore, his own pride recoiled at the idea of offering her a hand which was not the master of a shilling ! Yet was not Theodore portionless. His education was finished ; that term he had completed his collegiate studies. If his father had not left him a fortune, he had provided him with the means of making one himself ; at all events, of commanding a competency. He had the credit of being a young man of decided genius too. " I will not offer Rosalie a beggar's hand ! " exclaimed Theodore, " I shall ask her to remain true to me for a year ; and I'll go up to London, and maintain myself by my pen. It may acquire me fame as well as fortune ; and then I may marry Rosalie ! "

This was a great deal of work to be done in a year ; but if Theodore was not a man of genius, he possessed a mind of that sanguine temperament, which is usually an accompaniment of the richer gift. Before the hour of dinner all his plans were laid, and he was ready to start for London. He waited now for nothing but a message from Rosalie, and as soon as the sweet girl could send it, it came to him. It appointed him to meet her in the green lane after sunset. The sun had scarcely set when he was there ; and there, too, was Rosalie. He found that she was Rosalie still. Fate had stripped him of fortune ; but she could not persuade Rosalie to refuse him her hand, or her lip ; when, half way down the lane, she heard a light, quick step behind her, and, turning—beheld Theodore.

Theodore's wishes, as I before stated, were granted soon as communicated ; and now nothing remained but to say good bye—perhaps the hardest thing to two young lovers. Rosalie stood passive in the arms of Theodore, as he took the farewell kiss, which appeared as if it would join his lips to hers forever, instead of tearing them away. She heard her name called from a short distance, and in a half suppressed voice ; she started, and turned towards the direction whence the pre-concerted warning came ; she heard it again ; she had stopped till the last moment ! She had half withdrawn herself from Theodore's arms ; she looked at him ; flung her own around him, and burst into tears upon his neck !—In another minute there was nobody in the lane.

London is a glorious place for a man of talent to make his way in—provided he has extraordinary good luck. Nothing but merit can get on there ; nothing is sterling that is not of its coinage. Our provincial towns won't believe that gold is gold unless it has been minted in London. There is no trickery there ; no treating, no canvassing, no intrigue, no coalition ! There, worth has only to show itself if it wishes to be killed with kindness ! London tells the truth ! You may swear to what it says—whatsoever may be proved to the contrary. The cause—the cause is everything in London ! Show but your craft, and straight your brethren come crowding around you, and if they find you worthy, why you shall be brought into notice—even though they should tell a lie for it and damn you. Never trouble yourself about

getting on by interest in London ! Get on by yourself. Posts are filled there by merit ; or if the man suits not the office, why the office is made to adapt itself to the man, and so there is unity after all ! What a happy fellow was Theodore to find himself in such a place as London !

He was certainly happy in one thing : the coach in which he came set him down at a friend's, whose circumstances were narrow, but whose heart was large—a curate of the Church of England. Strange that, with all the appurtenances of hospitality at its command, abundance should allow it to be said, that the kindest welcome which adversity usually meets with is that which it receives from adversity ! If Theodore found that the house was a cold one to what he had been accustomed, the warmth of the greeting made up for it. "They breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and, if he could sleep upon the sofa, why there was a bed for him !" In a day he was settled, and at his work.

And upon what did Theodore found his hopes of making a fortune, and rising to fame in London ?—Upon writing a play. At an early period he had discovered, as his friends imagined, a talent for dramatic composition ; and having rather sedulously cultivated that branch of literature, he thought he would now try his hand in one bold effort, the success of which should determine him as to his future course in life. The play was written, presented, and accepted ; the performers were ready in their parts ; the evening of representation came on, and Theodore, seated in the pit beside his friend, at last, with a throbbing heart, beheld the curtain rise. The first and second acts went off smoothly, and with applause.

Two gentlemen were placed immediately in front of Theodore "What do you think of it ?" said the one to the other.

"Rather tame," was the reply.

"Will it succeed ?"

"Doubtful."

The third act, however, decided the fate of the play ; the interest of the audience became so intense, that at one particular stage of the action, numbers in the second and third rows of the side boxes stood up, and the clapping of hands was universal, intermingled with cries of "bravo !" from every part of the theatre. "Twill do," was now the remark, and Theodore breathed a little more freely than he had done some ten minutes ago. Not to be too tedious, the curtain fell amidst shouts of approbation, unmingled with the slightest demonstration of displeasure, and the author had not twenty friends in the house.

If Theodore did not sleep that night, it was not from inquietude of mind—contentment was his repose. His most sanguine hopes had been surpassed ; the fiat of a London audience had stamped him a dramatist ; the way to fortune was open and clear, and Rosalie would be his.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Theodore and his friend repaired to the coffee-room. "We must see what the critics say," remarked the latter. Theodore, with prideful confidence,—the offspring of fair success,—took up the first morning print that came to his hand. *Theatre Royal* met his eye. "Happy is the successful dramatist !" exclaimed Theodore to himself ; "at night he is greeted by the applauses of admiring thousands, and in the morning they are repeated, and echoed all over the kingdom through the medium of the

press ! What will Rosalie say when her eye falls upon this !"—And what, indeed, would Rosalie say when she read the utter damnation of her lover's drama, which the critic denounced from the beginning to the end, without presenting his readers with a single quotation to justify the severity of his strictures !

" 'Tis very odd ! " said Theodore.

" 'Tis very odd, indeed ! " rejoined his friend, repeating his words. " You told me this play was your own, and here I find that you have copied it from half a dozen others that have been founded upon the same story."

" Where ? " inquired Theodore, reaching for the paper.

" There ! " said his friend, pointing to the paragraph.

" And is this London ! " exclaimed Theodore. " I never read a play, nor the line of a play, upon the same subject. Why does not the writer prove the plagiarism ? "

" Because he does not know whether it is or is not a plagiarism," rejoined the other. " He is aware that several other authors have constructed dramas upon the same passage in history ; and—to draw the most charitable inference, for you would not suspect him of telling a deliberate lie—he thinks you have seen them, and have availed yourself of them."

" Is it not the next thing to a falsehood," indignantly exclaimed Theodore, " to advance a charge, of the justness of which you have not assured yourself ? "

" I know not that," rejoined his friend ; " but it certainly indicates a rather superficial reverence for truth ; and a disposition to censure, which excludes from all claim to ingenuousness the individual who indulges it."

" And this will go the round of the whole kingdom ? "

" Yes."

" Should I not contradict it ? "

" No."

" Why ? "

" 'Tis beneath you ; besides, the stamp of malignancy is so strong upon it, that, except to the utterly ignorant, it is harmless ; and even these, when they witness your play themselves, as sometime or another they will, will remember the libel, to the cost of its author and to your advantage. I see you have been almost as hardly treated by this gentleman," continued he, glancing over the paper which Theodore had taken up when he entered the room. " Are you acquainted with any of the gentlemen of the press ? "

" No ; and is it not therefore strange that I should have enemies among them ? "

" Not at all."

" Why ? "

" Because you have succeeded. Look over the rest of the journals," continued his friend ; " you may find salve, perhaps, for these scratches."

Theodore did so ; and in one or two instances salve, indeed, he found ; but upon the whole he was in little danger of being spoiled through the praises of the press. " Why," exclaimed Theodore, " why do not letters enlarge the soul, while they expand the mind ? Why do they not make men generous and honest ? Why is not every literary man an illustration of Juvenal's axiom ? "

"Teach a dog what you may," rejoined his friend, "can you alter his nature, so that the brute shall not predominate?"

"No," replied Theodore.

"You are answered," said his friend.

The play had what is called a run, but not a decided one. Night after night it was received with the same enthusiastic applauses; but the audiences did not increase. It was a victory without the acquisition of spoils or territory. "What can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed Theodore; "we seem to be moving, and yet do not advance an inch!"

"They should paragraph the play as they do a pantomime," remarked his friend. "But then a pantomime is an expensive thing; they will lay out a thousand pounds upon one, and they must get their money back. The same is the case with their melo-dramas; so, if you want to succeed to the height, as a play-wright, you know what to do."

"What?" inquired Theodore.

"Write melo-dramas and pantomimes!"

Six months had now elapsed, and Theodore's purse, with all his success, was rather lighter than when he first pulled it out in London. However, in a week two bills which he had taken from his publisher would fall due, and then he would run down to B——, and perhaps obtain an interview with Rosalie. At the expiration of the week his bills were presented, and dishonored! He repaired to his publisher's for an explanation—the house had stopped! Poor Theodore! They were in the Gazette that very day! Theodore turned into the first coffee-room to look at a paper: there were, indeed, the names of the firm! "I defy fortune to serve me a scurvier trick!" exclaimed Theodore, the tears half starting into his eyes. He little knew the lady whose ingenuity he was braving.

He looked now at one side of the paper, and now at the other, thinking all the while of nothing but the bills and the bankrupts' list. *Splendid Fête at B——* met his eye, and soon his thoughts were occupied with nothing but B——: for there he read that the young lord of the manor having just come of age, had given a ball and supper, the former of which he opened with the lovely and accomplished Miss Rosalie—The grace of the fair couple was expatiated upon; and the editor took occasion to hint, that a pair so formed by nature for each other might probably, before long, take hands in another, a longer, and more momentous dance. What did Theodore think of Fortune now?

"O that it were but a stride to B——!" he exclaimed, 'as he laid down the paper, and his hand dropped nerveless at his side. He left the coffee-house, and dreamed his way back to his friend's; gigs, carriages, carts rolled by him unheeded; the foot-path was crowded, but he saw not a soul in the street. He was in the ball-room at B——, and looking on while the young lord of the manor handed out Rosalie to lead her down the dance, through every figure of which Theodore followed them with his eyes with scrutinizing glance, scanning the countenance of his mistress. Then the set was over, and he saw them walking arm-in-arm up and down the room; and presently they were dancing again; and now the ball was over, and he followed them to the supper-room, where he saw the young lord of the manor place Rosalie beside him. His fancy changed the scene from the supper-



room to the church, at the altar of which stood Rosalie with his happy rival ; and he heard the questions and responses which forge the mystic chain that binds for life ; and he saw the ring put on, and heard the blessing which announces that the nuptial sacrament is complete ! His hands were clenched ; his cheek was in a flame ; a wish was rising in his throat—"Good news for you," said some one clapping him on the back ; "a letter from Rosalie lies for you at home. Why are you passing the house ?" 'Twas his friend.

"A letter from Rosalie !" exclaimed Theodore. Quickly he retraced his steps, and there on his table lay, indeed, the dear missive of his Rosalie.

"Welcome, sweet comforter !" ejaculated Theodore, as he kissed the cyphers which his Rosalie's hand had traced, and the wax which bore the impress of her seal—"welcome, O welcome ! you come in time ; you bring an ample solace for disappointment, mortification, poverty—whatever my evil destiny can inflict ! You have come to assure me that they cannot deprive me of my Rosalie !"

Bright was his eye, and glistening while he spoke ; but when he opened the fair folds that conveyed to him the thoughts of his mistress, its radiancy was gone !

"THEODORE,

"I am aware of the utter frustration of your hopes. I am convinced that at the end of a year you will not be a step nearer to fortune than you are now ; why then keep my hand for you ? What I say briefly, you will interpret fully. You are now the guardian of my happiness—as such I address you. Thursday—so you consent—will be my wedding-day.

ROSALIE."

Such was the letter, upon the address and seal of which Theodore had imprinted a score of kisses before he opened it. "Fortune is in the mood," said Theodore with a sigh, so deeply drawn, that any one who had heard it would have imagined he had breathed his spirit out along with it—"Fortune is in the mood, and let her have her humor out ! I shall answer the letter ; my reply to her shall convey what she desires—nothing more ! she is incapable of entering into my feelings, and unworthy of being made acquainted with them ; I shall not condescend even to complain."

"ROSALIE,

"You are free !

"THEODORE."

Such was the answer which Theodore despatched to Rosalie. O the envious restlessness of the mind upon the first shock of thwarted affection ! How it turns every way for the solace which it feels it can no where meet with, except in the perfect extinction of consciousness. Find it an anodyne !—you cannot. A drug may close the eye for a time, but the soul will not sleep a wink ; it lies broad awake to agony, distinct, palpable, immediate, howsoever memory may be cheated to lose for the present the traces of the cause. Then for the start, the spasm, the groan, which, while the body lies free, attest the presence and activity of the mental rack ! Better walk than go to sleep !—A heath, without a soul but yourself upon it !—an ink-black sky, pouring down torrents—wind, lightning, thunder, as though the vault above was crackling and disparting into fragments !—anything to mount

above the pitch of your own solitude, and darkness, and tempest, and overcome them, or attract and divert your contemplation from them, or threaten every moment to put an end to them and you !

Theodore's friend scarcely knew him the next morning. He glanced at him, and took no further notice. 'Twas the best way, though people there are who imagine that it rests with a man in a fever, at his own option to remain in it, or to become convalescent.

Theodore's feelings were more insupportable to him the second day than the first. He went here and there and everywhere ; and nowhere could he remain two minutes at a time at rest. Then he was so abstracted. Crossing a street he was nearly run over by a vehicle and four. This for a moment awakened him. He saw London and B— upon the pannels of the coach. The box seat was empty ; he asked if it was engaged. "No." He sprung upon it, and away they drove. "I'll see her once more," exclaimed Theodore, "it can but drive me mad, or break my heart."

Within a mile of B— a splendid barouch passed them. "Whose is that ?" inquired Theodore.

"The young Lord of the Manor's," answered the driver. "Did you see the lady in it ?"

"No."

"I caught a glimpse of her dress," said the driver. "I'll warrant she's a dashing one ! The young squire, they say, has a capital taste !" Theodore looked after the carriage. There was nothing but the road. The vehicle drove at a rapid pace, and was soon out of sight. Theodore's heart turned sick.

The moment the coach stopped he alighted ; and with a misgiving mind he stood at the door which had often admitted him to his Rosalie. 'Twas opened by a domestic whom he had never seen before. "Was Miss Wilford within ?" "No." "When would she return ?" "Never. She had gone that morning to London to be married ! Theodore made no further inquiries, neither did he offer to go, but stood glaring upon the man more like a spectre than a human being. "Anything more ?" said the man, retreating into the house and gradually closing the door, through which now only a portion of his face could be seen. "Anything more ?" Theodore made no reply ; in fact he had lost all consciousness. At last the shutting of the door, which, half from panic, half from anger, the man pushed violently to, aroused him. "I shall knock at you no more !" said he, and departed, pressing his heart with his hand, and moving his limbs as if he cared not how, or whither they bore him. A gate suddenly stopped his progress ; 'twas the entrance to the green lane. He stepped over the stile—he was on the spot where he had parted last from Rosalie—where she had flung her arms about his neck and wept upon it. His heart began to melt, for the first time since he had received her letter : a sense of suffocation came over him, till he felt as if he would choke. The name of Rosalie was on his tongue ; twice he attempted to articulate it, but could not. At last it got vent in a convulsive sob, which was followed by a torrent of tears. He threw himself upon the ground—he wept on—he made no effort to check the flood, but let it flow till forgetfulness stopped it.

He rose with a sensation of intense cold. 'Twas morning ! He had slept ! Would he had slept on ! He turned from the sun, as it rose without a cloud upon the wedding morn of Rosalie. 'Twas Thursday.

He repassed the stile ; and, in a few minutes, was on his road to London, which he entered about eleven o'clock at night, and straight proceeded to his friend's. They were gone to bed.

"Give me a light," said Theodore, "I'll go to bed."

"Your bed is occupied, Sir," replied the servant.

"Is it?" said Theodore; "well, I can sleep upon the carpet." He turned into the parlor, drew a chair towards the table, upon which the servant had placed a light, and sat down. All was quiet for a time. Presently he heard a foot upon the stair; 'twas his friend's, who was descending, and now entered the parlor.

"I thought you were a-bed," said Theodore.

"So I was," replied his friend, "but hearing your voice in the hall, I rose and came down to you." He drew a chair opposite to Theodore. Both were silent for a time; at length Theodore spoke.

"Rosalie is married," said he.

"I don't believe it."

"She is going to be married to the young Lord of the Manor."

"I don't believe it."

"She came to town with him yesterday."

"I don't believe it."

Theodore pushed back his chair, and stared at his friend.

"What do you mean?" said Theodore.

"I mean that I entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of your grounds for concluding that Rosalie is inconstant to you."

"Did I not read the proof of it in the public papers?"

"The statement may have been erroneous."

"Did not her own letter assure me of it?"

"You may have misunderstood it."

"I tell you I have been at B——; I have been at her house. I inquired for her, and was told she had gone up to London to be married! O my friend," continued he, covering his eyes with his handkerchief, "'tis useless to deceive ourselves. I am a ruined man! You see to what she has reduced me. I shall never be myself again! Myself! I tell you I existed in her being more than my own. She was the soul of all I thought, and felt, and did; the primal, vivifying principle! She has murdered me! I breathe, it is true, and the blood is in my veins, and circulates; but everything else about me is death—hopes! wishes! interests!—there is no pulse, no respiration there! I should not be sorry were there none anywhere else! Feel my hand," added he, reaching his hand across the table, without removing his handkerchief from his eyes; for the sense of his desolation had utterly unmanned him, and his tears continued to flow. "Feel my hand. Does it not burn. A hearty fever, now, would be a friend," continued he, "and I think I have done my best to merit a call from such a visiter. The whole of the night before last I slept out in the open air. Guess where I took my bed. In the green lane—the spot where I parted last from Rosalie!"—He felt a tear drop upon the hand which he had extended—the tear was followed by the pressure of a lip. He uncovered his eyes, and turning them in wonderment to look upon his friend—beheld Rosalie sitting opposite to him!

For a moment or two he questioned the evidence of his senses—but soon was he convinced that it was indeed reality; for Rosalie, quitting her seat, approached him, and breathing his name with an accent that

infused ecstasy into his soul, threw herself into his arms, that doubt-  
ingly opened to receive her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Looking over her father's papers Rosalie had found a more recent will, in which her union with Theodore had been fully sanctioned, and he himself constituted her guardian until it should take place. She was aware that his success in London had been doubtful; the generous girl determined that he should no longer be subjected to incertitude and disappointment; and she playfully wrote the letter which was a source of such distraction to her lover. From his answer she saw that he had totally misinterpreted her: she resolved in person to disabuse him of the error; and by offering to become his wife, at once to give him the most convincing proof of her sincerity and constancy. She arrived in London the very day that Theodore arrived in B—. His friend, who had known her from her infancy, received her as his daughter; and he and his wife listened with delight to the unfolding of her plans and intentions, which she freely confided to them. Late they sat up for Theodore that night, and when all hopes of his coming home were abandoned, Rosalie became the occupant of his bed. The next night, in a state of the most distressing anxiety, in consequence of his continued absence, she had just retired to her apartment, when a knock at the street door made her bound from her couch, upon which she had that moment thrown herself, and presently she heard her lover's voice at the foot of the stair. Scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, descended, opened the parlor door unperceived by Theodore, and took the place of their friendly host, who, the moment he saw her, beckoned her, and resigning his chair to her, withdrew.

The next evening a select party were assembled in the curate's little drawing-room, and Theodore and Rosalie were there. The lady of the house motioned the latter to approach her; she rose and was crossing Theodore, when he caught her by the hand and drew her upon his knee.

"Theodore!" exclaimed the fair one, coloring.

"My Wife!" was his reply, while he imprinted a kiss upon her lips. They had been married that morning.

AWAY! AWAY! OH DO NOT SAY.—BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

[ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.]

AWAY ! Away ! oh do not say

He can prove false to me ;

Let me believe this one brief day

In his fidelity.

Tell me that rivers backward flow,

That unsunn'd snows like firebrands glow ;

I may believe that lay,

But never can believe that he

Is false—and fled away.

Ill acted part ! ill acted part !

I knew his noble mind ;

He could not break a trusting heart  
 Nor leave his love behind.  
 Tell me yon sun will cease to rise,  
 Or stars, at night, to gem the skies ;  
 I may believe such lay,  
 But never can believe that He  
 Is false—and fled away.

Can it be so ? oh surely no !  
 Must I, perforce, believe  
 That he I loved and trusted so,  
 Vow'd only to deceive ?  
 Heap coals of fire on this lone head,  
 Oh ! in pure pity strike me dead,  
 'Twere kindness in the day,  
 That tells me One I loved so well  
 Is false—is fled away !

## MISS MITFORD.

[*NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*].—Mary Russell Mitford is the only child of Dr. Mitford, a gentleman who in early life received a diploma as a Physician, but who many years ago retired from practice, and has since devoted a large portion of his time to the discharge of his duties as a Magistrate for Berkshire, to which those of a Magistrate for Wiltshire have been recently added. As Chairman of the most important and populous divisions of Berks, that which includes Reading, he has distinguished himself not only by his activity, but by those rarer qualities, a cordial sympathy with the pleasures and the sufferings of the laborers, and a disposition to make just allowance for their frailties. Miss Mitford's mother, whom she lost at the beginning of last year, was a lady of ancient family, and of singularly amiable manners. The greater part of her life has been spent with her parents in or near Three Mile Cross, a village so called from its being situated just three miles from Reading, and which by virtue of one of the happiest prerogatives of genius, has become classic ground. It straggles prettily up a gentle hill, on the road from Reading to Southampton, and is often pointed out to the traveller, as the scene of those pictures of rural life which have so often multiplied the enjoyments of country people and given the feeling of the fresh air to citizens.

In childhood, Miss Mitford was found to possess fine powers of observation and reflection ; and, when scarcely on the verge of womanhood, she was persuaded into print ; yet her first publication contained little whence either the vigor of her prose writings or the richness of her tragic vein could be suspected. It was a volume of poems, of which the principal was a romantic tale in the octosyllabic verse, after the poetic manner of Scott, entitled "Christine, or the Maid of the South Seas," engagingly conceived and neatly versified, but manifesting nothing beyond an elegance of mind and graceful facility of expression. Was it that "fear and niceness, the handmaids of woman," restrained her from striking at once into an untried path, and induced her modestly to take refuge in the imitation of a style to which fashion and a great name had given currency ? Or was it that her genius was

lulled into an enchanted slumber by the same antique witcheries which had bound up that free spirit who used them to fascinate others, and was awakened like his from its golden dreams to seek for the forms of beauty in the realities of the material world, and for the symbols of passion in the authentic history of the human heart? Be this as it may, it was a fortunate hour for her own fame and for us, when she ventured in good plain prose to set down what she saw every day about her. The success was such as to leave no doubt of her graphic power; pictures succeeded sketches, volume followed volume in rapid succession; and the result is a series of works, under the unassuming title of "*Our Village*," which resemble nothing that preceded them in literature, and yet are as true likenesses of the most familiar objects in the world as an imagination of reasonable honesty can be desired to mirror!

Perhaps the great distinction of these works is, that they are—not only in style and subject, but in manner and tone—essentially and idiomatically *English*. There are no writings, since the novels of Fielding, which we should so readily present to a foreigner, in order to show him what, in the most characteristic points, English scenery, habits, and virtues, are. The descriptions of the country are all individual—they set, or seem to set, the very place before us by a few masterly touches, almost as few and as vivid as those of Mr. Cobbett himself; and then the places are such as belong only to England. They are not *show places*, which seem to extort admiration, till the very eye is weary, but quiet unpretending scenes;—the warm homestead; the dark pond covered with water-lilies, and edged with hazels; the stubble upland, cheered by the ploughboy's jocund whistle or the ploughman's song; the village green, all alive and heroic with cricketers; the winding lane running unsuspected among the hedge-row woods; the shady bank where the violets cluster thickest in early spring—these are the scenes which she loves to set in no artificial lustre, but in the sweetest lights of common day. We may, perhaps, like Miss Mitford, be partial—but there is no county which seems to us so full of pictures, which speak to the heart of home, as Berkshire—so touching in their quiet, so unpretending in their loveliness; so fitted for pensive and happy thought to those, at least, whose slender imagination does not aspire to make friends of mountains, and whom the grander forms of matter oppress and chill; and these are the scenes which will ever "*look green*" in her prose. That her rustic pictures are from a lady's hand is rather felt from the tact to discover the graceful, and the absence of all that could offend, than from any want of power or of courage. She dares do all that may become a woman. Her country lads are not young gentlemen in masquerade; their cudgels are no playthings; their eating and drinking are no joke; her sportsmen do not rest on their guns; her lovers "*do not sigh gratis*," but "*the lady speaks her mind freely*"—happily without any blank verse to halt for it. Her Mayings and dances would content a servant girl of eighteen; and her cricket matches are such as an Eton boy would not disdain to play or to praise. Her in-door scenes of higher life have the same verisimilitude and ease, resembling, in no small degree, those of Miss Austin; but they betray the female hand more than the rustic sketches, as there is more of the personal mingled with them. But all alike seem written to make the reader happy. Among the incidents there are few that are not agreeable; her characters are



always redeemed by some virtue or genial frailty ; and with what zest she dwells on the bright passages of humble life, from the joy shed into the modest bosom by the unhopèd-for avowal, down to the gratification of blameless vanity at a village Maying ! There is, no doubt, a mannerism about these works ; but the sameness is only in the frame, while the pictures within are infinitely various, full of striking contrasts and delicate gradations, always true, almost always happy.

It is a rare lot for the same author, whether man or woman, to found such a village class of composition, and also to bear off the tragic honors of the stage. There are many instances of versatility which are merely apparent—as the farce of a tragic actor who has only to exaggerate the picture a little, or to reverse it ; but to pass from a style which depends on the minuteness and vivacity of its details, to one of which the essence is condensation, is to be versatile indeed ! In the drama, however, Miss Mitford's course has been parallel to that which she has holden in the narrative and descriptive ; for as her powers, in the latter, seem to have been spell-bound by the fascination of Sir Walter Scott, so in the former they were at first enfeebled by the more potent art of Beaumont and Fletcher. These great poets, whose works are replete with beauty “ which the sense aches at,” are to a young dramatist the most pernicious of studies. They have a world of their own ; a goodly and glorious world ; but it is the mere fairy-land of tragedy. Their persons are like heroic ghosts, acting all the noble game of honor on an Elysian stage, where life and death are “ shapes of a dream.” Virtue and vice are their playthings—the one cannot be too atrocious for their shade, nor the other too glossy and ethereal for their light ; and at a breath, the one shall change places with the other, and only the beautiful be lasting ! Their persons do not overcome the fear of death by some absorbing passion or high resolve—they only play a pretty game at living and dying as the chance may fall, and care but for the grace and glitter of the attitude. Look at the “ Two Noble Kinsmen,” for example, which some have fancied to bear in itself the impress of Shakspeare ; and in one sense it may be worthy of him, but it is more unlike him than the coldest ideal of Sophocles ! The heroic indifference to life, and all the aerial pageantry which attend upon it, are not only *untragic*, but destructive of the essence of tragedy, whose bloody issues depend for their importance on the value of conscious being. Shakspeare's heroes, (save that grand exception Master Barnardine who proves the rule,) take the most vivid interest in life ; they may be raised or reduced to think it glory or happiness to die ; but this is only a last resort, more affecting by the contrast, and signifying the greatest extremity of sacrifice which resigns all that is dear, or of wretchedness which shakes the yoke of inauspicious stars from the world-weaned flesh. Yet the world of Beaumont and Fletcher—in which the vice is as shadowy as the goodness is angelical—may well dazzle the innocent and fair ; and it did, as we think, enfeeble the earlier creations of Miss Mitford's dramatic genius. The first play which she produced, “ Julian,” and which may be considered as her first complete tragedy, though the outline of Foscari had been previously traced, bore marks of the beauty and the weakness of these great writers. The whole character of the boy-king Alphonso is thus sky-tinctured, which might be well as a variety ; but the hero himself is compounded too much of the same “ glossy essence,” and his death, talking “ of white flowers, nothing but white,” is in accordance with

the poetic smoothness of his life. This play has, besides its glossiness, the grievous fault of two plots, slenderly connected; yet it is rich in beauty; and for mere beauty—such as Fletcher would delight in—it surpasses all else that Miss Mitford has ever written. The opening scene, exquisitely wrought upon a mere hint in the *Orestes*, which she had seen delightfully spoken and acted in the original by Dr. Valpy's pupils, raises expectation to a pitch which the story scarcely gratifies; yet there is no flagging; the whole play, as Mr. Hazlitt said when he saw it, "bowls on like a chariot," and the last act, though faulty in construction, is redeemed by passages not unworthy of Fletcher. In "*Foscari*," Miss Mitford almost accomplished her deliverance from the fetters she had worn so gracefully; yet here their traces remained; for of her heroes, Francesco is only too great and good a boy, and Cosmo alternately too weak and violent for a man; but the Doge is admirably conceived and sustained throughout, and his conduct at the trial of his son and at his death is more affecting than we ever dare to think of. This play is in the highest degree interesting, and except in the feeling which we have that Francesco is absurdly condemned, and that, at the last, he might as well have been made happy, and we sent unweeping to our beds—is excellently conducted. But it was in the composition of "*Rienzi*" that Miss Mitford attained the entire command of her tragic powers, that she comprised a history in five acts without confusion—that she exhibited the short-lived triumphs of glorious enthusiasm, nurtured in the love of freedom, clutching the phantoms of royalty, and fading by its own essential weakness—that she brought together, in deathly grapple, the representatives of popular tyranny and of power consecrated by time, in persons nearly and desperately connected, and intertwined the whole with a thread of dramatic interest, binding it together in one, and beating throughout as a pulse.

Besides the plays which have been represented, Miss Mitford has written two tragedies, one on the catastrophe of Charles the First, the other on the well-known story of *Ignes de Castro*, each of which we are credibly informed is worthy of her fame. The first was not acted because Mr. Colman, under the regime of Montrose, fancied the subject dangerous, though it has been represented in more fastidious times than these; the other has been twice in rehearsal, and has only been deferred in consequence of theatrical accidents, to which the authoress yielded without repining, but which, we hope, will not always prevent its representation. Besides her original works, she has edited two sets of *American Tales*, one for children, and one for readers of all ages, the last of which is strikingly illustrative of transatlantic character and manners, and rich in descriptions of scenery. There is yet one work which we trust she will one day give us, because it would call forth all her powers and accomplishments—a true English Novel. Here the lighter graces of her style, her delicate humor, her womanly fineness of observation, the tone of the elegant society which she adorns—would have fitting play, and scenes of lofty purpose and fervid passion, and meek suffering, might give scope for the force and pathos which have rendered her tragedies vital. That she is capable of such a work no one can doubt; for though the power to produce a novel by no means implies the ability to succeed in the drama, the converse is almost obvious; and that she will one day produce it must be the wish of all who duly appreciate those indications of various power which are scattered through her diversified productions.

## ANTI-INNOVATOR.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—Plague take the world ! why cannot it stand still, and go on as it used to do when I was a boy ? What do the people mean by the progress of events and the march of intellect ? What good ever came by changes ? How is it possible that any man can be wiser than his father ? Where can a man get his wisdom from, but from his father ? and his father cannot give him more than he has got to give. Ah dear ! ah dear ! I remember the time when the parish beadle was a man of some consequence, when a lord was a thing to be stared at and a sight to be talked about—and the King !—why no man in his senses ever thought of the King, but with the profoundest respect. Every day after dinner, as soon as my father had said grace, he poured out a bumper of port and drank “Church and King.” It did one’s heart good to see and hear him ; it was as good as a sermon. The wine itself seemed conscious of the glory of its destination to be swallowed not unblest, and it looked bright in the glass and seemed to dance with eagerness to meet his lips. But now o’ days if I venture to toast Church and King, I am forced to do it in a hurried irreligious sort of a way, with a kind of a sneer, as much as to say, it’s all my eye ; or my boy Tom will laugh at me and drink the Majesty of the People. The majesty of the people indeed ! I should like to see it. There used to be some reverence shown to lords in former times, but how are they treated now ! Snubbed at by the newspapers, elbowed in the streets, quizzed in epigrams, peppered with pamphlets, shown up in novels, robbed of their boroughs, and threatened with annihilation. People call that the march of intellect—I call it the march of insolence. When I was a boy, all the books we had in the house were the Bible and Prayer-Book and the Court Calendar ; the first two contained our religion and the last our politics : as for literature, what did we want with it ? It is only the means of turning the world upside down, and putting notions into people’s heads, that would never get there without.

All the evil that is in the world came by innovation ; and there is no part of the world free from innovation, neither the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, nor the waters that are under the earth. What business have men up in the air in balloons ? What good can they get there ? What do they go there for, but merely to come down, and perhaps break their necks ? They would be much safer on dry ground. Our ancestors used to be content with the sun, and moon, and stars, and four or five planets ; now forsooth the impertinent ones must be poking their telescopes up to the sky and discovering new planets almost every night, as if we had not got as many planets already as we know what to do with. Comets too ! Why fifty years ago there used not to be above one in a century, and now they are as thick as hops and as abundant as esquires. Now with their abominable telescopes,—I wish they were all broke,—the astronomers are peering about and making their calculations about comets that are to come and burn us all up. Plague take them, I do not believe them, but they frighten one out of one’s wits too.

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Steam Engines—I do not think we should ever have heard a word about Parliamentary Reform, if it had not been for steam engines. I hope Mr. Colburn will not have his magazine with this article printed

with a steam press, for if he does, I shall not dare to read it for fear of being blown up. What did we want with steam engines? There were no steam engines at the battle of Agincourt. Did not we drive out Popery without the help of steam engines? To be sure we did. I hate innovations. I should just like to know what is to become of all the hackney coach horses, if we are to have steam carriages. The poor beasts look half starved as it is; they will be ten times worse if they are turned out to make room for steam engines: and what shall we do for dog's meat if there are no horses to cut up? Then we must have Macadamized roads too! our ancestors did very well without Macadamized roads. They took their time in traveling from one place to another, and if they happened to be too late for the stage, they had nothing to do but to run after it and catch it. Let them try to do so now.

Buildings too! did ever any mortal see such an overgrown place as London is now? There is not a dirty ditch within five miles of London that has not got some Paradise Row, or Mount Pleasant, or Prospect Place stuck into it. Why can't the citizens live in the city as they used to do, and stick to their shops? There is no such place as the country now, it is all come to London. And what sort of houses do they build! Look at them—a bundle of matches for the timbers and a basket of bricks for the walls.

Rail-roads—a pretty contrivance, forsooth! to pick the pockets of the good old waggon horses, and the regular legitimate coach horses that had stood the test of ages. Pray what is to become of the farmers if there are no horses to eat their oats? And how are the rents to be paid, and the taxes, and tithes, and the poor rates? and who is to pay the interest of the national debt? and what will become of the Church if horses do not eat oats to enable the farmers to pay their tithes and feed the clergy? Manchester and Liverpool were quite near enough without the assistance of rail roads, and if the building mania goes on much longer there will be no need of a road from one to the other, for they will both join, and the people may be in both places at once. People are talking now of rail-roads superseding canals, the good old canals, half of which are already three-quarters full of duck weed and dead cats.

What did the Wellington ministry mean by opening beer shops? Why could not they let the good old gin-shops alone and stick to the regular legitimate public-houses? Our ancestors could get as drunk as health could wish at the genuine licensed old-fashioned pot-houses.

Look at the population too! People go on increasing and multiplying as if they never intended to leave off. Hundreds and hundreds of people are coming into the world who have no right to be born. The world is as full as it can hold already; there is positively no room for any more. There was nothing like the number of children to be seen about the streets, when I was a boy, that there is now. I have sometimes half a mind to ask those lubberly boys that I see about the street, what right they had to be born; but perhaps they would make me some impertinent answer, for they swagger about as if they thought that they had as good right to be born as any one else. I wish they would read Malthus's Essay on Population; they would then be convinced that they have no right to be born, and they would be ashamed of themselves for existing to the manifest inconvenience of gentlemen and ladies to whom they are exceedingly annoying.



Look at the Reform Bill, that sink of innovation, to speak metaphorically ; that climax of novelty, that abominable poke in the ribs of our Constitution, that destroyer of all that is venerable. Its opponents have been accused of talking nonsense against it. Very likely they have talked nonsense, for they have been so flabbergasted at the innovation, that they have not known what they have been saying. The Constitution is gone—quite gone ! Lord John Russell has purged it to death.

If things go on changing at this rate for the next hundred years as they have done of late, we shall scarcely have a relic of the good old times left. The weather is not what it used to be when I was a boy. Oh ! those were glorious old times, when we had sunshine all through the summer, and hard frosts all through the winter ; when for one half the year we could bathe every day, and for the other half could skate every day. There is nothing of that sort now. If a man buys a pair of skates in the winter, it is sure to thaw next day ; and if a boy buys a pair of corks one day, there is sure to be a hard frost next morning. There is nothing but wet weather all through the winter, and no dry weather all through the summer. Formerly we used to have an eclipse or two in the course of the year, and we used to look at it through smoked glass, and very good fun it was, only it used to make our noses black, if we did not take care to hold the glass properly. If we look into the almanac for an eclipse, we are sure to see that it is invisible in these parts ; and even if it is visible we can never see it, for there is always cloudy weather. I scarcely know anything that is now as it used to be when I was a boy. Day and night have not quite changed places, but night and morning have. What used to be Sunday morning when I was a little boy, has now by a strange mutation become Saturday night. I wonder why people cannot dine at dinner-time as they used to do ; but everything is in disorder ; a wild spirit of innovation has seized men's minds, and they will do nothing as they used to do, and as they ought to do. Things went on well enough when I was a boy ; we had not half the miseries and calamities that one sees and hears of now. What an absurd and ridiculous invention is that nasty, filthy, stinking gas ! The buildings where it is made look like prisons withoutside, and like infernal regions within ; and there always is some accident or other happening with it ; people have their houses blown up with it, and it serves them right, for they have no business to encourage such newfangled trumpery. The streets used to be lighted well enough with the good old-fashioned oil lamps, which were quite good enough for our ancestors, and I think they might have done for us ; but anything for innovation ! I must confess I liked to see the good old greasy lamp-lighters and their nice flaring torches ; they were fifty times better than the modern gas-light men with their little hand lamps like so many Guy Fawkes'.

And what harm have the poor old watchmen done, I wonder, that they must be dismissed to make room for a set of new police-men and blue coats ? The regular old legitimate watchmen were the proper and constitutional defenders of the streets, just as regularly as the King is the defender of the faith. A more harmless set of men than the watchmen never existed ; they would not hurt a fly. Things went on well enough when they had the care of the streets.

But innovations are not confined to land ; they have even encroached upon the water. Were not London, Blackfriars, and Westminster

bridges quite enough in all conscience ? What occasion was there for Waterloo bridge, a great overgrown granite monster that cost ten times more than it is worth ? And what occasion for Southwark bridge and Vauxhall bridge ? Our ancestors could go to Vauxhall over Westminster or Blackfriars bridge. But of all the abominable innovations none ever equaled the impudence of New London bridge. It was not at all wanted. I have been over the old one hundreds and hundreds of times. It is a good old bridge that has stood the test of ages, and it ought to have been treated with respect for very antiquity's sake. As for people being drowned in going under the bridge, nonsense ! they would never have been drowned if they had done as I did—I always made a point of never going under it : and besides, if people are to be drowned, they will be drowned elsewhere, if they are not drowned there.

Talk of innovations, what can be a more outrageous innovation than steam-boats ? they have frightened the fish out of the river already, and if they go on increasing as they have done of late, they will frighten the fish out of the sea too ; and I should like to know where all the fishes are to go to, then. We shall be in a pretty mess if they all come ashore. Besides, the sea is obviously made to sail upon, or else what is the use of the wind ? And if we have nothing but steam-boats, what will become of the sail-makers ? People in these revolutionary times care nothing about vested interests. I hate innovation. I hate everything that is new. I hate new shoes, they pinch my feet ; I hate new hats, they pinch my forehead ; I hate new coats, they put me in mind of tailor's bills. I hate everything new, except the New Monthly Magazine, and I shall hate that if the Editor rejects my article.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA.

[THE METROPOLITAN.]

THERE is a Spirit on that slumbering deep,  
 His lustrous chariot bright with orient pearl  
 And gems, pluck'd from the caves where sea-nymphs sleep,  
 Jasper the wheels, inlaid with rosy ber'l,  
 And canopied with crystal—his array  
 Mocking to scorn man's vain regality,  
 With an excess of splendors that display  
 A union with the sunset and the sky  
 On the horizon's verge, heaven warm and fair,  
 And God's great glory shining every where.

That Spirit's shape do silver clouds inclose  
 As with a robe or veil of majesty,  
 Doubling the eyes' deep awe, as they repose  
 On its resplendent brightness,—far and nigh  
 Old ocean curls his gentlest waves and smiles,  
 And shakes his sparkling waters in the sun,—  
 Joyous to hail from caves and coral piles  
 Of his great depths, his glorious ruling one—  
 The intellect pervading his far reign,  
 The soul of God's immeasurable main

Creation's ruler ! to the glowing pole  
His burning axles gild heaven's stainless blue ;  
And upon ocean's bosom as they roll,  
A thousand starry fires of every hue  
Shoot from his chariot wheels, while calm and still,  
In haughty consciousness not earthly thing,  
Nor heavenly, save one, can check his will,  
In strength moves on the delegated king,  
Lord of a boundless empire, in his pride  
And sovereign will careering wild and wide.

Ere earth he was, his labor shaped its mass,  
He trod it far beneath his giant feet  
Into a solid ball ; and where the grass  
Grows green and vernal, he his tempests fleet  
Bid trample, as the conqueror tall and proud  
Tramples a prostrate foe ;—his victory o'er,  
He to his palaces in triumph loud  
Of their great deeds, led back his waves, no more  
To waste the vanquish'd, but, in bounds confined,  
To smile with calms, and thunder with the wind.

Ofttimes his voice is heard from out the waves  
Shouting to his vex'd waters, till the shore  
Trembles to its foundations, and the graves  
Rock with their dead, appall'd at the strong roar  
Of his pale anger ; now in cadence sweet,  
Sounding dark mysteries from his depths unknown,  
He sends his strains, that the far nations greet  
From equinoctial to each frigid zone,  
In soothing concert, heavenly as the strain  
Of angel harps o'er men for freedom slain.

He calls his waiting spirits, and they go  
Gliding along the billows ere the storm,  
Seen by the anxious mariners, who know  
The presage well of each wild varying form,—  
Now perch'd a lambent fire upon his mast,—  
Now a wild storm-ship shot at midnight by,  
Or a tall column moving dark and vast,  
Linking black ocean with the blacker sky,  
Or airy shadows by the lightning shown,  
Bent on an errand for their lord alone.

He dwells in his abyasses—none have seen  
His outline,—nought, save his bright vesture's fold  
Along the horizon, where his car has been  
Rolling in pomp of grandeur, gems, and gold ;—  
He is a power unknown and infinite,  
Shrouded in mystery ; and his influence  
Unseen, unlimited, by day and night  
Is felt o'er earth, a universal sense  
Affecting all things, regulating all  
The soul of action to this moving ball.

The wan moon's lover as she sails along  
 Her airless monthly cirque in solitude,  
 Her coy beams fondling when his tides are strong  
 Along the bosom of her lover rude,  
 Or slumbering softly there like infant death  
 Ere sin has stain'd its visage with a tear ;  
 Or peering through her veil of mist, the breath  
 Of the hoarse tempest paling her with fear  
 As the tumultuous waters threat the sky,  
 And the storm-clouds rush thick and lurid by.

But now the scene—how beautiful ! The light  
 Plays with the tide of gold that shows no wave  
 Wrinkling the brow of ocean ; not more bright  
 The lightnings, when the foam-crown'd billows heave  
 Their snowy lips to greet its forked fires—  
 Their brothers of the element,—and now  
 Glory on glory, as the day expires,  
 Minister forth their homage, and below  
 The unfathom'd waters, conscious of the time,  
 Are lit with joy to their profoundest clime.

The kingly chariot passes ; night comes on,  
 To close the train of sovereign dignity ;—  
 Along his terrible domain, whence shone  
 But now such floods of glory dazzlingly,  
 Rush forth the winds, that high and higher rise  
 Till ocean vibrates, heaves, and toils, and roars,  
 And maddens into storms that lash the skies  
 From depths unmeasured—bounding from the shores  
 Wreck-cover'd, in fierce wrath its hissing spray  
 Hides the lone star that seems to 've lost its way.

Thickening and thickening shades are hurrying by  
 After their awful guard, and sire, and lord,—  
 The lord of fearful beauty, far and nigh  
 Stretching his red right-arm and ruling sword  
 From pole to pole,—earth's centre to the sky,  
 From dreamless darkness to the fields of day,—  
 In dread magnificence of majesty  
 Over his vassal waters far away,  
 Where bark has never sail'd, nor billows bore  
 One corse of man upon the unknown shore.

He ever dwells within his waters deep ;  
 I've seen him in his wrath, with terror seen—  
 I've seen him tranquil as a babe asleep,  
 Yielding unearthly sounds at shut of e'en—  
 I've seen him scatter wrecks and drowning men,  
 And heard their death-shriek when I could not save—  
 And almost slept upon his waters, when  
 I scarce could think I swam above their grave :  
 Thou art a mighty Spirit, Ocean-King,  
 Great in thy power—great in thy conquering !

## THE RIVINGTONS.

Look on this picture, and on this.—*Shakspeare.*

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—Mrs. Rivington was a widow, still young and well-looking. She felt that society retained many claims on her, and she anxiously anticipated the establishment of her daughters, to free her from the restraints and fetters of maternal duty. For one of her children she confessed she had little fear, but what could be done with the incorrigible Matilda? Just sixteen, at that fairy age when the world is all *couleur de rose*, and hope smiles over the landscape of existence, Matilda Rivington could not agree with her mother that General Grenley was the identical man calculated to make her happy—a gray-haired lover!—a gouty bridegroom!!—a copper-colored husband!!!—she shuddered at the bare idea. “Depend upon it, mamma,” she would say, between jest and earnestness, shaking her head, while her auburn tresses glowed in the light, “depend upon it I am not destined to bear the illustrious name of Grenley.”

Eliza was of quite another disposition; although but one year her sister's senior, she had the settled character of five-and-twenty. She was a finished beauty; her eyes were as black as jet, large, soft, and pensive: her hair, of the same deep tint, was braided simply across her unusually high and placid brow, and there was that pure and lovely bloom upon her cheek, which looked as though some magic power had caught a blush mantling on it, and had fixed it there forever; her figure and her feet were perfect, and the calm gentleness of her manner was in such exquisite keeping with her style of person, that no eye turned on Eliza Rivington which did not linger on her beauty. This was the most fitting face in the world to relieve Matilda's perpetual sunshine, for Matilda, lovely as she was, boasted attractions of another kind; hers was the very joyousness of nature, flashing out in every feature, in every motion, and in every tone; her bright blue eyes laughed with her heart's mirth, and her rosy lips smiled an echo to its lustrous happiness—it would have struck on the soul of a cynic, and gainsaid his practice more than a score of theories.

Archibald Fortescue, the presumed suitor of the elder Miss Rivington, was the second son of an old and wealthy baronet; gay in his habits, and buoyant in his disposition. It was a marvel among “all the world” in the neighborhood, that Mr. Fortescue had not selected the younger sister; yet had he never vacillated for an instant, and from the first time he beheld Eliza Rivington, he had been, even as her mother expressed it, “her very shadow;” beyond this, the family themselves knew as little of his intention, save by inference, as the most unconcerned of their acquaintance. There was “an understanding,” it is true; but how it had originated, or when it had commenced, no one knew. Eliza herself was satisfied that he loved her, that she was to be his wife; yet he had not said one decided syllable on the subject—he selected her ornaments, he directed her avocations, he almost limited her acquaintance—she paid no visits, she accepted no invitations, in which he was not included; and, in fine, she gave herself up to him heart and soul, in all the guileless confidence of woman. Archibald Fortescue was her first love, and as she looked on

his fine and manly countenance, she felt that the world contained for her but one image !

The declared lover of Matilda was a being of another mould ; aged some fifty-three or four years, his hair marbled slightly with white, his complexion varying from dull yellow to pale brown ; his eyes of the lightest gray, small, keen, and quick ; and his figure erect, meagre, and skinny. But General Grenley was an unexceptionable match, for he had offered to settle two thousand a-year on Matilda, and to defray the expenses of her own carriage—what more could be wished ? In short, Matilda would not marry Mr. Persivette, who had first proposed to her, and her mother was resolved that she *should* marry General Grenley.

"Yonder is the general's pony phaeton coming up the park," said Mrs. Rivington to Miss Dora Trevor, her maiden sister, "and here, most *à propos*, is Matilda." It was even so,—as she spoke her daughter entered the library : never had she looked more lovely ; whether from light-heartedness, or a shade of that coquetry which is inherent in woman, Matilda had twisted some carnations among her ringlets, and Mrs. Rivington, as she looked on her, could not suppress a smile of maternal pride. "Here comes the dear general—Dora, be good enough to wheel up that ottoman."

"I will do it, aunt," said Matilda, gaily ; "I have as much compassion for the poor old gentleman's gouty toes as you have, tender-hearted as you are ;—there now—by the time he has got tired of the country, and returned to Park Lane and Mulligatawny soup, I shall have become quite a finished nurse ;—I wonder who attended him in 'the liver,' as he calls it."

"Matilda, I will not allow such ridiculous remarks—the general does not deserve them from *you*—so liberal and generous as he is."

"Certainly he is willing to pay well for a new plaything," said Matilda, with sudden gravity ; "but, thank Heaven, women are not saleable in England."

Mrs. Rivington bit her lip.

"General Grenley," said a servant ; and the suitor entered.

"My dear madam, do not rise—suffer me to make my salaam without disturbing your delightful little circle—you are well, I trust, and my fair enslaver yonder by the harp—Miss Matilda, I kiss your hand."

"You must have had a lovely drive, general," smiled Mrs. Rivington.

"I know not of one so beautiful, as from Grenley Lodge to Elm Park ; at least none equally so to me—and to-day [the sunshine without, and the anticipation of sunshine within, gave it an added charm."

Matilda, as he ceased speaking, listlessly drew her harp towards her, and played with exquisite taste, and arch meaning, the lovely ballad of "Auld Robin Gray."

"Beautiful ! beautiful !" exclaimed the lover rapturously, "will you favor me also with "My love she's but a lassie, yet ?"

"Is this it ?" asked Matilda, and stifling a saucy laugh as she marked the tender air of her antiquated suitor, she gaily swept the chords, and after a skilful cadence broke into the air of "Duncan Gray came here to woo." Mrs. Rivington looked half angry, and Miss Trevor half amused, while Matilda, as if suddenly recollecting herself, put the harp from her, saying, carelessly, "Oh no ! that is quite another affair—the air has escaped my memory."



"That head dress is perfectly bewitching!" said the enamored general, looking tenderly on his mistress. "Nothing can equal flowers in the hair of a pretty woman."

"I prefer diamonds," observed the young lady coolly.

"I brought home a profusion of jewels from the East," remarked the general, with affected carelessness, to Mrs. Rivington. "I am a perfect amateur of gems."

"*A propos*, of the East, general," said Matilda, as she took up her embroidery, "did you ever attend the Madras Spinster-market? and do the young ladies really stand on the top of tar barrels, made up in lots, and ticketed, to be bid for like foreign china at Christie's?"

Such was the light-hearted girl, who within a twelvemonth was sacrificed to interest. Her mother was peremptory, her own fancy somewhat dazzled, and her heart untouched. At the very age when the yet unformed character is ready to receive the impress of every new feeling—when the actions are those of impulse rather than of conviction—when it depends on circumstance alone whether the heart shall in afterlife be genuine or artificial in its dictates—was Matilda Rivington led to the altar by one to whom she was utterly indifferent. "Remember," were her last words, as the enraptured suitor took her hand on the morning of their union, "remember, General Grenley, that if I hereafter prove other than you now think me, this marriage was at least not of my seeking."

Mrs. Grenley was the idol of the metropolis for a winter; the charm of the continent for three seasons; and she then returned to Grenley Lodge to rusticate for some months. During this time, Mrs. Rivington had never seen her child, and she had consequently dwelt with delight on the idea of their next meeting; it was therefore with a feeling of successful pride and self-gratulation that she drove over to Grenley Lodge to witness the splendid happiness of which she had been the author. The general was engaged with his steward, but Mrs. Grenley was visible—the mother hurried to the boudoir, entered, and started with surprise. Matilda rose to embrace her, but it was no longer the Matilda whom she had proudly pressed to her heart when they parted—her naturally high spirits, and unoccupied affections, had aided in exaggerating her continental tastes, and she had returned to her native country a finished coquette. She had been sitting, or rather lying on a low couch in a *déshabille à la Psyche*; her once glowing cheek overspread with rouge, and a settled smile playing about her lips, serving rather to display her very fine teeth, than to express gaiety of heart. Her first care, after embracing her mother, was to introduce to her the Comte de Trevillier, between whom and a French poodle she very soon divided the principal share of her attention.

"And so Eliza is not married yet, but is gone to Beechy for change of air—she is a fortunate girl, free from all matrimonial horrors!—Ah! my friend, that mischievous dog will destroy my cashmere shawl. Pray take it from this teeth."

The young count did as he was desired; rescued the costly shawl, and reseatd himself on a low stool beside his fair hostess.

"Mrs. Rivington was all amazement. "Where is the general, Matilda?"

Mrs. Grenley shrugged her shoulders. "Cannot account for him, my dear mamma. I see him at dinner; he always comes in with the Mulligatawny—touch the bell, count; his man will know where he is."

The gentleman obeyed, and then moved a few steps towards the door. "You are not going, De Trevillier? You know I cannot spare you."

"Madam may have something to communicate to her mother."

"Nothing, absolutely nothing—she knows all my history *de bout en bout*. I am married to an antique gentleman, and I am striving to feel the wretchedness of such a match as little as possible—it is a tale which it takes but a short time to relate. And so Fortescue has really not offered to Eliza—I suppose, however, she is tired of him by this time; so it is all very well."

"I wish she were," sighed Mrs. Rivington.

"*Tranquille Cupidon*.—What! still the green and yellow melancholy? she must leave it off—it is quite *outré* in this age—only passable in a little shepherdess—*De Trevillier, mon mouchoir*.—I suppose the general told you, mamma, in his last two-ounce-letter, that he is going to roast a herd of oxen on the birth of his heir—for myself, I look forward to it as a perfect bore—oh! here comes my lord—every step he takes shakes my nerves like the shock of an earthquake."

As Mrs. Grenley thus announced the general, he entered the apartment, and met Mrs. Rivington with cordial if not graceful warmth.

"Many thanks for this early visit, my dear madam; I had just ordered the carriage to pay my respects at the park; I suppose Matilda has told you of all our hopes and expectations?—Do you not think she is much improved by her traveling? scarcely like the same person—"

"Scarcely!" echoed the mother with a sigh.

"*Monsieur veut-il une chaise?*" asked the count, as he placed one beside that of Mrs. Rivington.

"Thank you—thank you—the best creature, my dear madam, in all France—formed such a friendship with us, that he could not bear our leaving the country, and eventually consented to accompany us to England—I do not think that Matilda could do without him."

A suppressed smile played round the lip of the young wife, and was reflected on that of the best creature in all France.

"And so poor Eliza is very ill—considered consumptive—should try Cheltenham—I intend that some time hence Matilda shall visit Cheltenham."

"Not for the world! I should die of the horrors; meeting at every step copper-colored bilious-looking old nabobs—oh! for Heaven's sake, general, I have had enough of that."

A pang smote on the heart of Mrs. Rivington—so changed! and this was in a great degree *her* work. She had sacrificed her child at that early age when the disposition is undecided, and that which might have been foreseen had come to pass. Matilda had married a man, indifference for whom had grown into disgust; her feelings, chilled where they should have been kindest, clung to other and more pleasing objects; she became the child of folly and of whim: every little affectation had expanded and flourished in the hot-bed of continental society, and she returned to her own country, English in nothing save her birth.

Eliza meanwhile had passed her time very differently. For a while hope was buoyant, and Archibald Fortescue all which the fondest heart could picture to itself: but time sped on; month followed month, and year succeeded year, and she was still in the same state of sickening

suspense. Her spirits failed beneath the trial, her health fled with them, and the faculty declared that the seeds of a consumption were sown. Fortescue was in town when this appalling declaration was made. Eliza heard of him at intervals, but never from him—she could not urge him to write; for although situated as she felt herself to be, her own heart would have acquitted her, she yet shrank from making a request which her reason bitterly told her should have come from him—Archibald Fortescue had intimated no wish of the kind: he had parted from her kindly, tenderly—he had seen her tears, for those she could not repress—and now she heard of him as the life of the *soirée*, and the idol of his set—she was told that he drove the most striking equipage in the park, that he lounged with the loveliest women at the opera, and finally that he had made a conquest of one of the greatest heiresses in England. This was the finishing stroke—Eliza drooped daily; the sun of her youth was overshadowed. Hopeless and unrequited affection was withering up her existence. Other and wealthier suitors were at her feet, but her mother urged, threatened, and besought in vain. “You bade me give my heart to Fortescue,” would she say, “and I obeyed you. More I cannot do.”

On learning the return of her sister, Eliza hurried home. “I can pour my sorrows into her ear,” she whispered to herself; “and, light-hearted as she is, she will weep with me over my withered hopes.” How then did her bruised spirit recoil upon itself, when Matilda talked of her unhappiness as a mere imaginary evil; declared it to be in bad taste—and plebeian; and recommended dissipation as a cure for her heart-sickness! “Were you in my situation, *ma belle Elise*, heavens! tied to old age, ugliness, and decrepitude, then indeed you might complain; but I am determined not to make marriage such a log, that I must clank its chains at every step, like a felon—*ma foi, non*. There is a cure for every evil; a woman’s heart should be her slave, not her tyrant. My mother tells me, Eliza, that you might have married Lord Littledale—*eh, pourquoi donc?*—but no;” and a shade passed over the brow even of the volatile Mrs. Grenley. “You are right; never, never give your hand where your heart is uninterested. Heaven knows!—but enough of this;” and she turned to a mirror, and warbled the air of “*Garçon volage*,” as she adjusted a stray ringlet. Eliza rose; hastily wiped away a tear, and left the room. “Mr. Fortescue,” said a servant, and Archibald himself entered in a traveling dress, at one door, as the Frenchman lounged into the room through another. “A thousand apologies, my dear Mrs. Grenley, for my appearance, but I heard that you were in England, and I would not delay, for one unnecessary moment, paying my respects to you. I thought to have caught you in Park lane, but I was under an engagement to drive Lady Lucy Cliver to the Exhibition, and your *cortège* had left town before I returned.”

“And *en vrai Quichotte* you have followed us to the country?—A thousand thanks. Mr. Fortescue, Eugène, Comte de Trevillier.” The gentlemen bowed coldly as their respective names were uttered by a pair of the prettiest lips in the world; and Archibald seated himself beside his hostess.

“I hear that Miss Rivington is indisposed—sorry to hear it, very sorry; I was told so by Beauvilliers last Tuesday.”

“Malady of the heart, my friend.” Fortescue colored painfully.

“Have you seen her yet?”

"No; I could not conveniently visit Beechy on my way down: that horrible Lady Lane talks of her sweet Laura, till I feel as though I had taken a syrup bath—cloyed to death. I always 'cut' the Hall."

"I meant had you seen her as you entered; she had not left the room a moment when you were announced."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Fortescue, with a start which had in it far more of annoyance than gratification. "Returned! recovered, I trust?"

Mrs. Grenley curled her lip. "*Tout-à-fait Anglaise*—sentiment is bad taste nowadays—too English—she is ill, very ill, consumptive they say: I shall do all in my power to cure her; poor girl! it affects me sensibly."

"*A propos*," continued Mrs. Grenley, "you will wish to see Eliza; the bell, count." The count obeyed; and Mademoiselle Félicie, the lady's prime minister, swam into the room, received her orders, and withdrew. "The best *coiffeuse* in Paris, Fortescue; am I not fortunate? She says we are a *nation de barbares*, and I almost agree with her."

Eliza obeyed the summons, and her pale cheek crimsoned as she recognised Fortescue; she made one hasty step forward, and stopped: the tears of agitation and wounded feeling trembled in her dark eyes, and she remained silent.

"My dear Miss Rivington, Eliza!" exclaimed Fortescue, surprised into emotion by her changed and careworn appearance; "surely, surely it was unkind not to let me know that you were so ill." Eliza looked at him reproachfully. "You know you have not a friend on earth more interested in you than I am." The large tears fell heavily on the cheek of the invalid. Fortescue led her to a window; it overlooked a gay terrace, redolent with flowers. "I cannot bear it," said Eliza, "it is too light, too gaudy." As she turned away he caught her hand. "Eliza, have you thought of me since we parted?"

"Do you ask me?" murmured the unhappy girl; "yes—many, many times. I have thought of you in sadness of spirit, in hopelessness of heart. I have tried to picture to myself a likeness of your destined bride. I have heard that she is beautiful, and wealthy, and high born."

"You are talking in riddles, Eliza. I have been a coxcomb—a heartless, despicable coxcomb; but beyond this I am guiltless."

"Hush, Fortescue—words are vain now: there is no future for me in this world, or I should still shrink from telling you of my sufferings. I gave myself to you in the pride of my youth: I had not a wish or a thought of which you were not the object. How have I been requited? I trusted to you, and was deceived: I relied on your affection, and it failed me. I should have scorned, miserable as I was, to owe anything to your honor. I am dying now, Fortescue, and I am grateful that it is so. Live happy, and forget me. I am weak, bodily and mentally. I forgive all; and may the blessing of a blighted and a breaking heart rest on you forever!"

"My own Eliza—"

"Oh! Fortescue, spare me, spare me. I cannot bear that tone, that look. I have endured much, very much; but I shall not suffer long. I little hoped to see you again—now I shall die happy. Go, Archibald, marry and forget me. Do not, do not break the heart of your new mistress—marry her; one victim is enough."

"Never—so help me, heaven ! Tie myself to a heartless coquette ! A pistol were a better fate. I have flirted, I have trifled, it is true, and how bitterly do I expiate my offence ; but it cannot, it *shall not* be too late !" Eliza sobbed convulsively.

"Amid all the wanderings of my fancy, my heart has never changed ; you have ever been its idol."

"How often, then, Archibald," said Miss Rivington, with a melancholy smile, "have you overthrown the pedestal on which it was reared !"

"I know—I feel all the misery I have caused ; but my whole life shall be one effort at reparation, from this hour."

"It is too late," said Eliza, faintly. "I feel that all is nearly over with me—joy and sorrow, hope and disappointment. Fortescue, should you ever live to be a father, deprecate as the greatest curse for your poor girls, that bane of domestic happiness, AN UNDERSTANDING. Tell them—but I am strangely confused—tell them, Archibald, never to love as I have loved—as I *do* love."

"You are exhausted, Eliza ; lean on me. This conversation has excited you. Look up, love ; you are too dark a prophetess ; your sombre predictions shall be gainsaid ; you will yet live, and be happy with your Archibald." He paused, as he saw a fearful smile expand on the features of his victim ; he threw his arm round her, and she leant heavily on his shoulder. "Oh, Archibald !" she murmured, "this is to die blessedly ; in your arms death loses its terrors ; on your breast it seems almost happiness. Hush !—not a syllable. Do not be alarmed ; you see that I am calm." She paused a moment, and then added, faintly, "Heaven bless you, Archibald ; this moment overpays all my sufferings—bear with me, for I am sick at heart—I am strangely bewildered too."

She pressed her hand to her pale brow, and Fortescue started as he heard the hollow death-announcing cough which shook her frame.

"Poor Matilda ! love her for my sake ; faulty as she seems, remember that she was sacrificed to ambition, and that her fate alone has made her heartless. Advise her—be as a brother to her—unhappy girl ! I fear that this will be a severe trial, for I know she loves me—and now—Archibald—my first—my only—"

She shivered convulsively on his breast for a moment, and then fell senseless in his arms.

"Eliza—my love—speak to me !" cried Fortescue, and his agitated manner attracted the attention of Mrs. Grenley. "Here is a denouement !" she exclaimed to De Trevillier, as she hurried to the assistance of her sister ; "she has fainted. It is trifling, Fortescue, she often faints."

But Matilda was in error. All human means were adopted, but in vain ; and Mrs. Rivington was summoned to the bed on which her oldest daughter lay cold in death, to weep over this second victim of her heartless policy.

## RANDOM THOUGHTS. — By MRS. MOODIE.

[ATHENÆUM.]

WHEN is youth's gay heart the lightest ?  
 When the torch of health burns brightest ;  
 And the soul's rich banquet lies  
 In air and ocean, earth and skies ;  
 Till the honied cup of pleasure  
 Overflows with mental treasure.

When is love's sweet dream the sweetest ?  
 When a kindred heart thōu meetest  
 Unpolluted with the strife,  
 The selfish aims that tarnish life ;  
 Ere the scowl of care has faded  
 The shining chaplet fancy braided,  
 And emotions, pure and high,  
 Swell the heart and fill the eye ;  
 Rich revealings of the mind,  
 Within a loving breast enshrined,  
 To thy own fond bosom plighted,  
 In affection's bonds united.  
 The sober joys of after years  
 Are nothing to those smiles and tears.

When is sorrow's sting the strongest ?  
 When friends grow cold we've loved the longest—  
 And the bankrupt heart would borrow  
 Treacherous hopes to cheat the morrow ;  
 Dreams of bliss by reason banish'd,  
 Early joys which quickly vanish'd,  
 And the treasured past appears,  
 Only to augment our tears ;  
 When, within itself retreating,  
 The spirit owns earth's joys are fleeting,  
 Yet, rack'd with anxious doubts and fears,  
 Trusts, blindly trusts, to future years.

Oh ! this is grief, the preacher saith,  
 The world's dark woe that worketh death ;  
 Yet, oft beneath its influence bow'd,  
 A beam of hope will burst the cloud,  
 And heaven's celestial shore appears,  
 Slow rising o'er the tide of tears,  
 Guiding the spirit's darkling way,  
 Through thorny paths, to endless day.  
 Then the toils of life are done,  
 Then youth and age are both as one—  
 Sorrow never more can sting,  
 Neglect or pain the bosom wring,  
 And the joys blest spirits prove,  
 Far exceed all earthly love !



## THE DUKE D'AREMBERG.

From the Journal of an English Gentleman, who resided twenty-four years in France and other parts of the Continent.

[THE COURT JOURNAL].—Being in Brussels, in 1816, I was invited to dine at the late Duke of Aremburg's.

This nobleman, previous to the Revolution a sovereign prince, had been compelled by Napoleon to resign his title in favor of his eldest son, for the purpose of enabling him to marry Mademoiselle Tascher, the niece of Josephine. When this latter event took place, I was in Belgium, and a strange sensation it produced among the inhabitants. The old Duke was created a Senator and a Count, and his son raised to the dukedom. I have seen a letter addressed to the former by a correspondent, who, apprehensive of giving offence, had superscribed it, "A Monsieur le Comte et Senateur (ci-devant) Duc d'Aremberg." But, at the period I am alluding to, Buonaparte had ceased to reign, and both father and son were dukes again.

It is known that this venerable and respected nobleman was quite blind, and had been so for more than forty years. Lord George Gordon was the innocent cause of this misfortune ; the latter had been invited to spend some time at the Chateau d'Enghein, and, whilst on a shooting excursion in the park, he fired at what he conceived to be a deer, and shot the Duke in the eyes and face. Total blindness was the consequence.

The following anecdotes, characteristic of this amiable man, will be read with interest.—Although in a state of absolute darkness, and the circumstance well known to the world, he seemed to enjoy a secret satisfaction in persuading strangers that such was not the case. Upon one occasion, he paid a visit to Mr. Vandevelde, an opulent banker, with whom he was not acquainted, but hearing that his house had been fitted up in a style of extraordinary magnificence, he requested permission to see it. I was present when he went through the apartments, in each of which he stopped—praised the interior arrangement, admired the tapestry, carpets, and window curtains ; nay, even criticized the paintings, one of which was by David, whose character he held in detestation. Another time, being in his drawing-room, I observed a servant extinguish a wax candle, as if accidentally, and forget to light it again—but the order to do so had been previously given. A few minutes afterwards, the Duke, in an angry tone, exclaimed, "John ! why don't you light the wax candle on the chimney-piece ?"

The dinner, at which I assisted, was a most splendid one ; but every day it was equally so. Knowing what dishes were upon the table, and their precise situation, he would call out to one of his guests, and desire him to partake of some viand that happened to be before him. Mr. C—, the English Chargé d'Affaires to the Court of Holland, and the only Englishman, except myself, at dinner, was sitting opposite a large dish, filled with birds of diminutive appearance. The Duke thus addressed the gentleman ;—"Monsieur l'Anglais, help yourself, I beg, to some of those birds before you ; they are delicious. I am extremely partial to them, and will eat a few presently."

"May I take the liberty," said the Englishman, "of asking your Grace what birds they are ?"

"Des Rouge-gorges."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Mr. C., in a half serious, half facetious manner, "devour Robin-red-breasts! Indeed, I cannot. You must excuse me."

"Your motive, pray," continued the Duke, surprised at the ejaculation.

"Oh!" said Mr. C., smiling, "early associations really forbid such an impious sacrilege. Any one who, when a boy, has read the ballad of 'The Children in the Wood,' could not, in after-life, be prevailed upon to kill, much less to eat, a Robin." He then added, with mock sentimentality—

No burial these pretty babes  
Of any man receives,  
Till robin red-breast, painfully,  
Did cover them with leaves.

The Duke, and all the company, laughed heartily at the extraordinary reason assigned for not tasting this delicate food; it did not, however, prevent his Grace swallowing half-a-dozen of them a few minutes afterwards.

The repast terminated; cards were introduced; I had the honor of being one of the four at the Duke's table, but, fortunately, was not his partner. Though blind, he was an excellent whist player, but extremely irritable if any mistake was made, except by his antagonists. Upon this occasion, besides losing my money, I gave him several opportunities of laughing at the blunders I committed. He played in the following manner: the cards being dealt, the Secretary of the Duke, who sat by his side, having sorted them according to a pre-arranged plan, a small piece of mahogany, containing fifty-two pegs, somewhat resembling a cribbage-board, was fastened with screws under the table; the thirteen pegs, indicating, in proper order, the cards he held, were removed by his Secretary, and his Grace would, in the space of a couple of minutes, by feeling the vacant holes in the board, ascertain what kind of hand had been dealt to him.

Abbé Maldeghem, his partner, got two or three severe scoldings for playing badly; but it is, perhaps, uncharitable to add, that I thought he sometimes made a slight mistake to afford the Duke an opportunity of showing his superior skill and knowledge of the game.

When I was first presented to the Duke D'Aremberg, he was still an extremely handsome man, with a prepossessing and majestic appearance, bearing a strong resemblance to the Royal Family of France; and, if report speaks true, he was always a great favorite of the ladies, to whom he invariably evinced the most delicate attentions. I have often envied him the pleasure he must have experienced when a handsome female was presented to him. He would ask permission to pass his hand over her features, that he might be able to judge whether her admirers had told him the truth respecting her beauty. Many fair blushing countenances have I seen thus examined. They would not have the heart to refuse the poor Duke.

Miss P., a lovely girl of eighteen, whose amiable disposition had caused her to be universally admired, was presented to him at Enghien, and he only uttered what all present knew, that—

"Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke,

and that each feature would have served as a model for a painter!"

When a lady particularly pleased him, he used to ask permission to offer her a keepsake ; sometimes a valuable book, a ring, a watch, and, now and then, his portrait, encircled with brilliants.

Before Miss P. left the Chateau, the Duke requested her to accept a small present, and placed in her hand a five franc piece, adding, "Keep this, my lovely Miss, in remembrance of a friend," The charming girl blushed on receiving this unusual gift, a silver coin, but etiquette would not admit of a refusal. "Ah !" exclaimed the Duke, "those sweet, pouting lips assure me you are angry, and yet I flatter myself that many a pretty damsel now here, will envy you the present !" He then sang the burthen of one of Gretey's favorite airs :—

*Ne jugez pas sur l'apparence,  
Tout est ici illusion ;  
Les bonnes ou mauvaises actions  
Ont partout leur récompense.*

Miss P., on examining the silver coin, observed a small diamond fixed on the edge, and on pressing it slightly, the five franc piece was suddenly split in two, and in the interior was a beautifully painted miniature, by Isabey, of the Duke, when twenty-one years of age.

The family of the Duke have been the cause of many poignant, heart-rending feelings to him. His eldest son, compelled by the Imperial Despot to assume his title and marry a woman he detested—obliged to take the command of a regiment, the whole of which, himself at their head, were taken prisoners in Spain, by, I think, the present Marquis of Anglesea.—His son, Prince Paul, afflicted with mental incapacity.—Prince Philip, his youngest child, thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot ; and his favorite daughter, Princess Schwartzzenburgh, burnt to death.

I cannot vouch for the truth of the following anecdote, but I have heard its authenticity asserted by several Belgian and German Noblemen, and it is universally credited in Brussels. The father of the Duke, of whom I have been speaking, was married at an early age to a beautiful young person, in her sixteenth year. This nobleman's conduct, at that period, was highly blameable, being in the habit of frequenting the society of females of depraved character, and totally neglecting his charming bride. Her family, indignant at the ill-treatment she experienced, resolved to withdraw her from the dwelling of such a husband. With much reluctance, and after shedding many tears, she consented to leave her lord, who saw her depart to a remote country seat without evincing the least regret. He continued his profligate career during four years without thinking of his wife ; but this gentle creature, notwithstanding his unjust behavior, still entertained a feeling of tenderness, and cherished the hope, that some day would perhaps arrive when the Duke, who had been led astray by his wicked associates, would again return to the paths of virtue. About this time, a grand masquerade took place at Versailles, to which the Duke was invited. It happened that the Duchess, who for several years had assumed her maiden name, and was then residing with a relative at Paris, was also present at the Fête. Her mild and expressive features being covered with a mask, and a domino concealing her lovely form, she was not recognized by the Duke, with whom she had entered into conversation, and her exertions to please were crowned with success. The witty and sensible remarks that fell from her lips, her sprightly

engaging manners, which overstepped not the bounds of propriety, made a deep impression upon his mind, and secured his assiduous attentions during the whole night. He expressed his admiration, and declared his love—but in vain did he solicit her to remove the mask. She at first declined listening to his protestations of tenderness. She was about, she said, to enter a convent, and would shortly bid farewell to the vanities of the world. After the most pressing entreaties, on his part, she at length consented to see him once more, but only on the express condition that he would not endeavor to discover her name nor abode, and that at the next interview she should remain veiled, and be accompanied by an elderly female, upon whose discretion she placed the utmost reliance. They again met. The Duke was enchanted with her amiability and talents;—his admiration knew no bounds, and falling at her knees, he tendered his hand, his fortune and title, to her. The lady now expressed surprise and indignation at such behavior, exclaiming, with much warmth, “Duke d’Aremberg! your history is known to me—you are a married man!”

“Oh! heed not that circumstance,” replied the Duke; “my family possess unbounded influence at the Court of Rome. I will instantly despatch a confidential person to his Holiness, and having obtained a divorce, will you consent to be mine? Difference of temper will not permit me to enjoy happiness with my present wife. Since our separation, her conduct has been irreproachable; but she is quite indifferent about me, and will experience no sorrow on learning that I have pledged my faith and affection to another female. Besides, I have heard, from good authority, that it is her intention to enter a convent, and take the veil.” “Before I give you any positive answer,” replied the lady, “it is proper I should seriously reflect upon the matter, and consult my friends as to the propriety of encouraging your addresses; however, you shall hear shortly to what decision I have come.” A few days after, the following lines were handed to the Duke:—“I candidly admit a feeling of regard for you, which I am not justified in entertaining. Having made inquiries respecting you, with pain do I refer to the conduct of your past life. ’Tis true you have confessed to me the sorrow and disgust you experience. You say, that, from the moment you saw me, all your former associates have been left forever, and that I have effected a complete reform in your bad habits. The idea is a flattering one; yet I believe you. You once married a female for her personal charms only,—moral perfections being deemed of minor importance; but now grown wiser, you place a greater value upon imperishable qualities, and are also heedless about exterior loveliness. As I have an interested motive for not showing my face at present, you must consent to fancy me what you please till the day we are united forever. A great sacrifice you may deem it, but your previous conduct authorizes me to make the demand.”

At the expiration of a few months, the Duke, having been successful in his application for a divorce, wrote to her to fix a day for the celebration of their nuptials, adding, that he had remained fixed in his resolutions, and was indebted to pure and sincere love in becoming an altered man. The time was appointed, and the greatest privacy desired. When kneeling at the foot of the altar, and about to press the trembling bride to his heart, she removed her veil, and the Duke recognized, in this amiable person, his neglected and beautiful wife.

It is unnecessary to add, that this romantic circumstance enhanced

the value of his treasures, and at the expiration of a twelvemonth the Duchess gave birth to a son and heir, the subject of the preceding anecdotes.

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### CASTE.

[THE COURT JOURNAL.]—The intrigues—the finesse of pretenders or vain aspirants to fashionable fame, have formed many an amusing picture. The solicitations with which the leaders of the *haut ton*, who may justly be termed the conservators of caste, are annually beset—the diplomacy, the negotiations, the interests which are involved, would puzzle a profound statesman. High life has a language, a policy, a tone of feeling, peculiarly its own. Rank and fashion have raised barriers, which wealth or talent, powerful as they are, cannot overleap. They must travel the common road, and pay heavy contributions at the turnpikes.

Fashion has many grades. In the first class are the Duchess of Northumberland, the Marchionesses of Londonderry, Bristol, the Ladies Patronesses, and one or two others; to be upon whose visiting lists is the *nil ultra* of fashionable ambition. These presiding deities have obtained their influence from a combination of fortune, birth, wealth, and taste. Their rank stamps their opinions with authority. Their wealth enables them to command all that art can supply, or all that the most fastidious feeling can require; while their taste sheds a lustre over their position.

The second class is composed of the daughters and wives of our most ancient families, who take their place in society as a matter of right, and are content most assiduously to follow where the first class lead. Sometimes a rebellious member of the second grade will oppose the despotism of the supreme government; and, if possessed of fortune to give a rival splendor to their parties, as well as wit and spirit to make them go off with *éclat*, the warfare will run on for perhaps two successive seasons. Then negotiations will ensue, or an armed neutrality be agreed upon, and the affair ends by the admission of the fair rebel into the highest grade. This, however, is a victory seldom achieved. The fashionable tyrants are jealous of their sway, and punish an unsuccessful attack with remorseless severity. The most abject conditions are insisted on,—such as never giving a party on any night which the higher powers may appropriate to themselves—resigning in their favor any engagement she may have entered into with a singing Lion, or any other fashionable monster—and limiting the number of her introductions.

A treaty of this nature was once sealed between the then leaders of caste and a late beautiful Countess. A party of reconciliation was given by the culprit, which her victors honored with their presence. The mortification, however, was more than her proud spirit could endure. She was gradually sinking under disgust, when an Indian relative died, leaving the accumulations of his life to her Ladyship. Long before the three months mourning had expired, war was again proclaimed, and the contest viewed with the deepest interest by the fashionable world. Aides-de-camp passed between the fair belligerents; artists, musicians, upholsterers, were engaged; and cards issued for

grand routs on the same evening by the Countess and the Duchess of ——. As the various parties sent in their adhesions, or, in less diplomatic phrase, their acceptances, the hopes of the fair rivals rose and fell. One was struggling to gain, the other to exclude. The world generally envies those whom fortune has favored, and the party of the Duchess began to preponderate. Two Royal Dukes had signified their intention to be present at her party. The countess was in despair ; tears and hysterics followed. Her husband, who tenderly loved her, was a friend and boon companion of the late King. At the husband's solicitation, the Regent promised to grace the Countess's rout. The affair was kept a most profound secret. The eventful night arrived. The saloons of the Duchess were crowded ; those of the Countess about two-thirds filled. Emissaries passed from the one camp to the other, so that the state of affairs was accurately known. All wondered at the spirit with which the Countess bore her supposed mortification ; and her staunchest friends began to think of withdrawing to her successful rival. At that moment the REGENT was announced, and, leaning on the arm of her husband, his Highness entered the room. The secret of her Ladyship's high spirits was now ascertained, and the friends who had contemplated deserting her, now congratulated themselves on their prudence. The news was quickly conveyed to the party at the Duchess's, and her rooms began to thin rapidly. She inquired the cause ; and, learning that the Regent was at her rival's party, felt herself vanquished.

A new treaty was speedily concluded, by which the Countess was allowed to give her parties on any night she chose, have whom she pleased—in short, was admitted to all the privileges of the highest grade.

The third class is composed of the maiden ladies of rank and widows of small fortunes, who, in consideration of their families and connexions, are admitted within the pale of fashion—employed as aristocratic ambassadors and ushers of ceremony. It is chiefly through their interest that the wealthy pretender is first noticed, and permitted to advance by gradual steps, like some votary approaching a sacred shrine. They form her manners, direct her expenses, invite whom they please to her parties, solicit the notice of their honorable relatives, and if they do not absolutely charge so much per head for the number of lords and ladies of quality whom they persuade to notice their protégé, they do so in effect,—by occasional loans which are never repaid, the absolute command of their houses, carriages, and country seats.

The fourth class are those who, by dint of wealth and magnificent entertainments, have established a footing for themselves, and can just venture to give a party without soliciting some friend of the third class to superintend either the arrangements or invitations ; but in doing this, they have much to struggle with. Those above them still feel a delight in repressing their advances and throwing them out in their calculations. One wealthy lady, now elevated to the peerage, used to issue her cards requesting the *friends* who honored her *fêtes*, on which she expended thousands, to name the day most convenient to themselves. The majority prevailed, and where a difference of opinion existed, great efforts were made to remove it. A morning call was the first movement. During that, the arrival of some superb Cashmeres, or foreign lace, was hinted at, and a visit to inspect them proposed. Any article particularly admired was pressed upon their acceptance,



and while good humor prevailed, it was just hinted that Thursday would be so much more convenient, if her *dear friend*, Lady A—, or the Countess of H—, did not object.

A late royal Duke, who used to visit the lady, was the most expensive guest she ever received.

One great error with this last grade of fashion, is, that they fancy themselves established too soon, and venture to give an *independent* party. Could they sometimes hear the bitter sarcasm, the severe ridicule, which, from their fashionable friends, they undergo, while, perhaps, they imagine their elegance to be the admiration of the circle by which they are surrounded, how quickly would they withdraw their idle, ridiculous pretensions, and content themselves with the respectability of wealth, without assuming the manners and exclusive tone of fashion.

#### COLONEL REBSOMEN.

[THE COURT JOURNAL.]—They who have been at Dieppe, have probably visited the romantic ruins of the Château d'Arcque, about three miles from the town. It is situated upon a considerable eminence, and commands the whole adjacent country. In the valley below, the decisive battle between Henri Quatre and the Duke de Mayenne was fought : to this victory the King of France was indebted for his throne. On this same spot, many other sanguinary contests have taken place ; the small river that runs through it has often been colored with gore, and there is scarcely a hillock, but carries with it an association of human strife—of battles fought and won.

On my last visit to this place, I accompanied General B. to call upon a friend of his who resided near the ruins of the Château. A pretty, white cottage, in the English style, and a large garden attached to it, is at the foot of the hill, and is the dwelling of Colonel Rebsomen and his family, whom he had come to visit. The Colonel was, when we were announced, at a music desk, his young wife and three lovely children grouped around him. They had been performing a concert, and, after the first salutations were terminated, they proceeded with the musical entertainment. I do not recollect ever having had a greater treat. Colonel R. is, perhaps, as excellent a performer on the flute as any living professor ; his wife accompanied him, with great talent, upon the harp, singing at the time, and the sweet little voices of the children joining in chorus. I experienced a more particular interest, upon the occasion, in observing that although the execution upon the flute was perfect, the Colonel had but one arm, and the instrument he employed, of his own invention, was of a very peculiar construction ; it had sixteen keys, and attached to a stand upon which it moved with a pivot. His father, whose "head was silvered o'er with age," dwelt in the same house. From the latter gentleman I received the following interesting particulars :—

Napoleon, in his retreat in October, 1813, found that the Bavarian army, under the command of Prince Wrede, had taken up a strong position near Hanau, and all the heights were in their possession. No alternative remained but to surrender, as they were followed up in the rear by the allied armies, or make a desperate effort, and cut through

the apparently inexpugnable positions of General Wrede. The emperor, having assembled a Council of war, among whom was Colonel Rebsomen, he explained to them the awful situation in which the army was placed ; notwithstanding the extreme danger to which they would be exposed, an attack was resolved upon, and they determined either to force a passage through the enemy's lines, or perish in the attempt. The father of the Colonel held a subordinate situation in his son's regiment, being then a *Chef de Bataillon* ; he had been recently wounded, and was in so debilitated a state, that he was scarcely able to attend to his duties. The Colonel informed his father that in two hours an attack was to be made against the Bavarian troops, and requested him to remain where he was, as there would be no chance of his being able to keep up with the troops during the charge they were about to make. The gallant veteran would not, however, comply, and resolved to encounter the same danger as his son.

The time had now come when the troops were to advance, and the Colonel finding that his father would not consent to his wishes, and knowing that he would meet with certain death in the attack upon the heights, by virtue of his authority he placed him under arrest, and ordered two soldiers to remain and guard him. The French rushed onward to the charge, and dreadful was the slaughter that ensued before they got possession of the nearest height. Colonel Rebsomen, at the head of his regiment, was the first to attain the summit, when a shot from a neighboring battery struck him a little above the knee, and carried off his leg ; the soldiers near him, in spite of the tremendous fire of cannon and grape shot, bandaged the shattered limb, and forming a kind of brancard with their muskets, placed him upon their shoulders, and continued to advance. Another shot took a dreadful effect, two of his supporters were killed, and the left arm of the Colonel was taken away by the same blow : he fell to the earth, and the soldiers, despairing of his life, abandoned him to his fate. It is known that at an immense sacrifice of life the French troops at length succeeded in cutting their way through the Bavarian army. It was fortunate for the Colonel that the French medical *ambulance* remained in the rear. Every surgical assistance was administered. The father and son were taken prisoners ; and the Colonel ascribed his speedy restoration to the unremitting care of his parent, who never left his bed-side until a perfect cure of his severe wound was effected. The *Duchess de Berry* never visited Dieppe without invariably paying a visit to the poor Colonel ; and at all the musical entertainments given at this watering place, this brave officer, although deprived of two limbs, is the most efficient of the performers. Before I took my leave of this amiable family, upon expressing my feelings for the loss he had sustained, he said with much cheerfulness,—“ So far from pitying, you ought almost to envy me the happiness I enjoy. Rely upon it, my dear Sir, *tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles.*”

#### THE COURT OF CHANCERY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—[Lord Brougham enters with a nosegay of fresh bay ; bows to the bar, and takes his seat.]

A Junior Counsel. My lord !

*Lord Chancellor.* Well, sir !

*Junior Counsel.* If your lordship pleases, I wish to move—

*Lord Chancellor.* Move, sir !—sit down, sir ! Did not I say I would hear only petitions to-day ? I am astonished that you should attempt to act in defiance of my orders ! I have a vehement suspicion that this is a part of the conspiracy, of which I have somewhat heard—I say no more : but I have a strong arm, and will use it. Call the petitions !

*Junior Counsel.* My lord ! I give your lordship my assurance—

*Lord Chancellor.* Keep it yourself, sir ! I want it not—at least, so some persons say. [*A titter, in which his lordship graciously joins.*] Come, come—call the petitions ! [*Registrar calls the first petition.*]

*Lord Chancellor.* Who appears in this ? Who is for the petitioner ?—O, you, sir ! [*Addressing another junior counsel.*] Well—

*Junior Counsel.* No, my lord, I hold no brief in this.

*Lord Chancellor.* Then why stand up, sir, and make me think so ?

*Junior Counsel.* My lord, I rose to leave the Court.

*Lord Chancellor.* Sit down, sir, and do not reply on the Court—do not let me be again deceived by your rising. I have a strong suspicion that your intentions—but no matter ; go on with the petitions. Who appears in this ? Is there no one in this ? What are the facts ? Is there any one for the defence ? The affidavits are numerous—plenty of swearing, I see ; and, I dare say, most judiciously concocted. A vast deal of paper sacrificed—for the purposes of delay, I suppose : I have known such things at common law. Who opens the petition ?

*A Solicitor.* The Solicitor General, my lord ; he will be here directly.

*Lord Chancellor.* Here directly ! I see him not. Send to his chambers instantly, and say the Court waits. This is extremely provoking—it would not be tolerated at common law. When I was in practice, I was never later than ten o'clock in my attendance in Court ; though I was, at the same time, a member of parliament, where, I believe, I took a pretty active share in the proceedings. On one occasion, I pleaded in the morning in the House of Lords ; in the afternoon, attended a meeting at the London University ; dined with the members of the Mechanics' Institute at four o'clock ; looked into the Piazza Coffee House at eight, where I settled a bottle of port with the Beefsteak Club ; and then presenting myself on the floor of the House of Commons, I made a speech of seven hours' duration, on the state of the law, which was highly extolled by my friends, and indeed, I may say, by the nation—but this is idle. O ! I forgot to name, that the next morning I was in Court by nine o'clock. I may be asked whether I had read my briefs, and knew my client's case ; but on that point I think it unnecessary to speak. Where is the Solicitor General ? Can the Court do nothing till he comes ? The public shall know that I do my duty. A gentleman wished to move when I came into Court ; is he still here ? Oh, you, sir !—yes. Well, sir, what is your motion ?

*Junior Counsel.* I trust your lordship will excuse me —

*Lord Chancellor.* There is no occasion for trusting at all, sir ; nor have I time to excuse. Come at once to the point.

*Junior Counsel.* If your lordship pleases, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gob—

*Lord Chancellor.* Exactly so, sir—exactly so—you need not pro-

ceed—I perfectly understand you ; the point you wish to urge is this—you wish—yes, I see, sir, I see—but I cannot——

*Junior Counsel.* Gobble, gob——

*Lord Chancellor.* Interrupt me not, sir ; I shall not make this order—it would be as absurd as your reasoning, and a disgrace even to the Court of Session in Scotland, my opinions of the judges whereof, peradventure, are well known. Have you nothing to add, sir ? Where is the Solicitor General ? Silence !—door-keeper, turn out all in the Court, and keep silence. This is the only court of justice in which the mob are permitted to make a noise—the lowest police office is more decent. Where is the Solicitor General ? I shall leave the court for five minutes, and return.

*A Stranger.* My lord, my lord !

*Lord Chancellor.* Well, sir, what do you want ?

*Stranger.* I am called upon, my lord, to swear to certain facts, otherwise my property will seriously suffer through a suit in this Court ; now my conscience does not permit me to take an oath.

*Lord Chancellor.* Are you a Quaker ?

*Stranger.* No, my lord.

*Lord Chancellor.* I cannot help you. The law assists the conscientious scruples of Quakers—turn Quaker, and then you will be relieved as you wish.

*Stranger.* My lord, I cannot ; the Quakers hold opinions repugnant to mine.

*Lord Chancellor.* Then I cannot help you, sir ; but I think you are wrong in your notions, and may easily satisfy yourself that there is no crime in taking the oath required of you.

*Stranger.* My lord, I cannot do so upon conscientious principles.

*Lord Chancellor.*—No doubt, no doubt—it is a conscientious objection ; but your principles are mistaken. Listen to me ; I have had discussions with many valuable friends on this point—with Mr. Jeremy Bentham, and with my esteemed friend Mr. Place, the tailor—I will furnish you with a few hints for your guidance. This is Saturday ; to-morrow is Sunday, and a very proper day—the most proper, you know—for a conference with one's conscience ; think the matter over, and on Monday come here again—I have no doubt you will alter your opinion. The law of the country calls on you to take an oath ; now neither you nor I can alter a law, and we must both obey it, though it be bad. God commands us to obey the laws—look to your Bible—and if you obey a bad law, God's punishment will fall, not on you, but on the bad law-makers. Therefore your conscience may be satisfied in obeying even a bad law, since an obedience of the laws is one of our greatest duties. You may on these grounds, I think, fearlessly take the oath. Think this over. To-morrow is Sunday, and a very fit day for such meditation ;—I have no doubt you will swear the affidavit on Monday.

*Stranger.*—My Lord, I must differ——

*Lord Chancellor.*—Wait till Monday, wait till Monday. Dear me, where is the Solicitor General ? This is totally irrelevant to the business of the court ; I cannot waste the public time in directing the consciences of individuals—I have enough to do as keeper of the king's. I see that nobody is ready for business in this court but myself. There is a conspiracy I see ; and yet surely the Solicitor General—— But I am determined to sit and do my duty—I shall be in court from nine

o'clock in the morning till twelve at night daily till November—the court has a strong arm and will use it. After that time I will bear motions, if pressing, in my bed chamber. My friend and secretary, Mr. Le Marchant, has kindly suggested the adoption of a night-bell at my house, so that there will be every facility afforded by me to the profession and the public, at a great sacrifice of personal comfort on my part. The press, I know, will approve of this arrangement—they are the best judges. Mr. Secretary, let me have all the morning papers to-morrow, except the *Post*—that is too much of a *croaker*. Who dares say that I am garrulous, and fond of hearing myself talk? It is a base and atrocious calumny. I talk less than Lord Bacon, my predecessor *longo intervallo*; far less than Lord Eldon, my more immediate fore-runner; and more to the purpose than either. The *Times*—which I never see—says so; and who doubts the *Times*? But where is the Solicitor General? Oh, Mr. Solicitor, we have been awaiting you.

*Solicitor General [being a Radical].*—My lord, I humbly beg pardon—

*Lord Chancellor.*—Not at all, not at all, Mr. Solicitor [*urbanelly*]; I am sure you were elsewhere usefully employed—do not name it.

Hereupon the Solicitor General made a luminous exposition of his client's case; and at the conclusion of his speech, the Lord Chancellor (on the principle of *audi alteram partem*) said his mind was made up, and pronounced a judgment highly satisfactory to Mr. Solicitor General.

#### TOMB OF ROUSSEAU.

(With an Engraving.)

[MIRROR.]—Who has not heard of the romantic genius of ROUSSEAU?—one of “the illustrious” of the last century, in the literature of French philosophy. Again, who has not lamented that his sentimentalities are so disfigured with self-degradation and bad passion? His picture of himself in childhood, represents him of a warm and sensual temperament, and replete with mental and corporeal susceptibility. His whole life is a *romance* darkened over with woes of his own infliction, and only made tolerable to himself by uncurbed license and extravagant conceit. It was a dream harrowed up with many horrible wakings. His fine talents were prostituted, politically and morally, to purposes which seemed only framed to divert mankind from the pursuit of happiness, and exhaust them with fond excess. Yet such a man desired to be buried in a GARDEN, a place which “fills the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and lays all its turbulent passions at rest.”

ROUSSEAU, it appears, died at Ermenonville, July 2, 1778, and was buried in the Isle of Poplars, about ten leagues from Paris. Jaded nigh unto death with the controversies which he himself had provoked, and the strife which he had stirred up, in 1775 he consented to renounce all further discussion on the topics which had involved him in so many hostilities. He had before tried this relief in solitude, but like all misanthropes and solitudinarians, though always praising this ascetic life, he could never bear to be long out of the general gaze. Suspicion of a supposed confederacy—a sort of revenge which growing years had brought him to fear from the world, which he had abused—led him, in March 1777, to accept the invitation of the Marquess de

Girardin, to reside with his wife in a small house, near the latter's beautiful seat of Ermenonville. Here Rousseau died of apoplexy, having requested his host to bury him in his garden. Girardin, who entertained a kindred love of gardens, complied with this request, and caused the monumental tribute in the engraving to be erected to the memory of Rousseau.

Girardin, it may here be mentioned, wrote *De la Composition de Paysages*. He kept a band of musicians to perambulate the charming grounds of Ermenonville, performing concerts sometimes in the leafy orchestra of the woods, at other times on the water, and at night adjoining his hall of company. How must this minstrelsy have enchanted these romantic regions!

Our engraving is copied from a large print published at Paris in 1781, when the original was engraved by Godefroy, of "the Imperial and Royal Academy of Vienna," from a drawing "after nature," by Gandat. The French description of the print may be rendered thus:—On the tomb, beneath a palm, the emblem of fecundity, is seated a woman, supporting with one hand a babe she is suckling, and placing the other on "Emile," (one of Rousseau's finest works;) near her are mothers offering fruits and flowers upon an altar erected before a statue of Nature; on the other side, one of their children is setting fire to swaddling clothes, bands, and stays,—the encumbrances or fetters of early life; whilst other children are dancing and playing with a cap of liberty, placed on a pole. Beside this bas-relief, at the right end pilaster is a statue of *Harmony* playing a lyre, and at the corresponding end is a figure of *Eloquence*, holding a flute and a thunderbolt, the emblems of sweetness and might. Upon the pediment is a coronal wreath encircling the words "*Vitam impendere vero*:" (a Life of Truth.) Upon the opposite side of the tomb is engraved this epitaph—"Ici repose l'homme de la Nature et de la Verité," (here rests the man of truth and nature,) and upon the pilasters corresponding with those seen in the engraving, are sculptured *Nature* represented by a mother suckling two infants, and *Truth* by a female holding a torch. On the pediment are two doves expiring beneath two torches smoking and partly extinguished under the foot of the Urn of Julie (*Julie, ou la nouvelle Heloise*, another of Rousseau's works;) at each end of the tomb is a lacrymatory vase.

Votive tombs, tablets, &c., to Rousseau, were not uncommon some few years since. In the Earl of Harcourt's garden, at Nuneham, in Oxfordshire (laid out in some parts under the eye and fine taste of the poet Mason), on a bust of Rousseau are these lines:

Say, is thy honest heart to virtue warm?

Can genius animate thy feeling breast?

Approach, behold this venerable form:

'Tis Rousseau!—let thy bosom speak the rest.

Perhaps we have been somewhat harsh in our strictures on Rousseau; but here is a passage from his biographers, compiled in Gorton's Dictionary:—"With the exception, possibly, of Cardan, no writer ever related circumstances so humiliating and degrading of himself; but while ostensibly executed as a self-imposed task of contrition, it was evidently a tribute to vanity and self-importance. Although abounding with excellent analyses of sentiment and action, it is dangerous, for the manner in which the virtues and vices are constantly



confounded, not to mention the disgusting nature of a species of mental exposure, as nauseous as a similar display of bodily infirmities would be, if made with equal minuteness and as little necessity. A sense of shame has many beautiful uses, and a cynical contempt for it has a very equivocal pretension to the name of philosophy. Another posthumous work, entitled '*Les Rêveries du Promeneur solitaire*,' which gives a view of his thoughts and sentiments at a later period, is also a very characteristic production, and with several other smaller pieces in vindication of himself, may be studied with a view to a due understanding of this moral and literary phenomenon, who after all was possibly moved by two or three very simple springs of action, from first to last, the principal of which was, utter and entire self-engrossment. To the list of his writings already enumerated, many more might be added, which equally mark his peculiar warmth and energy of style, and vigor of thinking. Rousseau exercised great influence over the theoretical opinions of the age, at the period of the French Revolution, when his '*Social Contract*' was a favorite political authority. His reputation has since greatly declined; but while the French language exists, he must always be regarded as one of the greatest authors to be found in it."

## Varieties.

THE MONTH OF JULY shines conspicuous in the annals of Liberty. On the 26th of July, 1581, was issued the Edict of the Confederates of the Low Countries, by which they renounced obedience to Philip II. On the 11th of July, 1690, was the battle of the Boyne, where James II. was defeated, and lost forever the throne of England. On the 4th July, 1776, the United States of America declared their Independence. On the 14th July, 1789, the Bastille was taken; and on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, the Paris Revolution took place, which expelled Charles X. from the throne of France.

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.—Since the fate of Poland seems to be sealed by the event of the 8th of September, it will be grateful to the friends of that gallant people to know, that the Grand Duke Michael, who, on that day, received the *bread and salt* tribute of duty from the constituted authorities of Warsaw, at its gates, is a prince eminent for the mildness of his disposition, and the generous principles of his character. His wife, her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Helene, (now in England for a short visit for the re-establishment of her health,) is a princess of the same amiable qualities. The Grand Duke is the only surviving brother of the Emperor Nicolas.

THE POLISH ARISTOCRACY.—Much has been said of the hundreds of thousands of nobles in Poland. They must not, however, be confounded with the aristocracy of other countries. They had no exclusive privileges; they could boast neither entails nor hereditary dignities, nor, in fact, any distinction which appertains to the feudal lord of the soil. The great bulk of the nobility were rich if they possessed a few acres of land, a horse, and a sabre; and were nothing more than a permanent caste, bequeathing their patricianship from father to son. Great damage was done to this caste by the second partition of Poland.

**APHORISMS.**—The reason why the dishonest man, and sometimes even the fool, are more successful in their journey through life than the man of honor and talent, is simply this :—the dishonest man and the fool have less difficulty in assimilating themselves to the manners and tone of the world in general—which is, in fact, nothing but dishonesty and folly ; while, on the other hand, the man of honor and talent, not being able to enter immediately into a commerce with society, loses an opportunity the most precious for “pushing his fortune.” The first are merchants, who, knowing the language of the country, dispose of their goods, and provision themselves without delay ; the others are obliged to learn the language of the sellers and the purchasers, before they can either submit their merchandize to public inspection, or enter into any arrangements. *Sometimes they disdain to make themselves acquainted with this language, and then they return to their own homes without even a handsel.*

The woman who values her mental quality more than her beauty, is superior to her sex. She who esteems herself more on account of her beauty than of her talents, is of her sex. But she who prides herself more on her birth than her beauty, is out of her sex, and above her sex.

**THE MURDER OF BECCAFUMI.**—Andrea del Castagno, an artist of considerable repute, owed much of the success he had met with to the kindness and instructions of his friend Domenico Beccafumi, one of the most beautiful colorists of his time. From what Domenico communicated to him, Andrea suspected that he possessed some secrets in regard to color, which gave Domenico so proud a pre-eminence in this branch. Ingratiating himself still farther into his confidence, he at length received the utmost proof of friendship which a friend could bestow—a knowledge of the means by which he himself rose to distinction, supposed to have been the secret of painting in oil. Andrea resolved to appropriate it to his own fame, and conceived the horrid idea of murdering the friend to whom he was indebted for it. With terrific rapidity the deed followed the diabolic impulse which inspired it. He knew that Domenico had just rambled out with his lute into the fields ; it was evening ; and, seizing the instrument of death, he hastened to place himself at a remote spot by which Domenico was accustomed to pass on his return at nightfall.

There the demon in human shape waited patiently for his victim, wrestling with the relenting pang which ever yields to the desperate purpose of the man of blood. He caught the glimpse of a shadow—he heard a footstep approach—he knew it ; and as Domenico passed he struck him with a heavy leaden weight one blow upon the chest. It crushed at once the lute and the breast of his friend, who, uttering a cry, fell to the earth ; while Andrea, rushing from the place, regained his apartment, and resumed his work. Scarcely had he seated himself, before two countrymen hastily entered, bearing tidings that a dying man, whom they had found, had directed them to him, beseeching he would hasten to a wounded friend.

Andrea, affecting the utmost surprise, ran back with them to the place ; and the unfortunate Domenico, it is related, actually breathed his last sigh in the murderer's arms. The fact was only revealed when Andrea was on his death-bed ; and then with no expression of remorse. What is more singular, he was interred in the exact spot where slept the remains of his victim.

**ECCESTRY** of V.—Eccentricity finds eccentric reasons for its doings. Schlager, an Irish man of fortune, sold his estate, and fixed in the northernmost corner of Iceland. He said that he fixed there because he hated the confined air of Europe, and chose to have his breeze fresh from the sea.

An Fobationian, some years ago, was found vegetating in the midst of bogs and wholms, in a village on the west coast of Ireland. His reason was Sir, in the next post-town to America.

A Soldier, who had pitched his house on the summit of the Sierra Morena. On being asked, "why he preferred that place of clouds, storms, and solitude," although he said, "that he was tired of mankind, and the clouds hid his face, and so on from him; that he was tired of his wife's tongue, and she had permitted her to 'drown her talk; and as to the solitude, he could not find a companioner, had the angels for his next-door neighbors."

Spoken occupied the was now FRIENDSHIP.—Hurring (king of Sweden, in the year 1657) on the outbreak of a bloody war which he undertook against Hading, fury assaults mark, to revenge the death of his brother, changed of a violently violent hatred against his enemy, into an excess of friendship. Men moreover concluded between the two princes with a solemn oath duals; yes, that on the death of either, the other should not survive congregated long after, Hading was falsely reported to have been murdered by his own daughter; which Hurring believing, resolved to die being true to his promise. In pursuance of this design, he regaled his excesses and the chief persons of the kingdom with a sumptuous entertainment, and at the conclusion of the feast, being drunk, he threw himself into a deep tub full of mead, where he was drowned. Hading was sorely vexed at the news, but resolving to imitate the generosity of his friend, he hanged himself in the sight of all his people.

**THE DANISH VULGATE.**—In the year 1527, the Danish sovereign embraced Protestantism, and his example was universally followed by his subjects. It is somewhat remarkable, that, up to the present day, no earlier translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue, than that which was published four years antecedent to this event, should have been known, even in Denmark itself. Professor Molbech of Copenhagen has, however, at length discovered a version, which was executed by some unknown hand between the year 1470 and 1480; nearly half a century, therefore, before Tyndall published his New Testament. The MS. itself is in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, and contains 319 sheets of paper in small folio, of which Professor Molbech has now laid 210 before the Danish public. It is as literal a translation from the Latin vulgate as the edition of 1524 was from Luther's version.

**CONJUGAL COMPLAISANCE.**—The following specimen of conjugal complaisance will seem "passing strange" to untraveled English readers: Mr. V—, a gentleman residing near Versailles, was in his cabriolet, accompanied by his *cara-sposa*, and her young *cavalier servant*. They drove to inspect a chateau, which was on sale. When about midway on the route, the fair lady let fall her pocket handkerchief; her obliging husband descended to pick it up, but scarce had his foot touched the ground, when the young cavalier whipped the steed furiously, and was soon out of sight. The deserted *mari* thought, of course, that the horse had taken fright; but the truth could not long

be concealed. Madame V—— had proved another cavalier a modern Paris! No tidings have yet been faithful consort, the false cavalier, or the cabriolet and

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THE GRAND DUCHESS HELENE AND PRINCE FRIEDRICH, with their extensive suite, occupy the whole don Hotel in Old Bond street, London, with the except room, which continues open to the public. The daily these royal and noble personages, including their attendants, cost \$444. Seventy-five pair of wax-lights are consumed

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BETTING.—Amongst other fashionable follies imported from England, that of betting, or laying wagers, is becoming, of late, with the young men of *ton*. I witnessed, one day, a most distressing event, arising out of one of those "times," as they are termed in sporting phraseology. On an early promenade, I saw a tilbury, drawn by a young man, the place of a horse, suddenly stop at the *Barrière d'Or*. At the same instant, the hapless youth fell to the ground, exclaiming, "suis mort!" and died on the spot. The body was taken to the *bureau de l'Octroi*, and medical aid applied, but in vain; a blood-vessel, in drawing the tilbury from the Rue d'Or to the *barrière*,—about a mile of rising ground,—within the hour, for a wager of 500 francs! He was "the only son of a mother, a widow" lady of great respectability, who lost her husband in the attack of Algiers.

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POLISH CHIEFS.—The property of most of the chiefs of the late Polish army has been sequestered. It is reported, however, that the heroic Countess de Plater has been released from "durance vile," and that she is now placed under the *surveillance* of the Russian police. Her gallant brother has escaped, but the whole of his immense possessions are confiscated.

NARROW ESCAPE.—"Just before we reached the mouth of this contracted defile, a buzz from the head of the column proclaimed the enemy's infantry to be at hand, and the musketry had no sooner commenced, than an officer, who had been amusing himself by the perusal of a volume of *Gil Blas*, hastily placed it under the breast of his grey pelisse: almost at the same instant a musket ball buried itself in the middle of the book, and displaced him from his horse, without inflicting any further injury. It is a curious fact, that the exact pattern of the silk braiding of the pelisse was indented in the leaden bullet."

Cooke's Narrative.

"It was here I saw the remarkable death of one of the rifle corps, who had killed a French soldier, and who, before he had taken his rifle from the level, received a ball through his body, which caused him such excruciating agony, that his face was all at once distorted, his eyes rolled, and his lips, blackened with the biting of cartridges, convulsively opened. His teeth were tightly clenched; his arms and legs were thrown into an extended position, and he held out his rifle, grasped at arm's length, and remained stationary in this extraordinary attitude for a few moments, until he dropped down dead, as suddenly as if struck by a flash of lightning."—*Id.*

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greater part of the business passed in dumb show. When the Recorder left the bench the crowd in the hall gave three cheers for the King, and peaceably retired. From the Guildhall to the Mansion-house the procession was renewed, the Recorder, Sheriffs, and magistrates, being guarded as before, and the mob much increased in numbers. Loud disapprobation was testified in words, groans, hisses, and missiles, along the whole route, but there was no violence. At the Commercial-rooms Sir Charles was greeted, by a body of admirers, with three cheers, and even this did not produce any violent act on the part of the mob. The Mansion-house, in Queen square, was reached in safety; and, although a lamp or window of the carriage was broken with a stone, and some other damage done to the vehicle, the Recorder was permitted to enter with the magistrates; not, however, without the accompaniment of a volley of stones. The constables had hitherto been occupied solely with the protection of the person of the Recorder. He was now housed; and with more zeal than discretion, these men made a rush on the mob and secured several of the stone throwers. Repeated assaults and captures roused the mob, and the constables dealt savagely with their staves on the slightest resistance, beating with great severity their unarmed opponents. One man, it is said, was so brutally struck on the head that his skull was fractured, and he is since dead. It is but justice to observe, that gross outrages had been first committed on the special constables; one of whom, a very respectable tradesman, had received a severe wound in the head, even before they reached the Court. But if these misguided and overzealous constables were to blame, what shall we say of the magistrates? not one appeared to warn the people, or to restrain the officers. There was no remonstrance, no organization, no effort to suppress the tumult. It was not till noon that the mob became exasperated, and having been drawn away by a leader, to a place where sticks were piled, numbers thus armed returned to the attack. The first rush of the constables dispersed and disarmed them, and now was the time for the magistrates to interfere. Four hours of repeated attacks and outrages were, however, suffered, and it was near five in the afternoon when these skirmishes threatened, by the exasperation they bred, to produce the most serious consequences. At this critical moment, a large body of the constables were sent home to refresh themselves, and their absence giving increased impunity, the attacks on the Mansion-house itself became serious. Then, indeed, the Mayor appeared, and entreated the people to disperse. Had he done so earlier, much mischief might have been prevented. He spoke eloquently and earnestly, but it was too late for reason or remonstrance; he was answered with insult, and shouts of derision, and was severely struck by a stone. This moment was chosen to read the Riot Act—this moment, when there was not even a solitary soldier on the spot to support it! Thus encouraged, the mob, presuming on its impunity, attacked the constables, few in number as they were, and worn out with long and serious exertion. They were disarmed, severely beaten, many were wounded, some killed; one was spared only on condition of his throwing his baton at the Mayor's window; and another was thrown into the dock, whence he was dragged out by some good Samaritan with a boat-hook. The constables thus dispersed, the mob attacked the Mansion-house. The shutters, sashes, and panes of the lower windows, were beaten to atoms; the doors forced, and every article of furniture on the ground-floor,

tables, chairs, sideboards, chimney-glasses, &c. demolished. The palisades furnished formidable weapons, young trees were torn up for cudgels, and walls pulled down that the bricks might furnish missiles of annoyance, which were leveled at the windows of the second story; straw and combustibles were collected together to burn the house. The sudden arrival of two troops of the 14th light dragoons prevented the fulfilment of this incendiary project. The crowd was now very considerably increased in numbers, and something like organization began to appear, for some desperate fellows now assumed the task of ringleaders and leaders of divisions. The troops were welcomed with the loudest cheers, but there was not the slightest sign of intimidation. The Riot Act had been read, but there was no magistrate to direct the troops; they trotted their horses up and down the square, with that goodnatured forbearance which characterises English soldiers, but the mob did not give way or retire. The constables rallied and secured (?) several prisoners. At this time Colonel Brereton addressed the mob in manly and soldier-like language, and pointed out to them the evils their obstinacy was sure to bring on them. They listened and cheered the words, but they felt none of the spirit of the peacemaker; he came at least *four hours too late*. The presence of these few soldiers kept the mob in perfect quiet; but the restraint was irksome; a party left the square, and proceeded to the Council-house, anxious for active mischief. It was now midnight—all the previous hours from noon had been wholly wasted by the magistrates, and used with great activity by the mob leaders. The smashing of the Council-house windows was the signal for a charge by the cavalry. The mob fled in all directions, and some severe sabre cuts and blows were given, and one man was killed by a soldier whom he had wounded. The soldiers kept possession of the streets, and during the remainder of the night the mob did not re-assemble. The night was no doubt spent by the mob leaders in arranging operations for the morrow. But did the magistrates, did the respectable inhabitants, spend the night in preparations for defence? No. The magistrates had applied for the aid of the political union; it was refused, with a comment (well enough in quiet times) on the impolicy of having political judges, and on the propriety of a new election of magistrates. Yet we are told by the unionists that no riot can take place where a political union—more properly a political *disunion*—exists. Many respectable persons refused to be sworn in special constables, so that the magistrates had some excuse for their remissness in the apathy or indifference of the citizens. Morning came—Sunday morning. The mob were early in Queen square; they were quiet while the troops remained, but they were withdrawn for refreshments, and were not relieved by others. No sooner did the troops disappear than the mob leaders gave the word to repeat the attack on the Mansion-house. A party went up stairs, threw out the furniture, ransacked the drawers, and broke, stole, and destroyed at their pleasure. Another party went to the cellars, forced the doors, and made free with as much as they could drink, carry off, or waste, of three hundred dozen of choice wines. Here was a new excitement. The active and malignant of the mob were made bold, the stupid and beastly were made drunk by this attack; men and women, if such names be not misapplied to the creatures of whom we speak, rolled in the mud, incapable of thought or action. The drunkards and the thieves staggered about with their spoil and their poison in every part of the city. The

troops were now recalled, they were not increased in force, the mob was armed with sticks, and stones, and iron rails, excited to vengeance, and emboldened with wine. The soldiers were attacked, and beaten with brickbats and bludgeons, and no magistrate was there to give the word for them to defend themselves. They bore all with exemplary patience, but at length their officers held it dangerous and improper to expose the discipline of their soldiers to the continued attacks of the mob, and as they were not empowered to act on the defensive, they retreated. This was a fatal step. The mob pursued, wounding and beating the soldiers across the draw bridges, and to St. Austin's Back; here the soldiers, provoked beyond patience, fired a few shots, and more victims fell. On College-green, the soldiers turned again and fired, and again at their quarters to which they were pursued. Their forbearance was remarkable, but the ferocity of the mob only increased with the patience of the soldiers, and the want of effective resistance—just so much opposition being offered as sufficed to stimulate to greater efforts. Colonel Brereton again addressed the mob amid loud cheers; he promised that the 14th should be sent out of the city, and that there should be no more firing if they would return to their houses. Here was more fuel added to the fire. The colonel of the district petitioned long after he should have compelled. The churches were now opened, and during divine service these dreadful scenes continued. A party of the 3d dragoons were now drawn up in the front of the Mansion-house, and the mob in Queen square were tolerably inactive, till a fellow leaped on the beautiful Statue of King William, by Rysbach, and raised a pole, surmounted by a tri-colored cap, exclaiming aloud, "The cap of liberty." The mob cheered and became very restless. The wine was not all expended, and the wretched creatures continued in their drunkenness. In another part of the city, however, there was more activity. The mob proceeded in a considerable body (skillfully detached from those who remained in the square, to afford diversion to the troops) towards the Bridewell. They procured sledge-hammers from the nearest blacksmiths' shops, and forced open the gates. To prove that they had leaders, and a regular design, it is only necessary to remark that the large gates were deliberately lifted from their hinges and thrown into the dock before a second step was taken—thus was a retreat secured. They then proceeded to break open the cells and release the prisoners, and then they fired the building in several places. This was at two o'clock on Sunday. Where were the magistrates? where the political union? where common courage and English spirit, that such an outrage could be permitted in the centre of a great commercial city without one hand or one voice being raised to prevent it? Almost at the same time (another proof of concert and design) the new goal was attacked. It was a building of a late date, and had cost £100,000. They forced the governor's house and threw every moveable into the river. The books of the goal, the van for the carriage of prisoners, and the apparatus for the construction of the drop, were thus disposed of. The prisoners cast off their prison clothes, and men and women, almost naked, with wild shouts of joy, horrible imprecations, and extravagant embraces, mingled with the crowd, who cheered them as they escaped; upwards of one hundred felons and offenders against peace and property were thus let loose again on society. Again design and concert was displayed—a black handkerchief was exhibited from the weathercock on

the porter's lodge, and almost instantaneously the building was fired in several places by combustibles gathered for the purpose. The governor's house, the chapel over it, and the tread-mill in another building, were burnt to the ground. The wings being of stone were not much injured by the flames, but as much as the miscreants could do of damage was done in every place. While this vast building blazed, the mob divided; one party was led to the toll-house, at Prince's-street bridge, another to that at St. Philip's. These, with the toll-house at Wells, were burned to the ground, half-an-hour's warning being given to the tenants to depart with what they could save of their property. The mob reunited, and, at seven o'clock, proceeded in full force to the Gloucester county prison, in Lawford's-gate, which was broken into, and, after the prisoners were released, burned to the ground. There was no attempt to resist these fiends. The soldiers were still cleverly kept in diversion at the Mansion-house, and now a new division was made. A small party of the insurgents proceeded to the bishop's palace, in Canon's marsh; the military were sent for to meet this feint, and the tactics of the mob leaders were so superior to those of the military, that the moment they trotted out of the square the Mansion-house was fired by the party, whose express orders, it appears, were to perform that duty. The troops were immediately recalled, and the artful incendiaries scarcely waited their retreat, till they accomplished their second grand object, the firing of the palace. Thus the soldiers were literally between the two fires, without preventing either. At this time, the back part of the Mansion-house was blazing, and, in front, the infatuated and devoted wretches were seen setting fire to separate rooms, and then waving their handkerchiefs from the window in triumph, at the accomplishment of their infamous designs. In this state of insane joy and drunken delirium, many of these miserable creatures paid a dreadful forfeit, for the building fell and crushed them—others perished in the flames their own hands had lighted. The soldiers, who were mere spectators of these outrages, were now withdrawn to protect the Council-house, and on their retreat all the private dwellings in the square, on the same side with the Mansion-house, were set on fire. The Custom-house was lighted in each of its apartments at the same moment, and here, too, many of the diabolical rioters met a dreadful death of their own providing. Those who went up stairs were cut off in their retreat by their fellow wretches, who lighted the chambers below; and one female, and several males, were seen to throw themselves in desperation from the upper stories. Another side of the square was next devoted to the flames, beginning with the Excise-office; the parallel streets, with many wine and spirit stores, which blazed with dreadful fury, were added to the devastation. The County Gaol, the New Gaol, the Bridewell, the Mansion-house, the Custom-house, and four toll-houses, the Excise-office, the bishop's palace, and forty-two private dwellings, were destroyed by midnight on Sunday. Nearly all these places were blazing together, and the panic appears to have continued till Monday morning, when, in desperation, the magistrates aroused themselves, summoned troops, and swore in constables. The political union *now* consented to act, and the moment this face of activity was put on, the mob sunk into insignificance. The fires still smouldered in the ruins, the shops were unopened, and the military were ordered to clear the streets. This they did when there was no occasion, and with a ferocity that seemed borrowed from the

mob. After this notable piece of exertion, the civilians went on guard, distinguished by stripes of white linen on the arm or on the hat, and such precautions were made as, if taken on Saturday night, would have prevented all the horrors which have made the days of Bristol stand in strong contrast to the days of Paris. Troops, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, thronged into town. The constables were employed in taking prisoners, and re-taking the stolen property. Upwards of three hundred persons have been captured and lodged in a wing of the ruined gaol, strengthened *pro tempore*, and guarded by soldiers. Vast quantities of the stolen property has been recovered. Four men, one woman, and a boy, are ascertained to have perished; doubtless many more fell victims to the shots, the sabres, or the flames. Fifty-one wounded persons are in the hospitals. How many more may be concealed in private dwellings? Active search is made. On Saturday, a meeting to inquire into the conduct of the magistracy takes place, when we almost fear that they will be exonerated by the proofs they can afford of refusals to serve. There were some instances of active preparation, as on board the ship the Earl of Liverpool, in the river, which was threatened with attack, but a warm reception was prepared for the rioters, and they declined to accept it. A villa in the neighborhood was saved from destruction by the sudden appearance of a few soldiers. Altogether the melancholy affair is almost without a parallel. By Monday night all was quiet, and the panic of the magistrates appeared to have pervaded the component parts of the late mob. We have attempted to relate the facts, but from the very discordant testimony submitted to us, we are compelled to qualify our account with doubts. We believe we have not exaggerated in any instance, and we are confident that we have sought to extenuate rather than to set down aught in malice. We regret that the King's proclamation does not offer rewards for the apprehension of the ringleaders. 1. The person who brought or ordered straw in the first attack on the Mansion-house. 2. The man who held up the pole as a signal for the mob to move towards Bridewell. 3. The fellow who hung out the black handkerchief from the weathercock, as a direction to fire the gaol.

We have not attempted, by pathetic appeals or high-flown language, to excite feeling on this occasion. Our readers will feel too deeply from the unaffected recital of the facts. It were easy to paint pictures of destruction, brutality, injustice, suffering, misery, and horror; of men cut down who had not offended, of families driven from their beds at midnight to look shivering on the blazing ruins of their happy homes, of valuable deeds destroyed, of wanton debauchery exhibited, of appalling spectacles—such as the cinder of a man, the bruised and mangled fragments of a woman, forcing themselves on the seared eye of the spectator. No reader can prevent these dreadful visions occurring to his imagination as he reads the detail. We have only to add that imagination herself cannot exceed the truth. The damage sustained is variously estimated at from £500,000 to £1,500,000. The injury done to the moral character of the district is incalculable.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.—BY JAJA-EL.

[ATHENEUM.]

THOU 'rt false to me—thou 'rt false to me,  
 And Pride should teach me to forget ;  
 But still my heart beats warm for thee—  
 I love thee yet, I love thee yet !

I thought to still  
 Each burning thrill,  
 I thought to drown each fond regret ;  
 But ah ! my soul  
 Forbids control—

I love thee yet, I love thee yet !

Still 'midst the gay I'm seen, I'm heard—  
 My mother joys to hear me sing ;  
 Nor dreams that, like the wounded bird,  
 I bear the shaft beneath the wing !

But in my bower,  
 At twilight hour,  
 I mourn o'er hopes forever set ;  
 And tears might tell,  
 How much too well

I love thee yet, I love thee yet !

## KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

[CONCEIVING that such of our readers as are anxious to be informed of the principles upon which King's College was originally projected, and on which it will be conducted, would be best satisfied with an explanation from those through whose zeal and perseverance it has been established, we applied to a gentleman intimately acquainted with the feelings of its early friends and patrons, and he has kindly favored us with the following paper.]

[ATHENEUM.]—Man, by consequence of his natural endowments, is the citizen of two worlds—an earthly or sensual, and a heavenly or rational state. He has to fulfil his vocation in the one, before he receives his passport for the other ; and it is, therefore, as impossible for any reflecting mind to admit, that an education can be sound or availing, which does not teach the science of moral responsibilities, as it is for any reasonable being, who meditates on human life, to lose sight of its great and awful design. But the influence of education is not confined to the mere welfare and happiness of the individual : those of others, and to an unseen and incalculable extent, are involved in the good or evil, which flow from his vices or virtues—from his reverence or disregard for social duties ; and hence education has deservedly engaged the concern of every wise government, as well as of every enlightened lawgiver, from the remotest ages of the world. Both have felt that morals, no less than legislation, were one of the great bulwarks of national prosperity ; that, unless popular means were provided for judging rightly between good and evil, individual depravity



would produce a harvest of general misery ; and that no education possessed a claim upon public favor, of which the inculcation of moral duties did not form the corner-stone. We need not refer to the precedents afforded in the annals of Jewish, Egyptian, Greek, or Roman story ; nor to the institutions originating with the prophet Samuel, with a Solon, a Lycurgus, a Socrates, or a Plato ; for we have witnessed, with our own eyes, the wide scene of horror and iniquity which a neighboring country exhibited, when, in an evil hour, she cast off every social tie, and trod every religious sanction under foot. If we inquire by what instrument her state of anarchy was arrested, we shall find the renovation of religious institutions to have been that instrument. "Bleeding at every pore, one of those men, whom Providence does not call forth but at long intervals, lost no time in bestowing on her future prosperity the stay of religion, declaring, with reference to the inseparable dependence of civil upon religious institutions, that *"No Society can exist without morals, and there can be no sound morals without religion ; hence there is no firm or durable bulwark for a state, but what religion constructs."*—"Let, therefore," said he, six years afterwards, (in 1808,) when re-establishing the University of France, *"let every school throughout the land assume the precepts of religion as the basis of instruction. Experience has torn the veil from our eyes."*\*

These few remarks on the most important science which education can teach, have been extorted from us, because we think that, of late years, the pernicious principle has been growing up amongst us, of disconnecting the developement of the intellect from the discipline and improvement of the heart. If, therefore, we feel reason for deploring this perilous innovation, the greater must be the gratification which we derive from the opening of an institution like KING'S COLLEGE ; which has for its object, not only to afford "such an enlarged and liberal education as may be commensurate with the growing desire of knowledge—now pervading almost every class of society in the increased and increasing population of this great city"—but holds out, as a fundamental principle of its establishment, "that every system of general education for the youth of a Christian community ought to comprise instruction in the Christian religion, as an indispensable part, without which, the acquisition of other branches of knowledge will be conducive neither to the happiness of the individuals, nor to the welfare of the State."

Bearing these professions in mind, we have carefully sought for the enforcement of them in the system proposed to be pursued under the roof of the College ; and we have not been disappointed. Whether in the Junior or Senior Department, or in the Medical School—where it is so important an object that moral character as well as professional excellence should be formed—it appears to us that nothing has been left undone, which ought to have been done, towards justifying the declared object of its founders in this particular. In other respects, there is, it is true, many a subordinate branch of science which remains to be supplied ; but it is truer wisdom to lay foundations cautiously and deliberately, than to erect at once a superstructure which may sink under its own original magnitude. The means of instruction which the directors of the Institution have provided, are obviously such as

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\* Speech of Count Tascher in the French Chamber of Peers, March 8th, 1831.

will enable the youth of the metropolis, and other parts of the empire, to prepare themselves adequately either for the Universities, or for those walks in life where long-established usage or professional prescription have not rendered the obtaining of university distinctions indispensable. In the classical, mathematical, and medical departments, indeed, there is no branch unprovided for, the study of which is required, in order to constitute eminence as a scholar or practitioner. But there are two special departments, in which we conceive this school likely to outstrip most of its competitors ;—that of Divinity, which is made a leading object of instruction and exposition, and to which the attention of every class of students is urgently called ; and that of Commerce, for which the first trading metropolis in the world cannot fail to offer peculiar advantages.

The arrangements made for conducting the several departments are unostentatious, but well-devised—adequate for every useful purpose, and capable of being extended, as the wants of the Institution may require. As to its site, there is no situation in the metropolis, which would not have been liable to perhaps even stronger objections than the one selected ; for, where is there any other so completely central, as respects the population of London, or so advantageously situated, with reference to those societies which are devoted to the province of Science and Art ?

“ The course of education will partake of a liberal and useful character, adapted equally to professional and commercial pursuits. It will be founded on the systematic inculcation of the soundest principles of religion and morality ; and will comprise the Greek, Latin, French, and English languages ; Writing, Arithmetic, and Elementary Mathematics ! History and Geography, ancient and modern ; General Literature, Elocution, and Composition. The Hebrew, German, and Italian languages, the Principles and Practice of Commerce, Natural Philosophy, Drawing, &c. will be taught *out* of the course.

“ By the system of examination, both public and private, and the distribution of prizes, it is anticipated that an honorable spirit of emulation will be excited and cherished in the minds of the scholars.

“ The age of admission will not be under nine years.

“ The hours of attendance will be from 9 till 3, from Michaelmas to Lady-Day ; and from 9 till 4 during the remainder of the year. On Saturdays the school will close at 1 o'clock.

“ The vacations will consist of six week in August and September : one month at Christmas ; and ten days at Easter.

“ There will be annually a public Examination, and distribution of prizes awarded by the Council.

“ A Register will be kept by the Head Master of the attendance, employments, and general conduct of the pupils, from which periodical reports will be transmitted to their friends.

“ Every class will come under the examination and tuition of the Head Master.

“ A Library will be gradually formed for the use of the Pupils.

“ The terms for the course of tuition specified will be *fifteen* guineas annually to a pupil nominated by a proprietor ; and *eighteen* guineas to one not so nominated, with one guinea as an entrance-fee.

“ The Head and Second Masters will receive Boarders on Terms sanctioned by the Council.”

In the hope of gratifying our readers, we present them with a view of the splendid buildings of King's College, the public opening of

KING'S COLLEGE.



which takes place on the very day of our publication, attended by interesting and appropriate ceremonies.

## LYRIC LILT BETWEEN L. E. L. AND LADY MORGAN.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]

L. E. L. "Memento—servare mentem  
Ab insolenti temperatam  
*Letitia!*"—Hor. *Ode* 3, lib. ii.

Lady M. "—— Alla fonte tornava,  
Trovò *Morgana*, eh' intorno alla soglia  
Faceva un ballo, e ballando cantava.  
Più leggiere non si volge al vento foglia  
Di ciò chi quella donna si voltava—"  
Boiardo, *Orlando Innamorato*.

L. E. L. Who can sound the Sapphic shell  
Like the Lesbian L. E. L. ?

Lady M. Saucy sparrow ! cease such jargon—  
Sappho's self is Lady Morgan.

L. E. L. "Suckled by the Muses," well  
As Anne de Vignes, was L. E. L.

Lady M. "Suckled !"—born too, in the bargain,  
Of the Nine, was Lady Morgan.

L. E. L. Far from Brompton to Bow-bell  
Swells the fame of L. E. L.

Lady M. Fame from Stamboul to Stillorgan  
Blows the trump of Lady Morgan.

L. E. L. Nature did herself excel  
In the gifted L. E. L.

Lady M. Fatal as the glance of Gorgon  
Is the eye of Lady Morgan.

L. E. L. Genius has no parallel  
For the soul of L. E. L.

Lady M. Genius !—all, says Dr. Corgan,  
Centred shines in Lady Morgan.

L. E. L. Della Crusca's glories fell  
At the feet of L. E. L.

Lady M. Aphra Behn and Moore are o'ergone  
By the lyre of Lady Morgan.

L. E. L. Golden violets !—who can smell  
Their bright hues but L. E. L. ?

Lady M. Liberty's impassioned organ  
Is the pen of Lady Morgan.

L. E. L. Jerdan says, "If they'd but sell,  
Sure specs were works by L. E. L."

Lady M. At half-price were all my store gone,  
None would lose by Lady Morgan.

L. E. L. Glory's most impulsive spell  
Is the song of L. E. L.

Lady M. La Fayette had ne'er to war gone,  
But for note from Lady Morgan.

L. E. L. Churchyard Cupida chime their knell  
To the strains of L. E. L.

Lady M. Lovers from La Trappe to Lurgan  
Lisp the lays of Lady Morgan.

- L. E. L.* Swan-like, dying damoiselle  
Sings a dirge from *L. E. L.*
- Lady M.* A very cook made *calembourg* on  
All-inspiring Lady Morgan.
- L. E. L.* Regent Street and proud Pall Mall  
Venerate young *L. E. L.*
- Lady M.* France—adored as Demogorgon,  
In my “France” is Lady Morgan.
- L. E. L.* Florence—my Castalian cell,  
Halcyon home of *L. E. L.* !
- Lady M.* O’er “Italy,” like shooting star gone,  
Flares the fame of Lady Morgan.
- L. E. L.* *Morganite* mio !—sylphid spell,  
Morgan links with *L. E. L.*
- Lady M.* Patronised as poets’ par’gon \*  
Is *L. E. L.* by Lady Morgan.
- Both.* From British bardesses now bear the *belle*,  
Learned Lady Morgan, love-lorn *L. E. L.* ! !

## THE PICCAROON.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

“FADER was a Corramantee,  
Moder was a Mingo,  
Black Picaniny Buccra wantee  
So dem sell a me Peter, by jingo.

Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery.”

“Well sung, Massa Bungo,” exclaimed Mr. Splinter; “where do you hail from, my hearty?”

“Hillo! Bungo indeed! free and easy dat any how. Who you yousef, eh?”

“Why, Peter,” continued the Lieutenant, “don’t you know me?”

“Cannot say dat I do,” rejoined the negro, very gravely, without lifting his head, as he sat mending his jacket in one of the embrasures near the water-gate of the arsenal—“Have not de honor of your acquaintance, sir.”

He then resumed his scream, for song it could not be called:—

“Mammy Sally’s daughter  
Lose him shoe in an old canoe  
Dat lay half-full of water,  
And den she know not what to do.

Jiggery, jig”——

“Confound your jiggery, jiggery, sir! But I know you well enough, my man! and you can scarcely have forgotten Lieutenant Splinter of the Torch, one would think?”

However, it was clear that the poor fellow really had not known us; for the name so startled him, that, in his hurry to unlace his legs from under him, as he sat tailor fashion, he fairly capsized out of his perch, and toppled down on his nose—a feature fortunately so flattened by

\* Note by Lady Morgan.—I entreat that this elegant elision may be elementarily exemplified by the exemplary editor.

His obedient servant,

LADY MORGAN.

the hand of nature, that I question if it could have been rendered more obtuse had he fallen out of the maintop on a timber-head, or a marine officer's.

"Eh!—no—yes, him sure enough, and who is de Picaniny hoffer—Oh! I see, Massa Tom Cringle? Gara-mighty, gentlemen, where have you drop from?—Where is de old Torch? Many a time hab I Peter Mangrove, pilot to Him Britanic Majesty squadron, taken de old brig in and through amongst de keys at Port Royal!"

"Ay, and how often did you scour her copper against the coral reefs, Peter?"

His Majesty's pilot gave a knowing look, and laid his hand on his breast—"No more of dat if you love me, massa."

"Well, well, it don't signify now, my boy; she will never give you that trouble again—foundered—all hands lost, Peter, but the two you see before you."

"Werry sorry, Massa Plinter, werry sorry—What! de black cooks, mate and all?—But misfortune can't be help. Stop till I put up my needle, and I will take a turn wid you." Here he drew up himself with a great deal of absurd gravity. "Proper dat British hoffer in distress should assist one anoder—We shall consult togeder.—How can I serve you?"

"Why, Peter, if you could help us to a passage to Port Royal, it would be serving us most essentially. When we used to be lying there, a week seldom passed without one of the squadron arriving from this; but here have we been for more than a month, without a single pennant belonging to the station having looked in: our money is running short, and if we are to hold on in Carthagea for another six weeks, we shall not have a shot left in the locker—not a copper to tinkle on a tombstone."

The negro looked steadfastly at us, then carefully around. There was no one near.

"You see, Massa Plinter, I am desirable to serve you, for one little reason of my own; but, beside dat, it is good for me at present to make some friend wid de hoffer of de squadron, being as how dat I am absent without leave."

"Oh, I perceive, a large R against your name in the master attendant's books, eh?"

"You have hit it, sir, werry close; besides I long mosh to return to my poor wife, Nancy Cator, dat I leave, wagabone dat I is, just about to be confine."

I could not resist putting in my oar.

"I saw Nancy just before we sailed, Peter,—fine child that; not quite so black as you, though."

"Oh, Massa," said Snowball, grinning and showing his white teeth, "you know I am such a terrible black fellow—But you are a leetle out at present, Massa—I meant, about to be confine in de workhouse, for stealing de admiral's Muscovy ducks;" and he laughed loud and long.—"However, if you will promise that you will stand my friends, I will put you in de way of getting a shove across to de east end of Jamaica; and I will go wid you, too, for company."

"Thank you," rejoined Mr. Splinter; "but how do you mean to manage this? There is no Kingston trader here at present, and you don't mean to make a start of it in an open boat, do you?"

"No, sir, I don't; but, in de first place—as you are a gentleman,



will you try and get me off when we get to Jamaica? Secondly, will you promise that you will not seek to know more of the vessel you may go in, nor of her crew, than they are willing to tell you! provided that you are landed safe?"

"Why, Peter, I scarcely think you would deceive us, for you know I saved your bacon in that awkward affair, when through drunkenness you plumped the Torch ashore, so" —

"Forget dat, sir,—forget dat!—never shall poor black pilot forget how you saved him from being seized up when de gratings, boatswain's-mates and all, were ready at de gangway—never shall poor black rascal forget dat."

"Indeed, I do not think you would wittingly betray us into trouble, Peter; and as I guess you mean one of the forced traders, we will venture in her, rather than kick about here any longer, and pay a moderate sum for our passage."

"Den wait here five minute,"—and so saying he slipt down through the embrasure into a canoe that lay beneath, and in a trice we saw him jump on board of a long low nondescript kind of craft, that lay moored within pistol-shot of the walls.

She was a large shallow vessel, coppered to the bends, of great breadth of beam, with bright sides, like an American, so painted as to give her a clumsy mercantile sheer externally, but there were many things that belied this to a nautical eye: her copper, for instance, was bright as burnished gold on her very sharp bows, and beautiful run; and we could see from the bastion where we stood, that her decks were flush and level. She had no cannon mounted that were visible, but we distinguished grooves on her well-scrubbed decks, as from the recent traversing of carronade slides, while the bolts and rings in her high and solid bulwarks shone clear and bright in the ardent noontide. There was a tarpawling stretched over a quantity of rubbish, old sails, old junk, and hencoops, rather ostentatiously piled up forward, which we conjectured might conceal a long gun.

She was a very taught-rigged hermaphrodite, or brig forward and schooner aft. Her foremast and bowsprit were immensely strong and heavy, and her mainmast was so long and tapering, that the wonder was, how the few shrouds and stays about it could support it: it was the handsomest stick we had ever seen. Her upper spars were on the same scale, tapering away through topmast, topgallant-mast, royal and skysail-masts, until they fined away into slender wands. The sails, that were loose to dry, were old, and patched, and evidently displayed to cloak the character of the vessel, by an ostentatious show of their unserviceable condition; but her rigging was beautifully fitted, every rope lying in the chafe of another, being carefully served with hide. There were several large bushy-whiskered fellows lounging about the deck, with their hair gathered into dirty net bags, like the fishermen of Barcelona; many had red silk sashes round their waists, through which were stuck their long knives, in shark-skin sheaths. Their numbers were not so great as to excite suspicion; but a certain daring reckless manner, would at once have distinguished them, independently of anything else, from the quiet, hard-worked, red-shirted merchant seaman.

"That chap is not much to be trusted," said the lieutenant: "his bunting would make a few jackets for Joseph, I take it." But we had little time to be critical before our friend Peter came paddling back

with another blackamoor in the stern, of as ungainly an exterior as could well be imagined. He was a very large man, whose weight every now and then, as they breasted the short sea, cocked up the snout of the canoe with Peter Mangrove in it, as if he had been a cork, leaving him to flourish his paddle in the air like the weather-wheel of a steam-boat in a seaway. The new comer was strong and broad-shouldered, with long muscular arms, and a chest like Hercules; but his legs and thighs were, for his bulk, remarkably puny and mishapen. A thick felt of black wool in close tufts, as if his face had been stuck full of cloves, covered his chin and upper lip; and his hair, if hair it could be called, was twisted into a hundred short plaits, that bristled out, and gave his head, when he took his hat off, the appearance of a porcupine. There was a large sabre-cut across his nose, and down his cheek, and he wore two immense gold ear-rings. His dress consisted of short cotton drawers, that did not reach within two inches of his knee, leaving his thin cucumber shanks (on which the small bullet-like calf appeared to have been stuck before, through mistake, in place of abaft), naked to the shoe; a check shirt, and an enormously large Panama hat, made of a sort of cane, split small, and worn shovel-fashion. Notwithstanding, he made his bow by no means ungracefully, and offered his services in choice Spanish, but spoke English as soon as he heard who we were.

"Pray, sir, are you the master of that vessel?" said the lieutenant.

"No, sir, I am the mate, and I learn you are desirous of a passage to Jamaica." This was spoken with a broad Scotch accent.

"Yes, we do," said I, in very great astonishment; "but we will not sail with the devil; and who ever saw a negro Scotchman before, the spirit of Nicol Jarvie conjured into a blackamoor's skin!"

The fellow laughed. "I am black, as you see; so were my father and mother before me." And he looked at me, as much as to say, I have read the book you quote from. "But I was born in the good town of Port-Glasgow, notwithstanding, and many a voyage I have made as cabin-boy and cook, in the good ship the Peggy Bogle, with worthy old Jock Hunter; but that matters not. I was told you wanted to go to Jamaica; I daresay our captain will take you for a moderate passage-money. But here he comes to speak for himself.—Captain Vanderbosh, here are two shipwrecked British officers, who wish to be put on shore on the east end of Jamaica; will you take them, and what will you charge for their passage?"

The man he spoke to was nearly as tall as himself; he was a sun-burnt, angular, raw-boned, iron-visaged veteran, with a nose in shape and color like the bowl of his own pipe, but not at all, according to the received idea, like a Dutchman. His dress was quizzical enough—white trowsers, a long-flapped embroidered waistcoat, that might have belonged to a Spanish grandee, with an old-fashioned French-cut coat, showing the frayed marks where the lace had been stripped off, voluminous in the skirts, but very tight in the sleeves, which were so short as to leave his large bony paws, and six inches of his arm above the wrist, exposed; altogether, it fitted him like a purser's shirt on a handspike.

"Vy, for von hondred thaler, I will land dem safe in Mancheoneal Bay; but how shall ve manage, Williamson? De cabin vas paint yesterday."

The Scotch negro nodded. "Never mind; I daresay the smell of the paint won't signify to the gentlemen."

The bargain was ratified, we agreed to pay the stipulated sum, and that same evening, having dropped down with the last of the sea-breeze, we set sail from Bocca Chica, and began working up under the lee of the headland of Punto Canoa. When off the Sandomingo Gate, we burned a blue light, which was immediately answered by another in shore of us. In the glare, we could perceive two boats, full of men. Any one who has ever played at snapdragon, can imagine the unearthly appearance of objects when seen by this species of firework. In the present instance, it was held aloft on a boat hook, and cast a strong spectral light on the band of lawless ruffians, who were so crowded together that they entirely filled the boats, no part of which could be seen. In a few moments, our crew was strengthened by about forty as ugly Christians as I ever set eyes on. They were of all ages, countries, complexions, and tongues, and looked as if they had been kidnapped by a pressgang, as they had knocked off from the Tower of Babel. From the moment they came on board, Captain Vanderbosh was shorn of all his glory, and sank into the petty officer, while to our amazement the Scottish negro took the command, evincing great coolness, energy, and skill. He ordered the ship to be wore, as soon as we had shipped the men, and laid her head off the land, then set all hands to shift the old suit of sails, and to bend new ones.

"Why did you not shift your canvass before we started?" said I, to the Dutch captain, or mate, or whatever he might be.

"Vy vont you be content to take a quiet passage and hax no question?" was the uncivil rejoinder, which I felt inclined to resent, until I remembered that we were in the hands of wretches, where a quarrel would have been worse than useless. I was gulping down the insult as well as I could, when the black captain came aft, and, with the air of an equal, invited us into the cabin to take a glass of grog. We had scarcely sat down before we heard a noise like the swaying up of guns, or some other heavy articles, from the hold.

I caught Mr. Splinter's eye—he nodded, but said nothing. In hal an hour afterwards, when we went on deck, we saw, by the light of the moon, twelve eighteen pound carronades mounted, six of a side, with their accompaniments of rammers and sponges, water buckets, boxes of round, grape, and canister, and tubs of wadding, while the combings of the hatchways were thickly studded with round shot. The tarpawling and lumber forward had disappeared, and there lay long Tom ready leveled, grinning on his pivot.

The ropes were all coiled away, and laid down in regular man-of-war fashion; while an ugly gruff beast of a Spanish mulatto, apparently the officer of the watch, walked the weather-side of the quarter-deck, in the true pendulum style. Look-outs were placed aft, and at the gangways and bows, who every now and then passed the word to keep a bright look-out, while the rest of the watch were stretched silent, but evidently broad awake, under the lee of the boat. We noticed that each man had his cutlass buckled round his waist—that the boarding-pikes had been cut loose from the main boom, round which they had been strapped, and that about thirty muskets were ranged along a fixed rack, that ran athwart ships, near the main hatchway.

By the time we had reconnoitred thus far, the night became overcast, and a thick bank of clouds piled upon clouds began to rise to windward; some heavy drops of rain fell, and the thunder grumbled at a distance. The black veil crept gradually on, until it shrouded the

whole firmament, and left us in as dark a night as ever poor devils were out in. By and by a narrow streak of bright moonlight appeared under the lower edge of the bank, defining the dark outlines of the tumbling multitudinous billows on the horizon, as distinctly as if they had been pasteboard waves in a theatre.

"Is that a sail to windward, in the clear, think you?" said Mr. Splinter to me in a whisper. At this moment it lightened vividly. "I am sure it is," continued he—"I could see her white sails in the glance just now."

I looked steadily, and, at last, caught the small dark speck against the bright background, rising and falling on the swell of the sea like a feather.

As we stood on, she was seen more distinctly, but, to all appearance, nobody was aware of her proximity. We were mistaken in this, for the Captain suddenly jumped on a gun, and gave his orders with a fiery energy that startled us.

"Leroux!" A small French boy was at his side in a moment. "Forward, and call all hands to shorten sail; but, *doucement*, you land crab!—Man the fore clew garnets.—Hands by the topgallant clew lines—peak and throat halyards—jib down-haul—rise tacks and sheets—let go—clew up—settle away the main-gaff there!"

In almost as short a space as I have taken to write it, every inch of canvass was close furled—every light, except the one in the binnacle, carefully extinguished—a hundred and twenty men at quarters, and the ship under bare poles. The head yards were then squared, and we bore up before the wind. The stratagem proved successful; the strange sail could be seen through the night glasses, cracking on close to the wind, evidently under the impression that we had tacked.

"Dere she goes, chasing de Gobel," said the Dutchman. She now burned a blue light, by which we saw she was a heavy cutter—without doubt our fellow-cruiser the Spark. The Dutchman had come to the same conclusion. "My eye, Captain, no use to doge from her, it is only dat footy little King's cutter on de Jamaica station."

"It is her, true enough," answered Williamson; "and she is from Santo Martha with a freight of specie, I know. I will try a brush with her, by"—

Splinter struck in before he could finish his irreverent exclamation. "If your conjecture be true, I know the craft—a heavy vessel of her class, and you may depend on hard knocks and small profit, if you do take her; while, if she takes you"—

"I'll be hanged if she does"—and he grinned at the conceit—then setting his teeth hard, "or rather, I will blow the schooner up with my own hand before I strike; better that than have one's bones bleached in chains on a key at Port Royal.—But, you see you cannot control us, gentlemen; so get down into the cable tier, and take Peter Mangrove with you. I would not willingly see those come to harm who have trusted me."

However, there was no shot flying as yet, and we therefore staid on deck. All sail was once more made; the carronades were cast loose on both sides, and double shotted; the long gun slewed round; the tack of the fore and aft foresail hauled up, and we kept by the wind, and stood after the cutter, whose white canvass we could still see through the gloom like a snow-wreath.

As soon as she saw us she tacked and stood towards us, and came

gallantly howling along, with the water roaring and flashing at her bows. As the vessels neared each other, they both shortened sail, and finding that we could not weather her, we steered close under her lee.

As we crossed on opposite tacks, her commander hailed, "Ho, the Brigantine, ahoy!"

"Hillo!" sung out Blackie, as he backed his maintop-sail.

"What schooner is that?"

"The Spanish schooner, Caridad."

"Whence, and whither bound?"

"Carthagena, to Porto Rico."

"Heave to, and send your boat on board."

"We have none that will swim, sir."

"Very well—bring to, and I will send mine."

"Call away the boarders," said our captain, in a low stern tone, "let them crouch out of sight behind the boat."

The cutter wore, and hove to under our lee quarter, within pistol shot. We heard the rattle of the ropes running through the davit blocks, and the splash of the jolly boat touching the water, then the measured stroke of the oars, as they glanced like silver in the sparkling sea, and a voice calling out, "Give way, my lads."

The character of the vessel we were on board of was now evident; and the bitter reflection that we were chained to the stake on board of a pirate, on the eve of a fierce contest with one of our own cruisers, was aggravated by the consideration that the cutter had fallen into a snare, by which a whole boat's crew would be sacrificed before a shot was fired.

I watched my opportunity as she pulled up alongside, and called out, leaning well over the nettings, "Get back to your ship!—treachery!—get back to your ship." The little French serpent was at my side with the speed of thought, his long clear knife glancing in one hand, while the fingers of the other were laid on his lips. He could not have said more plainly, "Hold your tongue, or I'll cut your throat." The officer in the boat had heard me imperfectly; he rose up—"I won't go back, my good man, until I see what you are made of;" and as he spoke he sprung on board, but the instant he got over the bulwarks he was caught by two strong hands, gagged, and thrown bodily down the main hatchway. "Heave," cried a voice, "and with a will!" and four cold 32 lb. shot were hove at once into the boat alongside, and crashing through her bottom swamped her in a moment, precipitating the miserable crew into the boiling sea. Their shrieks still ring in my ears, as they clung to the oars and some loose planks of the boat. "Bring up the officer, and take out the gag," said Williamson. Poor Walcolm, who had been an old messmate of mine, was dragged to the gangway half naked, his face bleeding, and heavily ironed, when the blackamoor, clapping a pistol to his head, bid him, as he feared instant death, hail, "that the boat had swamped under the counter, and to send another." The poor fellow, who appeared stunned and confused, did so, but without seeming to know what he said. "Good God," said Mr. Splinter, "don't you mean to pick up the boat's crew?" The blood curdled to my heart as the black savage answered, in a voice of thunder, "Let them drown and be damned! fill, and stand on!"

But the clouds by this time broke away, and the mild moon shone clear and bright once more, upon this scene of most atrocious villainy.

By her light the cutter's people could see that there was no one struggling in the water now, and that the people must either have been saved, or were past all earthly aid ; but the infamous-deception was not entirely at an end.

The captain of the cutter seeing we were making sail, hailed once more. "Mr. Walcolm, run to leeward, and heave to." "Answer him instantly, and hail again for another boat," said the sable fiend, and cocked his pistol. The click went to my heart. The young midshipman turned his pale mild countenance, laced with his blood, upwards towards the moon and stars, as one who had looked his last on earth ; the large tears were flowing down his cheeks, and mingling with the crimson streaks, and a flood of silver light fell on the fine features of the poor boy, as he said, firmly, "Never." The miscreant fired, and he fell dead. "Up with the helm, and wear across her stern." The order was obeyed. "Fire !" The whole broadside was poured in, and we could hear the shot rattle and tear along the cutter's deck, and the shrieks and groans of the wounded, while the white splinters glanced away in all directions.

We now ranged alongside, and close action commenced, and never do I expect to see such an infernal scene again. Up to this moment there had been neither confusion nor noise on board the pirate—all had been coolness and order ; but when the yards locked, the crew broke loose from all control—they ceased to be men—they were demons, for they threw their own dead and wounded, as they were mown down like grass by the cutter's grape, indiscriminately down the hatchways to get clear of them. They stripped themselves almost naked ; and although they fought with the most desperate courage, yelling and cursing, each in his own tongue, yet their very numbers, pent up in a small vessel, were against them. Amidst the fire, and smoke, and hellish uproar, we could see that the deck had become a very shambles ; and unless they soon carried the cutter by boarding, it was clear that the coolness and discipline of my own glorious service must prevail, even against such fearful odds, the superior size of the vessel, greater number of guns, and heavier metal. The pirates seemed aware of this, for they now made a desperate attempt forward to carry their antagonist by boarding, led on by the black captain. Just at this moment, the cutter's main-boom fell across the schooner's deck, close to where we were sheltering ourselves from the shot the best way we could ; and while the rush forward was being made, by a sudden impulse Splinter and I, followed by Peter, scrambled along it as the cutter's people were repelling the attack on her bow, and all three of us in our haste jumped down on the poor Irishman at the wheel.

"Murder, fire, rape, and robbery ! it is capsized, stove in, and destroyed I am ! Captain, Captain, we are carried aft here—Och, hubbaboo for Patrick Donnally !"

There was no time to be lost. If any of the crew came aft, we were dead men. So we tumbled down through the cabin skylight, the hatch having been knocked off by a shot, and stowed ourselves away in the side berths. The noise on deck soon ceased—the cannon were again plied—gradually the fire slackened, and we could hear that the pirate had scraped clear and escaped. Some time after this, the Lieutenant commanding the cutter came down. Poor Mr. Douglas ! we both knew him well. He sat down and covered his face with his hands, while the blood oozed down between his fingers. He had received a



cutlass wound on the head in the attack. His right arm was bound up with his neckcloth, and he was very pale. "Steward, bring me a light—Ask the doctor how many are killed and wounded; and, do you hear, tell him to come to me when he is done forward, but not a moment sooner. To have been so mauled and duped by a cursed Buccaneer! and my poor boat's crew!"

Splinter groaned. He started—but at this moment the man returned again. "Thirteen killed, your honor, and fifteen wounded; scarcely one of us untouched." The poor fellow's own skull was bound round with a bloody cloth.

"God help me! God help me! but they have died the death of men. Who knows what death the poor fellows in the boat have died!"—Here he was cut short by a tremendous scuffle on the ladder, down which an old quarter-master was trundled neck and crop into the cabin. "How now, Jones?"

"Please your honor," said the man, as soon as he had gathered himself up, and had time to turn his quid, and smooth down his hair; but again the uproar was renewed, and Donnally was lugged in, scrambling and struggling, between two seamen. "This here Irish chap, your honor, has lost his wits, if so be he ever had any, your honor. He has gone mad through fright."

"Fright be d—d!" roared Donnally; "no man ever frightened me: but as your honor was skewering them bloody thieves forward, I was boarded and carried aft by the devil, your honor—pooped by Beelzebub, by —," and he rapped his fist on the table until everything on it danced again. "There were three of them, your honor—a black one and two blue ones—a long one and two short ones—each with two horns on his head, for all the world like those on Father M'Cleary's red cow—no, she was humbled—it is Father Clannachan's I mane—no, not his neither, for his was the parish bull; fait, I don't know what I mane, except that they had horns on their heads, and vomited fire, and had each of them a tail at his stern, twisting and twining like a conger eel, with a blue light at the end on't."

"And dat's a lie, if ever dere was one," exclaimed Peter Mangrove, jumping from the berth. "Look at me, you Irish tief, and tell me if I have a blue light or a conger eel at my stern."

This was too much for poor Donnally. He yelled out, "You'll believe your own eyes now, your honor, when you see one o' dem bodily before you! Let me go—let me go!" and, rushing up the ladder, he would have ended his earthly career in the salt sea, had his bullet head not encountered the broadest part of the purser, who was in the act of descending, with such violence, that he shot him out of the companion-ladder several feet above the deck, as if he had been discharged from a culverin; but the recoil sent poor Donnally, stunned and senseless, to the bottom of the ladder. There was no standing all this; we laughed outright, and made ourselves known to Mr. Douglas, who received us cordially, and in a week we were landed at Port Royal.

#### INVOCATION.

[ATHENÆUM.]

SWEET Meditation! sorrow's soother, lend  
Thine inspiration to my humble lyre;

If with its strains thou'lt kindly deign to blend,  
 I can no other aid than thine require.  
 Oh, far beyond the poet's boasted fire  
 Is thy soft light ! for as it gently plays,  
 It kindles in the soul thoughts that inspire  
 The speech of truth, which to the mind conveys  
 A charm more sweet than that it finds in fiction's lays.

Yes, Meditation ! when thou dost impart  
 Thy gentle music to the minstrel's strings,  
 They yield a tone to tranquillize the heart  
 Of him that listens, and of him that sings.  
 When o'er the chords her fingers Fancy flings,  
 Too oft the wildness of the strain encumbers  
 The breast with vain aspirings ; but there springs  
 A melody from thy subduing numbers,  
 That with soft murmurs steals on passion till it slumbers.

## SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH ANNUALS.

THE GERMAN JEW. BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

[THE WINTER'S WREATH.]—During the protectorate of Cromwell, Joel Rede, as enthusiastic a wight as ever issued from the British Isles, had been indulging his wandering propensities in various regions of Europe. With an odd, wild-looking little person, a stout blackthorn in his hand, cut from the hedge of his father's orchard, and his knapsack on his back, he had traversed France and Spain ; had indulged innumerable classic reveries in Italy ; had, more recently, paced the shores of its northern lakes ; rhapsodized in Val D'Arno, where Milton, not long before, had walked, and collected imagery for his scenery of Eden ; and thence diverged into Switzerland, and, as the year was drawing to a close, was directing his steps towards Vienna.

It was November. He was now in the midst of the mountainous forests of Bavaria. The woods and heaths had assumed all the richness of their autumnal hues. The sky above was clear as crystal ; the turf beneath his feet was dry as midsummer ; the wilds through which he was journeying were silent and solitary, and Joel was full of enjoyment. He was one of those well-meaning, but eccentric beings that, with the kindest feelings towards every living thing, yet hold themselves loose from the bonds of society. He wanted no kindred mind to participate in the operations and emotions of his own ; he had no object in filling his heart with a multitude of solemn and sublime images, but the immediate delight they afforded ; and, at night, he entered a hut, an inn, or whatsoever place of rest presented itself,—passed a few hours of lively intercourse with the persons amongst whom he happened to be thrown,—laughed, chatted, gave way to a flow of exuberant spirits, and departed without a reflection that he would never see one of those beings again.

As I observed, the open clearness of the season had induced Joel to linger in the forests through which he was passing ; but, suddenly, the weather changed ; strong winds began to sweep, howling and sighing through the woods, and to whirl the already loosened leaves in eddying

torrents around him ; and heavy showers of gusty rain beat in his face. These plain facts startled him from his trance, as he lay at the foot of an old tree, gazing with fixed eyes on a stream that foamed and dashed vigorously down the steep before him ; and, springing on his feet, he looked around at the signs of the sky, and marched briskly forward. What was the next town, or the distance to it, he scarcely knew, for he often left these things to Providence ; but he found the day, influenced by the alteration of the weather, rapidly closing, and himself in a narrow valley between woody rocks that kept winding and ascending in a manner that appeared interminable. It speedily grew dark ; the track became invisible ; the clouds vanished from the face of heaven ; a multitude of stars shone out, and a keen, frosty gale announced the sudden arrival of winter.

Our wanderer, with all his experience, became alarmed. In summer he could have awaited, with pleasure, the return of morning ; but in the intense cold and darkness, exposed to the visitations of the wolf and bear,—at a perfect loss which way to direct his steps, he was struck with consternation. There was no alternative, however, but to push on in the most probable direction ; and, stumbling over stumps and stones, he proceeded in a state of mental and bodily anguish inconceivable. At length, to his exquisite joy, he saw a light ;—it appeared at a great distance, but stationary ; and, advancing towards it, after some hours of tremendous exertion, after surmounting rocks, descending valleys, passing through dense masses of wood wrapped in the thickest gloom, he stood on a lofty height, crowned with a pine forest.

The light now shone twinkling just before him ; it appeared to issue from some lofty window ; but, as he carefully approached, he was astounded with the roar of waters somewhere far below him ; and the wind, sweeping chill and gustily, convinced him that he was on the brink of some awful precipice. It was indispensable, however, to approach the light, if possible ; he therefore subdued his terror as well as he could, and feeling his way with his stick, moved step by step, as a blind man explores his track.

It was singular :—his path was still on the smooth and solid rock ; beneath him sounded the dash of descending torrents ; yet he could not conceive the existence of a bridge in such a situation. He moved on, and presently was stopped by a strong gate, as of an ancient castle. He knocked, and was answered by the simultaneous bark of a dozen hounds. Presently he heard a hoarse voice commanding them to silence, and, a minute afterwards, the same voice demanded at the gate who he was. He replied, a poor traveler who had lost his way. "The devil you are !" said the voice, in a tone of mingled gruffness and astonishment. "Lost your way ! In the name of all hobgoblins, how did you find it here ?" "That is more than I can tell," answered Joel ; "but, in the name of all good angels—nay, for God's sake, let me in for the night !" "Stand there a moment," replied the voice ; and, in about ten minutes more, he found himself scanned by the glare of a torch, from a loophole above the gate ; soon after, the huge gate opened, was locked behind him, and he found himself following his unknown guide. A minute more, and another door, flung open, dashed upon his eyes a flood of light that perfectly blinded him. As his vision gradually accommodated itself to the glare, he beheld himself in one of the greatest scenes it had ever been his lot to witness. He was,

apparently, in the vast hall of an old castle ; a wood fire blazed up the wide, open chimney ; and a numerous group of men, women and children, stood gazing on him in evident astonishment. The wild, rough figures of the men, dressed in hunter style ; the dogs on the hearth ; the arms disposed on all sides, impressed Joel with an instantaneous persuasion that he had fallen into a nest of freebooters. Beside the arms and dresses of the men, the only furniture of the room consisted of a large plank for a table, and various logs and rude benches for seats. The table was furnished with apparatus for supper, and a huge joint of venison was roasting at the fire. The greatest astonishment was exhibited on the countenances of the whole group at the appearance of the stranger, and various interrogatories were put to him to ascertain, first, by what means he had arrived there, and then who and what he was. When he stated that he had been led by a light, the whole crew turned, with one accord, the most dark and furious looks upon one of the women, who confessed that, her husband being out, she had placed a light in the tower for his guidance. The display of fierce countenances, and the burst of horrid words which ensued, perfectly petrified Joel, and revealed to him, at once, the truth of his first impressions. The poor woman, half dead with fear, stole away to extinguish the light ; and the chief, with surly hospitality, invited Joel to take a seat by the fire. Here he was further questioned as to the whence, whither, and objects of his journey. To these inquiries, he gave such an explanation as immediately cleared their gloomy brows ; and, in return, they gave him such a description of the path by which he had gained their retreat, as filled him with horrible amazement.

Supper was now served up, and, as the horns of stout ale and good wine of Wurtzburgh went round, a freer spirit began to breathe amongst them. Joel, with his easy accommodation to circumstances, related many of his travels and adventures, and showed them so much of himself, that every fear of future evil from him seemed to vanish from their hearts. As the liquor warmed their bosoms, they began to avow freely the nature of their occupations, and to boast of the pleasures of the free life of the forest. Joel, while listening to these details, contemplated with increasing interest the various figures and countenances about him, and longed, in his soul, for the power of putting upon canvass so extraordinary a picture as they presented. There was one individual, however, picturesque and striking as were the whole, who drew his eye continually from the rest. He was a tall, stout man, of a dark complexion ; his hair as black as ink ; his features finely shaped ; a high, broad brow ; an aquiline nose ; but the color of his skin was sallow and deathly ; and his eyes red, wild, and generally half-closed, but glancing out now and then, with a quick, fierce flash, and again retiring beneath their lowering lids. He sat beneath the wide chimney ; his arms crossed on his bosom ; his face turned towards the ground ; and his whole air full of gloom and desperation. He looked, to Joel's eyes, formed for the most terrible of assassins. He whispered to the captain, "I should like to know something of that man." "So should I," he replied ; "he has been here some months, but I know nothing more than that he is a man ready to do what no one else dare undertake. Let us try him. I say, Conrad," he added, turning to the man, "pray let us hear something of

your life. Here you live amongst us, and we open our hearts to you as wide as daylight, but you keep yours close as death."

This address produced a most striking effect upon the person to whom it was directed, and upon all present. A sudden curiosity lit up the faces of every one. The man himself seemed to have received a violent shock; a dark shade fell over his features,—a deadly pallor seized them; which was as speedily succeeded by a sullen, sanguine suffusion of color, and a flashing of his fiery eye, that was perfectly appalling. For some minutes he gazed earnestly upon the ground in silence; his whole frame seemed rigid with a convulsive agony which he strove to subdue. Then, starting up, with clenched hands, and a voice that seemed to sound in its hoarse hollowness from the very bottom of his heaving chest, he exclaimed, "Do you wish to know my life? You shall! What is there that should not be told? Why should I shrink from any pang, any ridicule which the lowest creature might desire to fling upon me? I will speak!—and if there be any who dare to taunt me, so be it. I am a Jew!" "A Jew!" echoed twenty voices in amazement. "A Jew! who feasts on the wild boar?" "I have said it! Why should I regard the foolish superstitions of Jew or Gentile? I am their victim. They have assailed me,—stripped me of everything; mocked,—cast me out from the face of men; driven me to desperation—to blood—to agony;—why should I cling to them? But listen.

"My father left me with little wealth; but with a mind and constitution full of ardor and perseverance. I devoted myself to the habits of trade, accordant with the spirit of my nation. I soon acquired a comfortable property in Vienna, my native city. I married; had children growing up around me, and looked forward to the joy of seeing them all fixed in some degree of the world's favor before my death.

"Returning from a long journey, I had scarcely seated myself in my house, when I was seized with a sudden shivering, and sank into insensibility. When I recovered my consciousness, I found myself bound, in darkness, and experienced a motion, as if in the act of being carried from one place to another. The idea flashed upon my mind, that I was supposed to be dead, and that they were actually bearing me to the grave. The thought filled me with a horrible agony. I gave a loud yell of despairing anguish, and struggled with all the might of my being. At once, I felt a terrible shock—a momentary stupor—and, recovering, I beheld the light of day. It was as I had imagined—the sound of my cry, the perception of my struggle, had startled my bearers;—they precipitated the coffin to the earth, and fled. The fall had burst open my detested prison;—with the energy of mingled vexation and joy, I succeeded in disengaging my limbs from the grave-clothes, and arose. What a scene was before me! It was the evening of a winter day. The ground was hard with frost, and sprinkled with a slight layer of snow; beside me I beheld the grave which was to have received me, gaping wide, with all its red and crumbling bones and fresh earth. The sharp air pierced me as I stood in my white burial dress: and I trembled through every joint with cold and agitation. I turned towards the city, and in the distance beheld my affrighted friends watching my motions, and ready again to take to flight at my approach. I lifted my hand, and hailed them; but what I meant as a means to draw them towards me, only caused them to fly in a shrieking and promiscuous crowd. They who a few days before clung round

me as an object of affection,—they who regarded my friendship as one of the blessings of their lives, now, from some mysterious notion of my contact with death, rushed away from me with unconquerable terror. Moved as I was with the sense of the dreadful danger I had escaped—with alternate horror and gratulation—having in this strange guise to enter the city, I yet could not help bursting out with laughter at the folly of their terrors.

“But my mirth, if mirth such an hysterical excitement may be called, was of short duration. When I entered the city, and passed along in my white grave-garments through the crowds of astonished people; and heard the gathering rabble exclaiming that a madman had broken loose; and before me saw my old acquaintance run, and cry, as they ran, ‘A devil, a devil!’ I was filled with anger and indignation. With rapid strides I hastened to hide myself in my own house from this scene of surpassing folly; but what was my astonishment—it was closed!—door and window closed against me! I heard my children screaming and shrieking within; I saw my wife—the wife of my bosom, look out of the window with a countenance disfigured by grief and abhorrent dismay; and bid me begone, as a fiend that had dared to invade the sacred body of her late husband. I stood stupified with intolerable horror. The whole extent of my misery came rushing upon my brain; I recognized in the words of my wife the belief of my race—a belief in which I had myself firmly participated—that the dead can no more return to the earth—but that such appearances are only the result of demoniacal agency. It was in vain to attempt to combat that which I now felt too well to be an error. I knew the pertinacity of my people; and I stood at the door of my own house, an alien to its joys and affections forever, cursing the accident which had rescued me from a real death. But that death seemed likely yet to be mine. The rabble, incited by the cries and imprecations of the Jews, surrounded me in hundreds; my own relations and friends, like so many furies, began to stone me; and called upon the mob for help. In a few seconds more, I should have been destroyed; but the police came pouring in, and saved me.

“It was difficult to convince the magistrates, before whom I was taken, of the nature of the case; but when they had ascertained that such was the firm belief of my race in that country, knowing their obstinacy, they gave me little hope. They did not, however, spare any means of persuading my wife and friends; it was useless. They were summoned before them; and my wife appeared, almost dead with the violence of different emotions, but recoiling with horror from my presence. It was in vain I spoke—in vain I implored her to use her senses; she shrank from me as from a fiend, and was carried off in a state of insensibility. There wanted nothing to complete my misery. The worthy magistrates did all they could to comfort me. They gave me clothes and money, and counseled me to quit the city; and to wait in some distant place, for the rectifying influence of time. Alas! there was little solace in all this; but there was no alternative; I knew the tenacity, stubborn as life itself, with which a Hebrew adheres to his opinion. I issued once more into the street,—by night. I once more approached the house which held all that in the world was dear to me;—creatures that were wearing out their hearts with grief for the loss of him, whom, by a most amazing infatuation, they themselves were spurning from them, to everlasting solitude and unmitiga-



ble evil. I stood gazing at it in a fury of passions that have no utterance. I cursed the brittle ties of earthly affections, that could not conquer the foolish delusions of the brain ; I cursed the human understanding that, boasting of its power, was thus made the dupe of the most empty chimeras : I cursed God, in the bitterness of my torment, and fled. The gates were thrown open to me,—I rushed into the country, a homeless, tieless wretch, blasted by a momentary accident, into everlasting hopelessness.

"I need not relate the course of my life during the next twelve months ; I may not unfold the dry yet ever-burning heart of desolation and despair that I bore with me ;—hell, in its fiery vocabulary of pain, has no words to embody its fulness ;—it is enough that there roamed from place to place, a wretch who, in his torment, defied heaven to add one pang to it. Fool ! who can tell the extent of misery with which the spirit is empowered to torture itself. As I mused one day on my strange destiny, a sudden hope arose—perhaps Mabel will relent ;—perhaps reason will overcome educational prejudice ;—perhaps even now she longs once more to behold me. A hellish fear as rapidly succeeded it—may she not marry ?—may she not be married, even now ! I sprang from the ground with the deadly pang of that hideous idea, and struck my clenched hand against the tree before me. Even here my torment had not reached its crisis ;—I know not by what fatality I coupled that hateful notion with one infinitely more so.

"There was a being—a Polish Jew, for whom, of all men, I had, from my first knowledge of him, entertained an invincible loathing ;—a soft, heavy, bloated creature, with the yellow and speckled complexion of a frog ; with a thin, pale, yellow beard, and with full and blood-streaked eyes, that gloated with excess of grossness and low cunning. The miscreant had seemed impelled by a desire to frequent my presence, as strong as mine was to avoid him. Wherever I went, he persecuted me with his odious aspect—with his more odious stupidity and groveling notions. He seemed of a nature made to grub in the very dust of life. The meanest views, the vilest schemes, the most sordid wiles, perpetually occupied him ; and, in the obtuseness of his mind, he seemed impenetrable to the keenest scorn. In vain did I avoid, in vain did I insult him ;—there he was forever before me.

"How could the abominable idea that possibly this wretch had wedded my wife,—had become the arbiter of my children's fortunes, ever enter my head ? But it did, and with it an inextinguishable flame. Goaded by this diabolical imagination, I set off with precipitation to Vienna. Day and night I went along, groaning and raving beneath its pauseless torture. Bloody ideas already reveled in my mind, as if the phantasm which my own brain had raised were truth itself. I gloried in the prospect of vengeance, and broke out at times, with exulting laughter, in the solitude of my journey. I rushed on—my undying rage was my nutriment—I reached the city. God of Jacob ! by what mysterious means had the truth been already announced to me ! It was truth ! it was all truth ! That wretch—that bloated compound of all human hatefulness, was the husband of Mabel—the father of my children. I beheld them !—in his sordidness he had removed them from their fair home !—not all the wealth I had left could bribe him to spare it to them. He had carried them into the lowest street—into one of the vilest dens of the whole city. I beheld them—there—oh !—destruction !—there sate that turgid monster at his sordid meal !—

there sate at the same small table, the wasted, faded form of my once beautiful wife ! Pest on him ! By what hellish arts could he have bewitched her to unite herself to a wretch like him ! Behind, and in cold, in filth, and rags, sate the children of my love ! Death and furies ! what did I not daily behold, as in mean disguises I haunted the vicinity of their abode ! What pitiful, what degrading, what soul-withering employments, did I not see my children doomed to !—what words did I not hear, in hate and tyranny, poured into the ears of my beloved Mabel !

“ But when I learned from his own mouth—as I overheard him sitting composedly on his hearth, glaring coldly but fiendishly on his victims—that by these cruelties he solaced himself for the contempt I had formerly and forever shown him,—wretch ! it could not last ! I haunted him with a rage of vengeance that could not be satisfied by a common doom ! A thousand times I could have taken his reptile life as he crawled to and fro in the obscurity of his low resorts ; but I scorned to suffer him thus to escape from me. But the day came ! I saw him set out on a journey to his native country. With the fierce throb of joy which gushes up from the depths of guilty despair, as fire bursts forth in glorious volumes from the sullen heart of hell, I watched him. For days I kept him in view, exulting in my certain vengeance. On he went in the vileness of his speculations. At length, as he rested in the opening of a wood, in the twilight, far from human habitation, I slowly stalked across his path—glared upon him in silence—and disappeared. Then was the first reward of all my watchings ! I saw that he recognised me—I saw the terror that fell upon him—I saw him start up, as I passed beneath the trees ; and, with trembling limbs, and a countenance hideous in its native grossness and its present fear, often looking back, wildly flying on. I pursued him. To me it was something like happiness to be the avenging fiend. I enjoyed the cruel fear that drove him on ; and, from day to day, I kept it tremblingly alive. Daylight brought him no safety ; night no rest. At length he entered upon a plain towards the end of his journey. Here he walked for a space in ease ; for, within the wide horizon, his pursuer was not seen : but, before he reached its boundary, he beheld me dogging his steps, and fled, with a speed which astonished me, to the neighboring hills. Alarm seized me lest I should lose him. I hurried after, but found him not. I rushed through the mountains with fury. The thought of his escape was madness ; when, lo ! from the top of a cliff where I stood, I beheld him, seated by the valley stream, five hundred feet below me. The intoxication of the discovery disarmed my vengeance of its prudence. I snatched up a mass of rock that lay beside me ; I held it up above the unconscious wretch—I paused—I marked him with a greedy eye—I loosed the stone : a whiz—a sullen dash ! and he was a battered and shapeless heap !

“ The triumph was complete. The terrified and tortured wretch was annihilated. But vainly had I hoped that his destruction would assuage my burning heart. I had added the misery of guilt to that of fortune ; and though I attempted to laugh at the bugbear terrors of conscience, they laughed at me,—they fixed their vulture talons still deeper in my soul, and I fled, writhing beneath their insupportable pangs. I had glutted my vengeance ; but had I restored my hopes ? No ! my lot was the same—a hopeless, ruthless, everlasting lopping of all the branches of peace and affection. That is my life ; what I have

been I have now told—what I am you see and know.” He sat down, exhausted with the vehemence of his awful passions, and a silence of horror and affright filled the whole room. A bed was found in an upper chamber, for Joel; but it was past the power of man to find him asleep. The dreadful images which had been just poured into his mind, haunted him like so many demons; and he lay tossing in a frenzied impatience, and longing for the day.

But, before daylight, he was surprised to hear a sudden hurrying and commotion in the place. There was a rapid running to and fro; men cursing, women lamenting; and in burst the captain, exclaiming, “We are betrayed! I believe you have nothing to do with it—but there are who think otherwise. I will protect you, if I can; but take these,” throwing upon the bed, whence Joel had started in horror and astonishment, a sword and a brace of pistols; “secure the door, and, if you are attacked, defend your life.” He disappeared. Scarcely knowing what he did, Joel threw on his clothes; but, instead of keeping in his room, he seized the arms and issued forth to ascertain more exactly the state of affairs. He forced his way to a ruinous tower,—and there what a scene presented itself! In the glimmering dawn he discovered that the stronghold where he was, stood on a tremendous rock. On three sides the broad waters of the Danube swept its inaccessible and awful precipices; on the fourth a numerous body of soldiers was preparing to force the gate. A desperate and simultaneous battering, as of a legion of hammers, stones, and crowbars, was heard. A moment after, the gate gave way, and in rushed the eager assailants. A fire of musquetry from a hundred loopholes in the fortress, was kept up with such spirit that they fell in heaps and confusion through the court. Then the troop of bandits was seen sallying forth with the velocity and fury of desperation—the tall figure of the Jew conspicuous at their head, hewing his way with a huge axe, like a raging and irresistible demon. A desperate struggle ensued; when, in the midst of the sanguinary contest, arose a cry of fire. “Fire! fire!” shrieked the women throughout the castle. Joel, whose attention had been riveted on the combatants, now beheld the smoke issuing from the staircase of the turret where he stood. He flew down the winding steps in a frenzy of despair. All was one scene of suffocating gloom. The stifling smoke, here and there lit up with red and rolling flames, filled every place. It was death to remain; it was, perhaps, equally death to go forth. The only faint hope lay in effecting a surrender to the soldiers. He tried, and succeeded.

When he could a little collect his confounded faculties, he beheld the body of bandits killed, or in custody; and the women rescued by the soldiers from the flames that now, wild and flickering, flared forth on all sides of the tower. They hastened to retreat; when lo! Joel beheld the only escape was by a narrow bridge of loose stones, suspended over a tremendous chasm by which the rock, whereon the castle stood, was rent from the main land. On the centre of this bridge stood the Jew, brandishing his axe with the gesture of an exasperated maniac. A dozen men sprang on to attack him; but no sooner did they set foot on the fatal bridge, than striking with his axe the key-stone from its place, they—himself—the whole skeleton fabric, plunged headlong together down the hideous gulph! A murmur of horror broke from the whole troop; and it was some time before they sufficiently recovered themselves to advance to the spot. It was a

dark fissure, some fathoms deep, through which the river rushed, in a fierce, eddying torrent. The Jew and his victims were swept away forever !

A bridge of the trunk of trees was flung across ; and they marched to the next town. Here Joel, through the testimony of credentials on his own person, was speedily liberated ; and pursued his journey home, half cured of his love of wandering, and perfectly convinced that the Jew was, what his friends had supposed him, a devil incarnate !

#### THE CHILD OF EARTH.

##### [THE AMULET.]

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,  
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow ;  
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,  
 " I am content to die—but, oh ! not now !—  
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring  
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe—  
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing—  
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreath.  
 Spare me, great God ! lift up my drooping brow—  
 I am content to die—but, oh ! not now ! "

The spring hath ripen'd into summer-time ;  
 The season's viewless boundary is past !  
 The glorious sun hath reach'd his burning prime :  
 Oh ! must this glimpse of beauty be the last ?  
 " Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,  
 With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on ;  
 Not while the murmur of the mountain bee  
 Greet's my dull ear with music in its tone !  
 Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—  
 I am content to die—but, oh ! not now ! "

Summer is gone ; and autumn's soberer hues  
 Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn :—  
 The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,  
 Shouts the halloo ! and winds his eager horn.  
 " Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze  
 On the broad meadows, and the quiet stream,  
 To watch in silence while the evening rays  
 Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam !  
 Cooler the breezes play around my brow—  
 I am content to die—but, oh ! not now ! "

The bleak wind whistles : snow-showers far and near  
 Drift without echo to the whitening ground ;  
 Autumn hath pass'd away, and, cold and drear,  
 Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound :  
 Yet still that prayer ascends. " Oh ! laughingly  
 My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,  
 Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,  
 And the roof rings with voices light and loud :

Spare me awhile ! raise up my drooping brow !  
I am content to die—but, oh ! not now ! ”

The spring is come again—the joyful spring !

Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread ;

The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing :—

The child of earth is number'd with the dead !

“ Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,

Beaming all redly through the lattice pane ;

The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,

Nor fond familiar voice arouse again !

Death's silent shadow veils thy darken'd brow—

Why didst thou linger ?—thou art happier now ! ”

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TWO SCENES FROM THE CIVIL WAR. BY THE AUTHOR OF “RICHELIEU.”

[AMULET.]—It was late on the night of an early day in spring—perhaps about two hours past midnight—and yet the inhabitants of a small lonely dwelling on the edge of a large piece of common-ground, laying about ten miles from Farrington House, were all awake and up, and, with anxious eyes, gazing from the small long windows upon the blank darkness that hung over the world. A single candle stood upon a plain oaken table in the midst of the room, by the light of which might be seen, at one of the windows, a small finely-formed female figure, which still preserved all the lines of exquisite beauty, though a certain degree of stiffness, corresponding well with some deep wrinkles on the cheek, and the white hair that was braided from the forehead, spoke the passing of many years under the petrifying power of time since that form had been in its prime, and that beauty, which still lingered, had known its first expansion. Leaning over her shoulder was another figure so like the first, but with every grace which time had nipped in it just blown—with the cheek unwithered and the brow unseared—that it seemed a living picture of what the other had been some twenty years before—a portrait in a family picture-gallery, where human loveliness may see and moralize on all the graces that the eternal reaper has gathered as he flew.

At the second window was a somewhat untidy maid-servant, contrasting strongly, in her slatternly disarray, with the plain neatness which decked the two other figures, whose garb I shall not pause to describe ; let it suffice that it was of white, and fashioned in the mode of the time, A.D. 164—, though either poverty, simplicity of taste, or deference to the puritanical mania of the day, had deprived it of every extraneous ornament.

The night upon which the whole party looked out was dark and sad ; for the moon had gone down, and the clouds overhead, though not particularly heavy, were quite sufficiently so to hide every star, and cast a deep grey shadow over the wide extent of undulating moorland which stretched away for many a mile within view in the day-time. A few faint streaks of pale light upon the sky separated the darkness of the heavens from the darkness of the earth, and marked where the prospect ended ; and thitherward were turned the eyes of all, watching, with straining and anxious gaze, a particular point on the dim horizon, where, every now and then, bright red flashes, sudden and sharp, but

circumscribed and momentary, broke upon the night, followed by a distant report as quick and transitory.

No one spoke while those flashes continued ; but the silence itself seemed to show the intense anxiety which was felt, by the tenants of that chamber, in regard to the events of which they obtained so dim and unsatisfactory a view. At the end of five minutes, however, the sudden bursts of light entirely ceased ; the reports were no longer heard ; and the elder of the two ladies, turning away from the window, said, in a low voice, " It is over : God's will is wrought by this time ! "

The younger said nothing ; but clasping her fair hands together, raised her eyes towards the dark heavens, while her full sweet lips moved silently, offering up a petition to that never-closed ear which hears the still voice of the heart's thoughts as plainly as the loudest-tongued appeal.

In a moment after, the clattering sound of horses' feet was heard coming quickly down the road. At first it was faint and distant—the dull heavy tramp of several fleet steeds galloping over moist ground ; but soon it came nearer and nearer—left the turf of the common—clanged over the firm and stony road—came close to the house—passed it—and died away in the distance.

" They are flying ! " said the younger lady ; " Oh, my mother, they are flying ! Surely some of the dark powers of the air must assist those bloodthirsty fanatics. They are flying ; do you not hear the horses galloping on ? "

" Nay, nay, Margaret," replied the other, " it may be the round-heads who fly. Though Goring and his cavaliers marched by here, we cannot tell what way the struggle may have turned, or on what side he attacked the rebels. So it may well be the traitors that fly themselves. But look out, look out ; your eyes are younger than mine, and less dimmed with tears ; perchance you may catch a passing glimpse that will give us glad news. "

The younger lady pressed her eyes close to the window ; and though, by this time, the first party of fugitives had passed the house, yet the distant sound of others coming nigh met her ear ; and she continued to gaze upon the faint line of the road to the spot where the yellow glare of the gravel, which distinguished it from the ground about it, was lost in the general darkness of the common. At length three dark figures came forward with tremendous speed ; at first so near together, and so hidden by the night, that she could hardly distinguish them from each other. But gradually the forms became more and more clear ; and, as they darted past the house, she exclaimed, in a glad tone, " They are the rebels, they are the rebels flying for life ! I see their great boots, and their morions without crest or plume ! "

" But they may be pursuing those who went before," said her mother, with a less elated tone ; " they may be the followers and not the flyers, Margaret. "

" No, no, they are flying, in good sooth ! " replied the young lady, " for ever and anon they turn their heads to look behind, and still urge their horses faster at each look. But they are gone ! And now pray God that victory may not cost us dear ! I would that my brother were come back, and Henry Lisle. "

" Fie, Margaret, fie ! " said her mother, " give God undivided thanks ; for if my son and your lover be both left upon the field of battle, we ought still to feel that their lives were well bestowed to win a victory for their royal master. "



Margaret covered her eyes with her hands, but made no answer ; and, in a moment after, fresh coming sounds called her again to the window. It was a single horseman who now approached ; and though he rode at full speed, with his head somewhat bent over the saddle, yet he continued his course steadily, and neither turned his look to the right or left. As he approached the house, his horse started suddenly from some object left by the road-side, plunged, and fell ; and the rider, cast with frightful violence from his seat, was thrown on his head upon the ground. A deep groan was, at first, the only sound ; but, the moment after, the horse, which had borne him, starting up, approached close to the body of its master, and, putting its head to where he lay, by a long wild neigh seemed, at once, to express its sorrow and to claim assistance.

"If it be Essex or Manchester, Fairfax or Cromwell, we must render him aid, Margaret," said the mother ; "never must it be said that friend or enemy needed help at my door and did not meet it. Call up the hind's boy, Bridget ; open the door, and bring in yon fallen man."

Her commands were speedily fulfilled ; for, though brought low in her estate, the Lady Herrick was not one to suffer herself to be disobeyed. The stranger was lifted from the ground, placed in a chair, and carried into the house. His eyes were closed ; and it was evident to the elder lady, as she held the candle to his face, that, if not killed, he was completely stunned by the fall. He was a hard-featured man, with short grizzled hair, and heavy determined brow, on which the lines of habitual thought remained, even in the state of stupor into which he had fallen. He was broadly made and muscular, though not corpulent, and was above the middle size without being tall. His dress consisted of a dark grey coat, which clove to him with the familiar ease of an old servant, and a brown cloak, which, in truth, had lost much of its freshness in his service. Above his coat had been placed a complete cuirass, the adjustment of which betrayed great symptoms of haste ; and by his side he wore one of those long heavy blades of plain steel, which had often been the jest of the cavaliers.

His head was uncovered either by hat or morion, and the expanse of his forehead, the only redeeming point in his countenance, was thus fully displayed. The rest of his face was not only coarse in itself, but bad in its expression ; and when, after some cold water had been thrown over it, he revived in a degree and looked around, the large, shrewd, unsatisfactory eyes, which he turned upon those about him, had nothing in them to prepossess the mind in his favor.

The moment that consciousness had fully returned, he made an effort to start upon his feet, but instantly sunk back again into the chair, exclaiming, "The Lord has smitten me, yet must I gird up my loins and go, lest I fall into captivity."

"Fear not, fear not," replied Lady Herrick, whose humanity was somewhat chivalrous ; "you are in safety here ; wait for a while till you are better able to mount, and then get you gone, in God's name, for I seek not to foster roundheads more than may be. Yet stay till you can ride," she added, seeing his hand again grasp the chair, as if to rise, "women should know no enemies in the hurt and wounded."

"Nay, but, worthy lady," replied the Parliamentarian, "should the crew of the Moabitish General Goring follow me even here to smite me hip and thigh, as they vowed to do to all who bear arms for godliness' sake, or to bear me away captive—"

"Fear not, fear not," answered the lady, "none should dare, by my hearth's side, to lay hands on one that common mercy bade me take into shelter—fear not, I say. That is right, Margaret," she added, seeing her daughter pour some wine into a glass for the use of the stranger, "take that; it will revive you, and give you strength to speed on."

"Hast thou caught the stranger's horse, Dickson?" she demanded, turning to the boy who had aided in bringing in the Commonwealth-man, and who now re-entered the room after a momentary absence.

"He is caught and made fast below," replied the lad, "and here are my young master and Master Henry Lisle coming up from the court. They have beaten the roundheads, and killed Colonel Cromwell, and taken his whole army prisoners!"

Scarcely had he time to pour forth this rapid tide of news when the door was thrown open, and two young cavaliers, in broad hats and plumes, followed one another rapidly in, each taking with the lips of the two ladies that dear liberty, consecrated to intimacy and affection. "Welcome, welcome, my gallant son!" cried the mother, as she held the first to her bosom.

"My own dear Margaret!" whispered the young gentleman who had followed, as he took the unresisted kiss which welcomed him back from danger and strife; but further congratulations of all kinds were suddenly stopped, as the eyes of the two cavaliers fell upon the stranger, who had now recovered strength to rise from his seat, and was anxiously looking towards the door beyond them.

"Who in the devil's name have we here?" cried Sir George Herrick; "what crop-eared villain is this?"

In vain his mother explained, and strove to pacify him. The sight of one of the rebels raised again in his bosom all the agitating fury of the fight in which he had been just engaged; and neither the prayers of his mother or his sister, the promises they had made to the stranger, or their remonstrances to himself, had any effect. "Ho! boy!" he exclaimed, "bid your father bring a rope. By the Lord of Heaven, I will hang this roundhead cur to the oak before the door! Bring a rope, I say;" and, unsheathing his sword, he advanced upon the Parliamentary, calling upon his companion to prevent his escape by the door.

The stranger said not a word; but bit his nether lip, and calmly drawing his tuck retreated into one corner of the room, keeping a keen fixed eye upon the young cavalier who strode on towards him. Margaret, seeing that all persuasion was vain with her brother, turned her imploring eyes to Henry Lisle, who instantly laid his hand upon his companion's cloak. "What now?" exclaimed the other, turning sharp upon him.

"This must not be, George," replied the other cavalier.

"Must not be!" thundered Sir George Herrick, "but it shall be! Who shall stay me?"

"Your own better reason and honor, I trust," replied the other; "hear me—but hear me, Herrick! Your lady mother promised this fellow safety to stay and to go; and upon her promise alone—she says—he staid. Had that promise not been given we should not have found him here. Will you slay a man by your own hearth, who put confidence in your mother's word! Fie, fie! let him go! We have slain enough this night to let one rebel escape, were he the devil himself!"

Sir George Herrick glared round for a moment, in moody silence, and then put up his sword. "Well," said he, at length, "if he staid but on her promise, let him take himself away. He will grace the gibbet some other day. But do not let me see him move across the room," he added, with a look of disgust, "or I shall run my blade through him, whether I will or not."

"Come, fellow, get thee gone!" said Henry Lisle, "I will see thee depart:" and while his companion fixed his eyes with stern intensity upon the fire-place, as if not to witness the escape of the roundhead, he led him out of the chamber to the outer door.

The stranger moved forward with a firm calm step, keeping his naked sword still in his hand, and making no comment on the scene in which he had been so principal a performer. As he passed through the room, however, he kept a wary glance upon Sir George Herrick; but the moment he quitted it he seemed more at ease, and paused quietly at the door while the boy brought forward his charger. During that pause he turned no unfriendly look upon Henry Lisle; and seemed as if about to speak more than once. At length, he said, in a low voice, "Something I would fain say—though, God knows, we are poor blinded creatures, and see not what is best for us—of thanks concerning that carnal safety which it may be doubted whether——"

"No thanks are needed," interrupted Henry Lisle, cutting across what promised to be one of the long harangues habitual with the fanatics of that day, "no thanks are needed for safety that is grudgingly awarded. I tell thee plainly, that, had it not been for the lady's promise, I would willingly have aided in hanging thee with my own hands; and when next we two meet face to face, we shall not part till the life-blood of one or other mark our meeting-place."

"It may be so, if such be God's will," replied the Parliamentarian, "and I pray the Lord to give me strength that I may never be found slack to do the work appointed me!"

"Thou hast never been so yet, though it be the work of the evil one," answered Henry Lisle, and then added, "I know thee, though none else here does, or it had fared harder with thee in spite of all promises."

"Thou knowest me!" said the stranger, without testifying any great surprise, "then thou doest the better deed in Israel! and I will trust, notwithstanding thy present malignancy, that the day of grace may yet come to thee. Farewell!"

Thus saying, he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounting somewhat heavily the horse which was now brought up for him, rode away across the common.

Time flew—years passed—the temporary success obtained by General Goring over the forces of Oliver Cromwell was swept away and forgotten in a tide of brilliant triumphs won by the Parliamentary general, who trod upon steps of victory to the government of an empire. He had conquered his opponents by the sword; he had conquered his partizans by hypocrisy; he had subdued all to his will, and, under the name of Lord General, ruled with more power than a king. In the mean while, Sir George Herrick and Henry Lisle had fought to the last in the cause of their ancient monarchs; and their zeal—like that noblest of human energies, hope—had grown but the stronger under the pressure of misfortune and distress. Amongst the various chances

of the civil war, five times had the day been appointed for the union of Henry Lisle with Margaret Herrick, and five times had some unforeseen mishap intervened to delay what all so much desired. Each day that went by, Lady Herrick, with means quite exhausted and hopes quite depressed, longed more and more to see her child united to a man of talent, and firmness, and resource ; and each battle that passed by, Sir George Herrick, struck with a presentiment of approaching fate, thanked God that he had lived to place his sister's hand in that of his friend.

The last time the marriage was suspended was on the fatal call to Worcester field, where Sir George Herrick fell ; and Henry Lisle only escaped to hear his companion's last request to Margaret, that without further pause or delay—without vain ceremonies or useless tears—she would give herself, at once, to her promised protector. Their wedding was a sad one—no glad peal, no laughing train, announced the union of the two lovers ; and, ere the day of their bridal was spent, Henry Lisle was a prisoner, journeying towards the tower of London. His trial was delayed some time ; but when it took place it was soon decided. No evidence was wanting to his full conviction of loyalty to his king ; and the block and axe was the doom pronounced upon him. A brief three days lay between him and death ; and Margaret, who was permitted to see him, clung in agony to her husband's bosom. Lady Herrick, to whom he had been more than a son, gazed for some time, with equal agony, upon his fine but faded countenance, which, worn by toil, and anxiety, and long imprisonment, was still more clouded by the hopeless despair of her he loved. But suddenly, without a word, the mother turned away and left the prison.

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It was in that great and unequaled hall, whose magnificent vault has overhung so many strange and mighty scenes in English history, and whose record of brief and gorgeous pageants reads as sad a homily on human littleness as even the dark memorials of the tomb. It was in Westminster Hall, on the 16th day of December, that, with the clangor of trumpets and all the pomp and splendor both of military and civil state, a splendid procession moved forward to a chair or throne, raised on some ornamented steps at the further extremity of the building. Judges, in those solemn robes intended to give dignity to the judgments they pronounce ; and officers, dressed in all that glittering panoply destined to deceive and hide the rugged form of war, moved over the echoing pavement between two long ranks of soldiers, who kept the space clear from the gazing and admiring multitude. But the principal figure of the whole procession, on which all eyes were turned, was that of a stout broad-built man with a dingy weather-beaten countenance, shaggy eyebrows, and a large red nose. His countenance was as unprepossessing as can be conceived ; nor was his dress, which consisted of plain black velvet, at all equal to those which surrounded him. But there was something in his carriage and his glance not to be mistaken. It was the confidence of power—not the extraneous power of circumstance and situation, but of that concentrated internal strength which guides and rules the things around it. Each step, as he planted it upon the pavement, seemed destined to be rooted there forever ; and his eye, as it encountered the glances of those around, fell upon them with a calm power which beat them to the dust before its gaze. Passing onward through the hall, he ascended the steps

which raised the chair of state ; and, turning round, stood uncovered before the people. The two keepers of the great seal, standing on his right and left, read a long paper called the Institute of Government, by which, amongst other things, the Lord General, Oliver Cromwell, was named Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England. The paper was then signed, an oath was administered, and, putting on his hat, the figure which had advanced to the chair sat down, amidst the acclamations of the people, while the rest continued to stand around uncovered.

Various other ceremonies were performed ; and then the Great Usurper, rising from his seat, led back the procession towards the door of the hall : but scarcely had he traversed one half of its extent, when a woman, who had been whispering to one of the soldiers who lined the way, pushed suddenly past, and cast herself at Cromwell's feet. "An act of grace, Lord Protector !" she exclaimed, "an act of grace, to bring a much-needed blessing on the power you have assumed !"

"What wouldest thou, woman ?" demanded Cromwell ; "some-where I have seen thy face before : what wouldest thou ? If thy petition be conceived in godliness, and such as may be granted with safety to these poor disturbed realms, it shall not be refused on such a day as this."

"When Colonel Cromwell failed in his attack on Faringdon House," said Lady Herrick—for it was she who knelt before him, "and when General Goring surprised and cut to pieces his troops at night near Warnham Common"—Cromwell's brow darkened, but still she went on—"he fled from a disaster he could not prevent ; and was cast from his horse, stunned, at the door of a widow woman, who gave him shelter. He was the enemy of her and hers, and flying from a battle in which her own son had fought ; and yet she gave him rest and comfort, and opposed that very son, who would have shed his blood by her hearth. There, too, Henry Lisle interposed to save his life and was successful ; otherwise, Lord Protector, I tell thee, thou wouldest never have sat in that seat which thou hast taken this day. Condemned by your judges for acting according to his conscience, I now ask the life of Henry Lisle, in return for the life he saved. Grant it—oh, grant it, as you are a man and a Christian !"

Cromwell's brow was as dark as thunder ; and, after gazing on her for a moment in silence, his only reply was, "Take her away ; the woman is mad—take her away and put her forth ; but gently—gently—bruise not the bruised—so—now let us pass on, for, in truth, we have been delayed too long."

Put out of the hall by the soldiers ; her last hope gone ; her heart nearly broken for her child and her child's husband, Lady Herrick wandered slowly on towards that sad place where she had left all that was dear to her. The gay and mighty cavalcade, which conveyed the usurper back to his palace, passed her by like one of those painful dreams which mock us with sights of splendor in the midst of some heavy woe ; and before she had threaded many more of the solitary streets, robbed of their population by the attractive ceremony of the day, a single trooper galloped up, gazed on her a moment, and rode on. At the tower no formalities were opposed to her immediate entrance of the prisoner's chamber—she was led to it at once ; the door itself was open ; an unsealed paper lay upon the table ; Henry held Margaret in his arms ; and tears, which she never before had seen in

his eyes, now rolled plentifully down his cheeks, and mingled with those of his bride ; but, strange to say, smiles were shining through those tears, and happiness, like the rainbow-sun, beamed through the drops of sorrow !

“ Joy, mother, joy ! ” were the first and only words : “ joy, mother, joy ! — Henry is pardoned ! ”

NAPLES, THE SONG OF THE SYREN. BY MRS. HEMANS.

[THE WINTER'S WREATH.]

Then gentle winds arose  
With many a mingled close,  
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odor keen ;  
Where the clear Baian ocean  
Welters with air-like motion  
Within, above, around, its bowers of starry green.—SHELLY.

STILL is the Syren warbling on thy shore,  
Bright City of the Waves !—her magic song  
Still, with a dreamy sense of ecstasy,  
Fills thy soft summer's air :—and while my glance  
Dwells on thy pictured loveliness, that lay  
Floats thus o'er Fancy's ear ; and thus to thee,  
Daughter of Sunshine ! doth the Syren sing.

“ Thine is the glad wave's flashing play,  
Thine is the laugh of the golden day,  
The golden day, and the glorious night,  
And the vine with its clusters all bathed in light !  
—Forget, forget, that thou art not free !  
Queen of the summer sea !

“ Favor'd and crown'd of the earth and sky !  
Thine are all voices of melody,  
Wandering in moonlight through fane and tower,  
Floating o'er fountain and myrtle bower ;  
Hark ! now they melt o'er thy glittering sea ;  
—Forget that thou art not free !

“ Let the wine flow in thy marble halls !  
Let the lute answer thy fountain falls !  
And deck thy beach with the myrtle bough,  
And cover with roses thy glowing brow !  
Queen of the day and the summer sea,  
Forget that thou art not free ! ”

So doth the Syren sing, while sparkling waves  
Dance to her chaunt.—But sternly, mournfully,  
O city of the deep ! from Sybil grots  
And Roman tombs, the echoes of thy shore  
Take up the cadence of her strain alone,  
Murmuring—“ Thou art not free ! ”



## FRERE DU DIABLE. BY THE OLD SAILOR.

"Some said he was a wizard wight,  
Some said he was a devil."

[ACKERMANN'S FORGET-ME-NOT.]—Whoever has visited Italy must retain a lasting remembrance of its romantic beauties, its delicious climate, and the balmy odors exhaled from the glowing productions of its soil. It was in one of the most delightful parts of this luxuriant country that Joachim Galeazzo cultivated his extensive vineyards, and his wealth and influence rendered him of considerable importance, not only in the immediate neighborhood, but throughout the province where he resided. Possessed of a fine manly form, and endowed with a countenance of mild benevolence, it could be no wonder that he was united to a female whose loveliness first attracted his attention, and whose sweetness of disposition secured the best affections of his heart. Smiling little cherubs blessed their union ; gladdening prospects crowned their industry ; and happiness shed contentment on their days. It was delightful to see the interesting family group, after the heat of the day had subsided, assembling round the margin of the clear fountain to enjoy its refreshing coolness, or reveling on the verdant lawn, and sporting in their innocence and gaiety.

But this was a bliss too pure to continue long. That plague of kings and scourge of nations—ambition—urged Napoleon on to conquest ; and war, with its attendant horrors, spread devastation through the fertile valleys, while ravages heightened by ruthless ferocity marked the progress of the invaders. In vain did the peasants rush to defend their country and their homes ; the army of the conqueror advanced amid smoking ruins and burning villages, the ashes of which were quenched only by the blood of slaughtered victims. Galeazzo possessed a soul of undaunted courage, and he determined to exert his utmost efforts to repel the approaching storm. He assembled a band of the bravest of his countrymen, and a solemn oath was pledged upon the altar of their country that they would expel the sanguinary invaders from their soil, or die in the attempt.

It was an affecting sight to see those self-devoted heroes parting from their families and friends. Mothers and maidens, amid all the anxious emotions which fill the female heart with apprehension, looked with glowing pride upon the men they loved ; and the small but firm phalanx bade adieu to their peaceful habitations, and to those whom danger bound more strongly round their hearts, determined that no disgrace should tarnish their fair fame.

Galeazzo and his band of patriots marched towards the enemy, and nearly the whole of them fell in the desperate struggle for liberty. They had, however, inspired their countrymen with fresh vigor, and the career of Napoleon was for a short time checked. The gallant conduct of Galeazzo, who still survived, pointed him out as a fit person to assume a higher command : a number of select and well-tried men were therefore placed at his disposal, and without risking a general engagement he commenced that species of guerilla warfare which afterwards became so terrible to the French.

But Fortune, which at first crowned the efforts of Galeazzo with success, at length forsook him : in an evil hour he fell into a snare that

had been laid to entrap him : his men were either killed or dispersed, and, wounded almost to death, he returned to his own estate, to aid the flight of his family to the mountains.

Almost fainting with the loss of blood, he arrived at the midnight hour on the borders of his vineyards. But the hand of the Destroyer had been speedy ; the red hue of the crackling flames streamed upon his sight, and, overpowered with agony and weakness, he sank to the ground behind a hedge of myrtle that screened him from observation. Insensibility would have been a blessing, but it came not ; for, though unable to rise from the spot where he had fallen, his mind was still acutely alive to all that passed within his view. He saw his little innocents butchered by the murderous hands of the inebriated troops ; he saw his beautiful wife struggling in vain against the brutal violence of the soldiery : he beheld the bodies of his children—

Their silver skins laced with their golden blood—

thrown among the burning embers of their once happy home. His soul sickened at the spectacle, and his senses forsook him.

At length the ruthless passions of the troops were satiated : demolition ceased, for there was nothing more to destroy ; and they quitted the work of their impious hands to immolate other victims, and to offer fresh sacrifices at the shrine of Napoleon's ambition.

Morning dawned upon the wretched sufferer, who awoke once more to sense and misery ; yet all around was calm, except when the solemn stillness was broken by the piercing death-shriek of some poor wretch in his mortal agony, or the distant discharge of artillery that told a tale of slaughter. Still, serenely beautiful, was the clear, blue sky, tinged with the golden radiance of the sun ; and the blushing flowers that had drunk the moistening dew breathed forth their odors to the morning breeze, blending the soul of sweetness with the cooling winds. But the song of the peasant, as he early plied his wonted task among the purple clusters of the vine, was heard no more. The very birds, scared by the blackening smoke that curled towards the heavens, and, like the blood of Abel, cried for vengeance, had left the spot where desolation triumphed.

Life was rapidly passing away from the wretched Galeazzo ; his wounds had burst out afresh in his struggle to rise, and he felt approaching dissolution spread its film over his eyes : still he continued fearfully sensible of his situation, and waited for the hour when his mortal agony should cease.

At this moment the whole expanse was filled with a wild unnatural yell, like the mingling laugh and shriek of the tortured maniac ; and a female figure, her hair disheveled and hanging on her bare and bleeding bosom, her white dress rent and deeply stained with human gore, appeared upon the lawn. Her left hand was writhed in the hair of a French soldier, who was wounded beyond the power of resistance ; and with strength almost surpassing nature, she dragged him towards the still glowing ashes of her once joyous habitation. Her right hand grasped a dagger which was reeking with blood, and there she stood like another Hecate over her fallen prey. There was a maddened laugh—a scream—a shout of triumph—as she buried the ruddy steel in the body of the soldier, then flashed it in the sun, and again plunged it to the hilt in his breast. She gazed upon her prostrate enemy with the fiend-like expression of a demon, and seemed to feel a terrible

gratification in turning over every mangled corpse that bore the uniform of France, and with a direful vengeance thrusting the dagger into many a heart that had long ceased to beat. Unsatiated by revenge, she looked around for fresh offerings to her fury, and at length came to the spot where Galeazzo was crouched,

Breathing the slow remains of life away.

She looked on his sunken eye and hollow cheek, and, raising the weapon in her hand, "Die, wretch," said she, "for thou hast nought to live for now!" But Nature refused compliance with her purpose; the dagger dropped from her unnerved grasp, and she fell senseless by his side—it was his wife!

\* \* \* \* \*

The French army continued to advance almost unmolested, and thousands fled to the mountains to escape the ravages of war. But, though these remained quiescent and passive at first, yet when the impulse of terror had subsided, the guerillas again formed themselves into an organized band, and swore eternal enmity to France. Their leader was a man of dauntless intrepidity and cool determination. Ever foremost in the conflict, and always the last in the retreat, he soon became a conspicuous object of the invaders; and, when the army encamped near Capua, his single hand performed prodigies of valor. The outposts were constantly attacked; the sentinels, even in the very centre of the main body, were found dead upon their post; and but few of the foraging parties ever returned to supply the wants of the soldiery. All succor was cut off from the seaward by the British cruisers, and provisions began rapidly to diminish, in spite of even the masterly commissariat of Buonaparte.

The officers had been accustomed to make excursions into the surrounding country, but this was at last forbidden, for there was scarcely a jutting crag or a thicket that did not conceal a desperate enemy, whose shining blade or long fusée was prompt to deal destruction. In vain were whole brigades called out to scour the country, the guerillas were secure in their mountain-holds, and bade defiance to their foes. Attempts were made to dislodge them from their positions, but they were utterly fruitless; for, though a few prisoners fell into the hands of the French, and, after suffering torture, were hung upon the branches of trees, as spectacles for their companions, yet this did but instigate them to firmer resolve and to deeper revenge.

The chief had been known repeatedly to visit the camp of the invading army in disguise, and once, on being detected and pursued, the bullets whistled round him in every direction, but he escaped unhurt, and superstition whispered that his body was impervious to shot. The sentinels declared that they had seen him assume a variety of shapes, for he was sometimes perceived in the form of a wolf stealing from bush to bush, and then he would suddenly emerge in all the vigor and pride of manhood: but pursuit seemed useless, for he was said to disappear so suddenly, that none but those who were under the protection of superhuman agency could otherwise have escaped. A general consternation spread among the soldiery; even the commanders caught the infection, and this desperate leader became known to the whole army under the appellation of *Frère du Diable*. Large rewards were set upon his head; many of the officers bound themselves by oath to take him, dead or alive, but their oath was generally sealed

in death. Oftentimes, when the wine was set upon the convivial board, and the canvass wall echoed to the sounds of mirth, the alarm was given that *Frère du Diable* was in the camp, and every weapon was prepared, and every eye alert, for action. Oftentimes, at the evening hour, when the generous liquor had warmed the flagging courage, would some one or other, more bold than his companions, laugh at their pusillanimity, and swear to destroy the common foe : but the morning light generally saw him a corpse, with some certain token that either *Frère du Diable* or one of his comrades dealt the blow.

It was about this time that Sir Sidney Smith commanded a fine frigate in the Mediterranean, and few men were better adapted for the conducting that sort of amphibious warfare which attended the hostilities on the shores of Italy. Dauntless intrepidity and daring resolution were mingled with a skilful knowledge of his profession, and there was a certain degree of romantic enthusiasm in his enterprises which strongly displayed his adventurous and chivalrous spirit. The defeat of the French at Acre, and other places, was an incontestible proof how well he could conduct operations on land : and, in boarding and cutting out the vessels of the enemy from under the embrasures of well-mounted batteries, or in storming the batteries themselves, his cool courage and his steady skill were regarded as pledges of victory by the intrepid seamen. But his chief delight was to lead his men, under the cover of the twilight glow of an Italian night, through the dark mazes of the forest, or winding among the huge masses of rock that lined the coast, where the wild guerilla crossed his path, or joined his band and gave intelligence of the enemy.

It would be impossible for language to do adequate justice to such a scene. The slow movements of a hundred men, who crept from bush to bush without a whisper—the cautious and silent advance upon the enemy—the red watch-fire that marked the temporary encampment of the French, and the occasional challenge of the drowsy sentinel at the outpost, which died away upon the breeze as tranquillity was restored—the crouching down in breathless silence till suspicion was lulled—oh ! there was a degree of enchantment in the whole which then was realized, but cannot now be described.

To the seamen these expeditions were a source of real amusement, and they afforded them repeated opportunities for indulging in their characteristic humor. When the word was passed for the boats to be manned (and none but volunteers were permitted to go with the captain), the hoarse voice of the boatswain's mate followed his shrill pipe, and, as the words "Bush-fighters, away !" resounded down the hatchways, every man fore and aft knew the purport of the summons, and all would gladly have joined the party for the shore.

But, though I say all,\* it must be admitted that the old master was an exception ; he would have fought the devil himself in his ship, or would have run her flying-jib-boom into the very quarters of his satanic majesty, if he had caught him afloat ; but he had no idea of "land-privateering," as he termed it. "A sailor," he said, "always gets out of soundings ashore, and, without knowing his bearings and distances, generally runs upon a false reckoning." The fact was, he was as much a piece of the frigate as any timber-head on her hull ; and nothing short of being wrecked or blown up could have separated them.

Sir Sidney had obtained intelligence that *Frère du Diable* was in the neighborhood of his cruising-ground, and, wishing to communicate

with him, for the purpose of ascertaining the precise situation and operations of the French, the boats were manned and armed, and, an hour before daybreak, the whole party landed in a small cove, formed by rocks that entirely concealed from view the means of debarkation.

Leaving the principal portion of the men by the boats, with strict orders to the officer not to suffer any one to stray away, but to be extremely vigilant, Sir Sidney, with a lieutenant, two midshipmen, and twelve men, proceeded on his way, over rock and stone, through bush and briar, towards the spot where it was most probable the guerilla chief would be found. It was a lovely morning : the stars still glistened in the clear blue heaven of an Italian sky, and there was that sort of dubious light which greatly added to the beauty of the romantic scenery. Sometimes the party had to climb by the aid of their hands and knees to the summit of the frowning precipice, and at others to slide down huge masses of rock ; so necessary was it to keep from every beaten track, for the purpose of avoiding any stragglers from the enemy's camp who might raise an alarm.

At length, after considerable exertion, and just as the sun appeared above the verge of the horizon, they arrived at a place in the interior of a thick forest, and nearly at the extreme height of a mountain, which evidently displayed strong lines of defence, but so inartificially contrived as to appear more the work of Nature than of the hand of man. Huge trees lay piled in various directions, as if thrown down by some gust of the wild tempest, yet in such positions as to afford occasional shelter to a retreating party, and offering an admirable post for harassing an advancing foe.

Scarcely was the first of these barriers passed when a shrill whistle sounded close to them, and, in a few minutes, they burst into an open space, that had been cleared of the underwood and some of the trees, and now formed a pleasant alcove. Here the scene became highly interesting ; it was one of those which Salvator Rosa would have gloried in transferring to the canvass. In one corner, upon an elevated mound, so as to command a view of the whole area, sat a majestic-looking figure, with a countenance of mild serenity, but yet of a commanding aspect. Over his shoulders was hung the skin of a wolf, and the lower part of his body was enveloped in a cloak of furs. The butts of his pistols were just seen, as they stuck in his broad girdle ; a heavy sword and a carbine lay by his side, and in his hand he held that peculiar kind of knife so well known as the favorite weapon of the guerilla. Resting upon one knee, and her arm leaning on his shoulder, was a female of great beauty ; she was gazing tenderly upon him, but at intervals there was a fierce flashing of the eye, an agitated contortion of feature, that rendered her terrible to sight. There was nevertheless a fascinating beauty still, though it was constantly changing from the glance of servid affection to the fiend-like expression of a fallen angel. These were *Frère du Diable* and his wife, or, in other words, Galeazzo and Camilla.

The guerilla band were assembled in separate groups, yet so connected as to be ready for action at a moment's warning. Some were stretched upon the ground, and still buried in the deep sleep which exertion and fatigue render so delicious to the weary frame ; others were awaking from their slumbers and stretching their sinewy limbs ; whilst a few were examining their arms or polishing their knives.

The shrill whistle again sounded, when a single blast from a bugle roused every soul in an instant, and, carbine in hand, they stood prepar-

ed for battle. Sir Sidney advanced, was immediately recognised, and a loud shout of joy proclaimed his welcome. The guerillas laid down their arms, and received the seamen with demonstrations of attachment. The chiefs met and embraced in token of amity, whilst the beautiful Camilla testified her satisfaction to see the enemies of the French. A multitude of conflicting feelings seemed to agitate her soul, as she pressed the hand of Sir Sidney to her heart, and called upon him as "the avenger of blood."

As soon as order was restored, the two chiefs held a conference together, after which refreshments were spread upon the greensward, consisting of dried venison, hard cheese, bread, fruits, and wine. On the elevated mound Galeazzo, Camilla, Sir Sidney, and the British officers, were seated on the grass. Behind the guerilla chief, a little to the right, stood the bugleman, and on the left, the sword-bearer, both prompt to obey commands. The seamen joined in the messes of the band, and the utmost harmony prevailed.

A few minutes had elapsed since these arrangements were made, when suddenly a bright flash was seen among the bushes on the opposite side to that where the chief sat, and, as the report of fire-arms echoed among the rocks, the bugleman fell dead upon Sir Sidney's shoulder. All parties were instantly on their feet, and the chiefs dealt mutual looks of distrust at each other. It was evident that the ball had been designed for one of them, and suspicion pervaded the minds of both that treachery was at work. The dauntless look of defiance was exchanged, but it was only momentary, for the shrill voice of Camilla was heard. "Do they seek the lion in his den?" she exclaimed with bitterness; "on, on! and destroy the common foe!"

The features of the guerilla changed; he grasped Sir Sidney's hand with impetuosity, gazed for a moment on the corpse, and then, seizing the bugle, blew a blast so loud and shrill, that every rock and glen echoed the noise. He ceased, and the whole band stood in breathless silence, watching their leader, who appeared like a statue; but no sound was heard except the gentle rustling of the leaves in the morning breeze. Again with wild haste the chief raised the bugle, and sounded louder and longer than before, and again all subsided to the deepest attention. At length, answering blasts were heard in different directions, and the chief, dashing the bugle on the ground, gave orders for the immediate departure of his band. Sir Sidney wished to accompany him, but this offer was politely declined; yet, turning to Camilla, he requested her to remain with the English captain till his return.—She gave her husband a stern look of reproach. "Am I not bereaved?" said she. "Is not the blood of my offspring on their hands? Will not the wolf fight for her whelps, and shall I shrink? On! on, Galeazzo! the death-shriek of my murdered children is ringing in my ears, and nought but deep and terrible revenge can satisfy me now!"

The chief raised the wolf's skin from his shoulders, and, drawing the head part over his own, so that the nostrils covered his brows, he assumed that terrific appearance which at all times rendered him so conspicuous an object in his encounters with the enemy. He again grasped Sir Sidney's hand, and requested him to return to his ship; and, as soon as he saw a smoke rising from the spot on which he then stood, he might consider it as a signal for him to retrace his steps to the place of rendezvous.



The guerilla band spread themselves into small parties, and pursued different routes, though only at such distances from each other as to be ready to unite in one body if it should be necessary ; and in a few minutes not a vestige of the troop remained, except the corpse, the broken food, and the half-emptied flagons.

The British party returned to the frigate, and a careful watch was set to look out for the concerted signal. The officers were constantly directing their spy-glasses towards the spot, but nothing was seen ; and the day passed away in restless impatience, not unaccompanied with suspicions of *Frère du Diable's* intentions.

Night came—a beautiful clear Italian night—reviving in the mind all the strong fervor of romance. The deep blue of the sky, reflected on the transparent wave, which gave back its lovely hue, was beautifully contrasted with the dark foliage and the rocky masses which bound the shore, affording no indication of human dwelling—all was still and passionless. The eye was eagerly strained towards the thick wood, which frowned in gloom and pride, when, about the middle of the first watch, light wreaths of smoke curled upward above the trees, followed by bright flashes, and, in a few minutes, the red glare of ascending flames gave a grand and terrific change to the quiet of the scene.

The boats were again manned, and soon sweeping through the liquid element to the spot they had quitted in the morning ; and, in an hour, Sir Sidney, with a more numerous retinue than before, arrived at the appointed place. But, though the scene of the early day was striking, it was a mere tranquil spectacle when compared with the present, where wild ferocity was heightened by intoxication and hellish cruelty. In the centre of the space the dry trunks of trees were piled on end, so as to form a spiral elevation and terminate almost in a point at the summit. They were burning with great rapidity, and cast a red tinge on the horrible figures that were spread around. The chief leaned upon his heavy sword near the fire, and his wife stood laughing by his side ; but that laugh was utterly destitute of human pleasure—it was like the laugh of a fallen angel exulting over mortal agony. She was terrible in her beauty, and the soul trembled before her demoniac gaze. A loud shout proclaimed Sir Sidney's presence, and he immediately advanced towards the chief, who received him in the most cordial manner ; whilst Camilla, in wild accents, exclaimed, " They would seek the lion in his den ! But more blood has been shed as a sacrifice to avenge my murdered babes "—and she threw another log into the flames.

The chief informed Sir Sidney that the pursuit of the guerillas had not been unavailing, for they had followed the delinquent (who proved to be a French soldier, under pledge to destroy *Frère du Diable*), down to the very outposts of the enemy's camp, where, after a slight skirmish, he was captured and brought back to the stronghold of the band. " And see," said the chief, opening the blazing pile with his sword, and showing the mutilated remains of a human body consuming in the flames, " thus perish all our enemies ! " " Ay, perish, perish forever ! " responded Camilla. " This is he," continued the chief, " who fired the shot this morning. He confessed that it was designed for me, but thus—thus am I avenged ! " The miserable victim had been burnt alive.

## THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE. BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

[ACKERMANN'S FORGET-ME-NOT.]—This random sketch alludes to the death of the Reverend George Walker, rector of Donnochmore, the hero who defended Londonderry, with a few half-starved militia, against the whole regular and well appointed army of King James, who lost ten thousand men in his fruitless attempt. Walker afterwards fell at the battle of the Boyne, near to King William's right hand. He was certainly a man unequaled in bravery and resolution, as every one who has read the account of that notable siege will admit. The hint concerning his tenets is taken from an account of his life, in a pamphlet printed in Dublin in 1700.

SCENE—*A field of battle. Alarums in the distance. The Rev. GEORGE WALKER mortally wounded, supported by his son, JOHN.*

*John.* My father, thou art dying. Turn thy thoughts  
To that momentous change. Thy wound is mortal :  
Thou know'st it, or shouldst know it. Yet thou seem'st  
Blithe as a bridegroom on the tiptoe verge  
Of Hope's dilated height, gazing enrapt  
On the delirious joys so long deferr'd.  
O my loved lord and father ! let me say,  
This gaiety ill suits the door of death.

*Walker.* What, John, art turn'd confessor ! Thanks, good boy,  
For this kind admonition. For my part,  
I think not of my death, save as a speck  
Of darkness mid a day of joyful light.  
The victory's ours, boy ! Think of that award !  
Our brutal enemies dispersed  
Like chaff before the wind. Look but to that,  
And what's an old man's life ? The tyrant's arm  
Is broke forever. That cold-hearted bigot,  
Who trampled on the necks of free-born men,  
And gloried in their blood—where is he now ?  
Flying like traitor-coward, as he is,  
From out his last red hold, like hunted fox,  
Or ravening wolf. Boy, that man was a fiend,  
Who o'er God's heritage long time hath shed  
Death, pestilence, and famine, by his breath.  
I've cross'd him somewhat, playing my small part  
To his confusion, and I yield my life  
In the good cause with joy. What then is death ?  
One passing pang—no more—I leave yourself  
And five bold brothers in my humble stead :  
And I must be immortal here on earth  
As well as in the heavens—if that, indeed,  
There be such place for souls of mortal men—  
Ay—if such a thing as after-life there be—  
There it is dark—well—I shall know it soon.

*John.* My father, do I hear these doubtful words  
From thy revered and consecrated lips,  
Even in the view of Time's fast gaining shore  
And ocean of Eternity beyond !  
Thou doubt'st not of a glorious life hereafter !

It cannot be ! Tell me thou ravest through pain,  
And ease my soul of this oppressive load.

*Walker.* Why, John, I've thought, and thought, and preach'd, and pray'd,

And doubted : thought and preach'd and pray'd again,  
And all that I have reach'd is a resolve  
To take my chance with others—and I'll do it !  
I neither do believe nor disbelieve—  
I DO NOT KNOW.

*John.* To hear the champion of the cause of Christ  
Speak thus, amazes me. The man whose deeds  
Make mankind stare and wonder ! he who taught  
The path of life through Jesus, till the young  
Shed tears of love, and old men trembling lean'd  
Their heads upon their hands and inly groan'd !  
How's this ! my father ? I am all amazement !

*Walker.* Boy, pester me no farther, for my time  
Draws near a close. I taught the way through Christ,  
Because no other surely led to peace,  
To virtue, and to happiness on earth,  
Which must to everlasting glory lead,  
If such the lot of erring man can be.

But when I 'thought me of the human millions  
Swept off by famine, pestilence, and sword,  
From Adam down to this—the serf, the savage,  
The infidel, the sage—men of all casts,  
Tenets, beliefs, strew'd o'er the world's wide face,  
From age to age, like carrion—why, I doubted ;  
Though zealous to believe, I doubted sore.

Don't tease me, boy ! I cannot help it now !

In his infinite mercy who created

This frame and all its energies, I trust.

Farewell ! A darkness settles o'er the field—

God shield King William ! Round his sacred head

And his good consort's may the grace of Heaven

Be shed abundantly ! Boy, where's thy hand ?

Pray let me feel it : kneel beside me here,

And pray for me—I love to hear thy voice—

It sounds like a renewal of my own,

And of my young belief—Oh, it is sweet !

*John.* (*Kneeling, and bowing over his father.*) O thou Almighty

Father, who presidest

O'er all the destinies of mortal men,

Look here in pity ! on thy servant look !

Who, bathed in blood, stood in the breach for thee,

And the pure renovation of thy church,

When those in office basely turn'd their backs,

And now lays down his life in that great cause !

One look of mercy, gracious God, bestow !

For though thy throne of glory's in the heavens,

In light ineffable, yet thou art here,

Surveying this red field, and taking note

Of all who fought and bled for right or wrong,

Their motives and advisement. God of mercy !

While the benevolent spirit of my father  
 With frail humanity holds intercourse,  
 Open his eyes to view the only path  
 From earth to heaven, through that mystic bond  
 Which never can be cancel'd—God with man !  
 Before his soul pass o'er that awful bourn  
 From whence there's no revert, no disannulment  
 Of bygone edicts, O unseal the valves  
 Laid open to the walks of grace and glory  
 By forfeiture divine, by deodand,  
 Which men or angels could not comprehend !  
 Sun of the soul ! bright polar star of hope !  
 And prostrate human nature's adoration !  
 What would creation be without thy light !  
 What would the heaven and all its treasures be,  
 Its blest society, euphonies, and joys,  
 Without *thy* glories, O Redeeming Love !  
 And what eternity ? Ah ! there the soul,  
 Standing on reason's farthest, loftiest verge,  
 And gazing onward o'er a gulf profound,  
 Quakes at the dim perspective—darkness there  
 Brooding forever—ages after ages  
 In millions of blue billows rolling on  
 Far, far away, into the void obscure,  
 Unfathom'd by the darkling soul's proud scale,  
 By plummet or by line !

Where shall the trembling spirit turn ? Where fly ?  
 Ah, the retreat is palpable and near !  
 To thy most blessed word, thou God of truth,  
 Where life and immortality appear  
 Blazon'd in living light. Unto that spring,  
 Open'd in David's house, O lead my father,  
 To bathe in light divine, and pass to thee  
 Believing and rejoicing !

He is gone !  
 That ardent noble spirit, who ne'er knew  
 Dissimulation, interest, or alarm  
 At aught save at dishonor ! Brave, brave father,  
 And kind as brave !—my model thou shalt be  
 In all my perils through this world below !

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A LEGEND OF THE CHEDDER CLIFFS. BY MISS PARDOE.

[BOUQUET.]—"And these, then," said I, as I stood gazing on the romantic and beautiful scene before me, "are the Chedder Cliffs ! How many fanciful ideas come crowding upon the imagination, amid rocks and chasms like these, where, if you speak, your words are echoed as by a thousand unseen spirits ; and if you move across the cavern, your step sounds like the footfalls of a host !—surely so wild a scene must have its legend, even in anti-legendary England.—Do tell me one, or *suppose* one for me," I added, turning to our guide, a blunt, matter-of-fact looking peasant ; "I will be as credulous as you could wish, however wild and improbable the tale may be—I should not dare

to doubt one tittle of it, while I am here looking on these gem-like stalactites ; where one may fancy the Genii of Aladdin's lamp have been strewing treasures, or the gnomes building for themselves a fairy palace—surely, surely, such a place must have its legend !”

“Why, for the matter of that, Ma'am, I believe there is a kind of a rigmarole sort of a story told about the rocks,” was the reply ; “not that I know anything about it, tho' to be sure I've heard it a time or two.”

“Try—try”—said I, impatiently.

“Tis no manner of use trying, as the saying is,” answered the inexorable peasant, “I never could make no hand of such things, seeing as I can neither read nor write.”

“Is there any one in the neighborhood who can tell it ?” I demanded hastily.

“Oh, aye ! that's another guess sort of an affair—yes, Ma'am, yes—there's blind Mary the Knitter, knows it from end to end, like a book ; and if you like to wait here till I fetch her, I'll be back before you've walked half a dozen times round the cavern ; though it is but a dullish kind of a story to hear after all.”

I assented joyfully ; and in very little more than he had stated, the sturdy peasant returned with the blind girl. She was the gentlest looking creature I ever beheld, with one of the finest profiles imaginable ; her jet black hair was braided smoothly under her close cap of simple white ; and had it not been for her blank and sightless eyeballs, she would have been the most lovely creature I ever looked on.

“Are you not fearful of treading so dangerous a path ?” I asked gently, as I took her hand to lead her forward.

“No, Madam,” was the low and tremulous reply, “I fear nothing but a thunder storm.”

“You are alarmed at thunder and lightning then,” said I, anxious to put her at her ease, ere she commenced her narration.

“Alas ! I have had cause !” she answered, as she passed her hands over her darkened eyes ; “I never hear a thunder clap but I remember that a flash has preceded it.” Then smiling sadly, she continued in a less mournful tone. “The Lord is very merciful ; though blind and an orphan, I can yet earn my bread, and I ought not to repine : I trust I do not—yet there *are* moments—Oh ! Madam, it is sad to remember what a glorious world I am existing in, and to be unable to see the bright sun and the sweet flowers !”—She hung her head for an instant ; and then appearing to make a violent effort to overcome the train of thought into which my unguarded question had plunged her, she suddenly added, “but you wished to hear the Legend of the Cliffs, ladies ; if you will kindly lead me to a seat on a fragment of the rock, I will tell it you.”

We did as she requested : and as soon as she had taken her place, and drawn an unfinished mitten from her pocket to continue her knitting, we seated ourselves beside her, and she commenced her tale.

“It is said, ladies, that the old Saxon Kings sometimes resided in this neighborhood ; and that Alfred the Great, on his death-bed, bequeathed his hunting-seat somewhere near the Cliffs, to his son ; be that as it may, it is certain that it was once a single rock, without any of the caves and chasms which now form its principal beauty. In those days, the river which you must have remarked in the valley, did not exist ; and some say, that where that very river now flows, the hunt-

ing-seat of King Alfred actually stood. Many, many years after his death, when the valley was filled with the cottages of the yeomen, and vassals of the great men who had halls and castles round about, a poor widow woman and her daughter came and took possession of one of the humble tenements of the village. At first the cottagers were very anxious to learn who they were, and from whence they came; but gradually that inquisitiveness died-away, for the widow was gentle and pious, neither giving nor taking offence; and the daughter was so beautiful, that before she had been many weeks among them, she might have chosen for her husband any young man in the valley. Well, they lived for a time very happily, working hard, and seldom leaving their home; but at length their place was disturbed. A great lord, who owned a castle hard by, had assembled a number of nobles, as highborn and as haughty as himself, to enjoy the diversion of hunting. One of these, a tall, dark, fearful-looking man, was one day, by accident, parted from his companions, and as evening fell, he was returning slowly through the valley alone, when he chanced to pass the cottage of the widow. The young girl was as usual when the sun went down, busied in tending the flowers which decked their little garden; and hearing the tramp of a horse, she looked up; for a moment she stood speechless with astonishment and dismay, but in the next she uttered a piercing shriek, which was echoed back by the dark rock, and fled with the velocity of a deer. The Stranger-Noble sprang from his horse, entered the cottage, and closed the door after him; he stayed in that lowly but till near midnight, when he again came forth, and vaulting into his saddle, galloped off. As soon as he disappeared, the girl sprang from among some brushwood, where she had been crouched down, and rushed into the house. Sighs and sobs were heard to issue from it, at daybreak, by the peasants, as they went to their labor in the fields. That day passed away; neither the widow nor her daughter crossed the threshold of their dwelling, nor did they even unclose their casements. The following morning rose lurid and frowning; the sky seemed big with tempest, and the dense clouds rolled along the face of the heavens like sable palls: short muffled peals of thunder were reverberated by the hollow rock; and faint, flaky flashes of lightning played upon its surface. At intervals wild and sudden gusts of wind swept over the valley, and bent the heads of the tall trees even to the earth, while a few large drops of rain fell from time to time from the overcharged and murky clouds; yet amid this threatening of the elements, the dark Noble was again seen threading his way to the widow's hut. The dark plumes of his hat were from time to time blown violently across his eyes; and those who saw him remarked that the hand which was raised to put them back was flashing with gems. When he reached the cottage, the door resisted his touch, but with an impatient gesture he beat it in, and entered. For a time nothing was seen of the inmates of the dwelling, and the howling of the storm which was rapidly becoming more violent, prevented all other sounds from being audible. In about an hour, however, the girl rushed through the open door, her hair disheveled, and her eyes flashing—in a second she was followed by the fearful Noble: on she flew—on—on—with the wild speed of agony; the thunder pealing above her head, and the lightning flashing in her path—on she flew as though unconscious of the fury of the storm. She paused one instant, as if to collect all her energies, when she reached the foot of the Cliff; and then with a



strength and speed scarcely human, she sprang up the acclivity. Mortal foot had probably never trod the path before ; and even the bold man who pursued her, hesitated a moment ere he followed in the fearful chase—but he did follow—and putting forth all his power, he had gained on her ere she reached the summit. When each had obtained a footing on the dangerous and dizzy height, they paused for an instant as if by mutual consent, and then a shrill scream audible above the voice of the tempest was heard ; and they were struggling as if for life, even upon that fearful rock. The girl's strength was evidently failing fast, and her fate appeared each moment more inevitable, when a peal of thunder—stupendous—continuous, and overwhelming, burst over the valley. In the next instant a low rumbling sound, like the passage of some heavy body over a rough path, or the roaring of an angry sea through a subterraneous cave, fell on the appalled ears of the inhabitants of the hamlet—and then came a crash ! it was as though the earth was rent even to its centre. At that moment men cowered down like unweaned babes, and hid their faces for fear—women forgot to shriek in their excess of consternation ; and for awhile none ventured to look up. But soon came a new feeling of dismay : their lowly dwellings were flooded with water ; half wild with delirious terror they rose from the earth, and gazed upon each other—then they cast their eyes around them ; and lo ! the tall rock was cleft in twain as by some mighty instrument ; and a rapid stream was rushing and roaring through the valley. They sank down upon their knees in prayer ; many had not survived the storm : their dwellings had been carried away by the impetuous flood ; but those who lived after this dreadful day, never learnt to their dying hour the fate of the widow's child, or of her enemy. Of the aged woman herself, the death, though dreadful, was certain ; her hut was one of those which were borne away by the torrent, and she passed from among them even as she had come—unknown, and unwept.

And this was the Legend of the Chedder Cliffs.

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THE SEA-FIGHT. A FRAGMENT.

[BOUQUET.]

PROUDLY the tall ship beats aside the spray ;  
 And, like a water-spirit, takes way  
 'Mid light and beauty—hear the thrilling shout  
 By the throng'd multitude peal'd hoarsely out—  
 A nation's glad farewell of hope and pride !  
 Away she floats along the yielding tide,  
 Her canvass spread to woo the favoring gale,  
 Which sighs and shivers in each bellying sail.  
 From the tall vessel, hark ! a thrilling cry—  
 " St. George for England ! We will 'do or die !' "  
 Well may she bear her bravely ; for she goes,  
 Powerful and proud to meet her country's foes !  
 Another—and another !—They have pass'd  
 In their stern beauty—and each towering mast,  
 Like a faint streak on the horizon's verge,  
 Still marks their progress o'er the ocean-surge.

Now lingering friends forsake the sadden'd strand,  
 Waving, although unmask'd, the 'kerchief'd hand,  
 And beauty, whose young heart has now no home,  
 Save with the loved one journeying o'er the foam,  
 Wipes off her tears to gaze once more in vain  
 For those she may not look upon again !  
 The slightest heaving of the wind-touch'd wave,  
 To her scared spirit seems affection's grave :  
 And not a whisper of the sportive breeze,  
 But is a voice of terror from the seas—  
 Mothers and sisters, a fond heart-bow'd train,  
 Turn, like the loved one, to their homes again,  
 And seem with tears to chide the willing wave,  
 Which bears away their beautiful, their brave !

\* \* \*

Hark ! to the thunder of the fearful fight—  
 " St. George for England ! Heaven defend the right ! "  
 See, where the smoke in stifling vapors curl'd,  
 Its death-enshrining banner has unfurl'd—  
 Mark, where the shiver'd sails and cordage fly—  
 Where naked masts tower vainly to the sky,  
 Or, 'mid the cannon's mingled roar and flash,  
 Fall in wild ruin with a sullen crash !  
 Nor fall alone—the fearless and the brave,  
 Are borne down shrieking to the foaming wave ;  
 Striving in vain the angry surge to breast,  
 Or buried deep beneath the billow's crest :—  
 While some, grown bold amid their agony,  
 Cling madly to each ruin floating by,  
 And make the pang more bitter still to die !  
 A moment's hope—a thought of life and home—  
 A fiercer battle with the blinding foam—  
 A cry for help, re-echoed by the note  
 Of the loud cannon's death-proclaiming throat—  
 A long, wild gaze, till the strain'd eyestraining crack.  
 The anguish to feel strength and grasp grow slack—  
 The shrieks of drowning comrades sinking fast,  
 The maddening dread of being the *lost* and *last*—  
 Well may the wretches prostrate in the wave,  
 Shrink with fierce loathing from so dark a grave ;  
 And rallying all their energies that hour,  
 Put forth the remnant of their shackled power—  
 One closely clings, with wild and maddening hope,  
 To the rent timber, and the sever'd rope ;  
 While some lost comrade, with despairing eye,  
 Looks up to Heaven in his dark agony,  
 As though he felt how vain were all the care  
 Of man to save, while hope was only *there* !  
 Another, frenzied by the giddy spray  
 Of the rude billows, casting thought away,  
 Waves his rough hand towards the scene of strife,  
 And with the shout of battle yields his life !

\* \* \*





*respectfully yours*

*Washington Irving*

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SKETCH BOOK".

*Published by Kane & Co. Boston.*







\*     \*     \*

'Tis past—the combat's din is hush'd and o'er—  
 The cannon's fearful voice is heard no more—  
 A joyful cry peals out with set of sun—  
 "St. George for England! Lo, the fight is won!"

## WASHINGTON IRVING.

(With an Engraving.)

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—In the modest deportment and easy attitude of Washington Irving, we see all the grace and dignity of an English gentleman. Mr. Irving, it is well known, is by birth an American. If all the Americans were of the same cast of figure and appearance, we should be happy to recognise in them, what our neighbors of the Scottish soil are proud to hail in their own gentle Dundases,—the fact that every mother's son was a man "*comme il faut*!" Such, however, is not the case. Our friend, Captain Basil Hall, has, in his celebrated travels through Yankee Land, given us a few leaves from *The American Chesterfield*, which does not exactly place the manners of the children of Jonathan in the most amiable or delectable point of view. The Jonathonian arbiter *elegantiarum* talks of the impropriety of smoking and chewing a quid, and spitting on the floor and carpet, and a thousand other *gaucheries*, which are characteristic of our Transatlantic brethren. The Yankee Chesterfield, however, might have exempted the smokers from his anathema. We flatter ourselves that we are patrons of gentility, and we patronise the best of Woodvilles; and our friends Lockhart and Sir Walter Scott are also eminent smokers, and will give as correct a judgment on the quality of Cheroot and Havanah, as our philosophic Coleridge can on brandy or Thompson and Fearon's Stomachic fifty degrees above proof. Tom Campbell, however, takes no delight in a cigarro, the source of his solace existing in the impure channel of a pipe, commonly bought in pot-houses for a halfpenny. We know not if Mr. Washington Irving be a smoker; but, to judge by his gentlemanly appearance, he ought to be one. Smoking is, and always has been, a healthful and fashionable English custom: there were schools and professors established here for the purpose of teaching the mystery of smoking on the first introduction of the Virginian weed, and the mode of expiflicating the smoke out of one's mouth is at present, as it were, a shibboleth demonstrative of an English gentleman.

Mr. Washington Irving came early in life among us, and has made himself a welcome denizen in our realm of literature. While he was yet a fresh importation, all the town were agog after him, as though he were a gentle monster brought over for a nine days' wonder from some

Far off island in the western main.

We had heard so much of Virginia planters, and Backwoodsmen, and Kentuckymen, and Squatters, and other nondescript savages, that we could hardly conceive anything in the shape of a gentlemanly biped coming from America. We were, however, agreeably surprised; and so great a favorite had Mr. Irving become, in an inconceivably short time, that his *Sketch Book*, and *Bracebridge Hall*, and *Tales of a Traveler*,

and *Knickerbocker's History*, were bought up with greedy curiosity and pleasure in England, which is the true mart for talent and genius. Old men chuckled to see typified in the pages of those works the pure diction and graces of Addison, and a revived portraiture of the times of Sir Roger de Coverley ; young fellows laughed outright at the legends of Swampy Marsh and Dismal Hollow, and the uncouth and quaint pictures of the old Dutch settlers ; and young damsels sighed and wept over the beautiful scenes of love and pathos with which the youthful and eloquent American knew well how to bewitch their senses. From being a nine days' wonder, therefore, Mr. Irving has very justly settled into the pride of Transatlantic authorship, and a standard writer among British men of genius.

From his steadfast gaze, and the smile of soft delight which is lighting up his countenance, we should fancy that he is thinking of the fair clime of Andalusia, and of the dark blue waters of the Guadalquivir. Perhaps he is meditating another exquisite volume, which shall contain further deeds of the most chivalrous war in authentic history. *Fu gentil guerra*, says Navagero, speaking of its achievements ; and Garibay says that no plain has been trampled so frequently, or by such numerous armies, as that of Granada. Whether his genius lead him to expatiate further on the exploits of the Zegris and Abencerrages, or take wings to survey new objects across the Atlantic and Alleghany heights, the literary labors of Washington Irving will always find a ready way to the understandings and hearts of Englishmen.

#### A SECOND PEEP INTO THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

[METROPOLITAN.]—The Stock Exchange, as a body, admits of an easy and distinct division into three great classes—brokers, jobbers, and speculators. The first, it is well known, are those who transact business for the public, at a charge of one-eighth per cent. on money transactions. Jobbers, notwithstanding their jargonical and unpromising name, are not such “fearful wild-fowl” as it might at first sight suggest ; they are on the contrary, for the most part, highly respectable and opulent men. Without them, business either could not be done at all, or with much delay and difficulty. We will briefly state their particular functions, as it will serve to explain a circumstance of which the public often complain, but without reason. There is always, excepting only very rare and turbulent moments, a current or market price, or rather prices—a buying and selling price, as it is called ; as 81 three-eighths to 81 and a half. The public do not easily comprehend why, when they see these prices quoted, they invariably sell at 81 three-eighths the lower, and buy at 81 and a half the higher price : but such transactions are all perfectly fair, and admit of easy explanation. Suppose a broker is employed to buy for his principal a certain, and as it often happens an uneven, sum, say 735*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* 3 per cent. consols : it is, I think, obvious, that if he were obliged to wait until another broker presented himself in the market with a commission to sell precisely the same amount of the same stock that he wants to purchase, he might stay a long while, or rather be often wholly unable to effect his business. The jobber wholly removes the difficulty ; he takes his stand in the market, and when a broker comes in for the purpose of business, he quotes two prices within one-eighth of each other, as 81 three-

eighths to a half; at which, without knowing whether the other has to buy or sell, he is ready to do either, and to accommodate the broker at the moment with the particular transaction which he has to effect. In this way, in the course of the day, the jobber buys and sells; and one-eighth per cent. is his fair and well-earned profit on the double transaction; that is, what he buys at  $81\frac{3}{8}$  of A, he sells at  $81\frac{1}{2}$  to B; the despatch and accommodation which he affords to the broker, and the chance of the rise or fall which he is always ready to run, being obviously an equivalent for the "turn of the market," as it is called, in his favor. The speculators are those who neither do business for others on commission or "job," as the transaction above described is called; they merely buy and sell on their own account, with a view to take advantage of the fluctuations of the market. It is not to be concluded, however, that these three functions and pursuits are not in some instances mingled and combined in the same person. Though this is considered irregular even there, it would perhaps have been more exact to have pointed out the three great operations of the place, viz. buying on commission, jobbing, and speculating, than to suppose three classes of men exclusively devoted to one or other of these operations. There are, besides these three main classes, stragglers, whom Linnaeus himself would hardly be able to classify or describe: of these are the old members, retired for the most part from active business, who naturally love to haunt the scene of their former activity and success: these stroll about and look on, like the old worn-out fishermen who loiter about the cliffs on the sea-coast, noting with grave and critical aspect the boats of their younger brethren pushing off or returning. The by-stander in both cases, if he be a good-natured one, will tickle their senile vanity by consulting them on the probable issue of what is going on before them, the wind and weather, or the rise or fall of the market, as the case may be, either at Hastings or Threadneedle Street.

We will now proceed to describe with more exactness than we attempted in our former Article, the particular mode of conducting the speculative business of the Stock Exchange, which, as we stated formerly, exceeds in amount the real business of buying and selling money-stock in the proportion of a hundred to one. "Gaming" is a perfectly compatible term with this "speculative business;" but it is a word completely forbidden and proscribed within its walls and purlieus, as that harmless vocable "water" is in a brew-house or distillery: the very door-keepers in one case, and the draymen in the other, would be shocked by the utterance of such harsh and odious sounds.

The "speculative business," then, (if we must consult their ears,) is carried on by means of "bargains for time;" that is, by buying or selling for a future day, called the "account-day," which is fixed by the committee, five, six, or seven weeks in advance, according to circumstances: for the sake of distinctness we will suppose,—A, a member of the Stock Exchange, having 1000*l.* at his bankers', all, we will suppose, if you please, that the man is worth, going into the city one of these foggy mornings—his head full of the rejection of the Bill by the Lords, the approach of cholera, and in part of the aforesaid *brouillard*, makes up this mixture in his sagacious skull into a firm belief and expectation that consols will be lower: accordingly, on reaching the Stock Exchange, he sells 20,000*l.* consols at 82, we will suppose, for the next account-day; which we see by the paper is the 24th of November: by doing this, he becomes a "bear," that is, one who sells and

engages to deliver, on a distant day, stock which he does not actually possess. It is very evident, therefore, that, as he does not really possess the stock which he stands engaged to deliver on the 24th of November, he must buy it in again in the interval, and cause it to be delivered by some one else on his account : a fall will enable him to do this at a profit, as a constant advance of price would oblige him to do it at a loss : and this transaction involves the main part of the machinery of Stock Exchange business. A fall or rise of one per cent. will be a gain or loss of 200*l.* to him, respectively. But to make clearness double clear, we will suppose the reverse transaction of the above :—B, richer in hope, though not in cash, than A, takes quite an opposite view of the case ; he has slept well, eaten a good breakfast—two rolls and a mutton chop, with his Bohea, and therefore firmly believes that the Lords will not be such fools as to persist in rejecting the Reform Bill ; as to cholera, it will be kept off, as Bonaparte was, by that precious salt water which has already done usso many good turns (which our vanity accounts for by more intrinsic causes) :—B therefore, on arriving at the Stock Exchange, boldly buys 20,000*l.* consols ; that is to say, with 1000*l.* at his bankers', he engages to take 20,000*l.* consols on the 24th of November, and becomes by this transaction a "bull," that is, one who stands engaged to take what he has not either means or intention of taking : it is obvious, therefore, that on or before the settling day, he must dispose of this stock again, either to him of whom he has bought it, or some one else. The difference of the prices at which B buys and sells this stock, is to him the whole result of the transaction, and the only points in which from the first he is at all concerned. This seems so very clear, that we are almost ashamed of having so labored the point ; but the fact is, that persons unversed in the business are seldom found to enter very readily into these matters. Those, however, are only individual cases, and we feel that it would be unreasonable to expect the reader to be able from them, though involving the leading features of Stock Exchange speculation, to imagine in anything like an adequate degree the immense and multifarious transactions which constitute "an account ;" as well might we expect by detailing the single achievement of Shaw the lifeguards-man at Waterloo, to convey a notion of the general movements and various manœuvres of that important day : we will therefore, taking a more general and comprehensive view of the affair, endeavor to give the reader some idea of "an account."

At this present time of writing, business is done in consols for the 24th of November next, as may be seen by the newspapers (in which the price consols for the "account" may be always seen quoted separately from the price of the same stock for the time present) ; that is, we are now in the November account. On the one side are marshalled that part of the Stock Exchange, and their principals or employers out of the house, who are "going for a rise ;" that is, who think that the price of consols (for this stock is almost exclusively the vehicle of speculation) will rise ; and have accordingly bought largely with the view of gaining by that expected event. It is not an exaggeration to suppose that this party stand engaged to take on the above-mentioned day many millions of stock more than they have the means of paying for. Opposed to them are the other part of the Stock Exchange, and their principals, who are "going for a fall ;" that is, who, expecting a fall, have sold largely for the account-day, with the view of gaining by

such decline. It is also equally probable, that this party have engaged to deliver, on the 24th of November, many millions of stock more than they really possess. While the day on which these engagements are to be stood to, is at a distance, the price of stock is for the most part influenced by public events—peace or war ; revenue ; conduct of ministers ; often by the fiat of a few merchants and speculators in the Bank parlor, &c. : but when the important day approaches, the influence of these external causes, with the exception of the last, diminishes greatly ; and the causes which effect the price of stock, are chiefly to be sought for within a narrower circle—the antagonist parties themselves, the close and personal combat of the bulls and bears. The day approaches, we are even at the 23d of November. Millions of stock are to be taken on the morrow, which the bulls have no means of paying for ; millions, on the other hand, are engaged to be delivered, which the sellers do not possess. The great question now is, can the buyers take more than the sellers can deliver ? or can the sellers deliver more than the buyers can take ? On these points depends the rise or fall of the price ;—the question must speedily be brought to issue ! everything indicates the deep concentrating interest of the time, like two approximating armies on the eve of a battle, separated only by a ravine, or a stream—a single night ; they muster in all their strength, closely watching each other's slightest movements, and concerting the manœuvres of the coming day. The great point of tactics at this moment is, on the part of the buyers, to persuade the sellers that they, the former, can take more stock than the latter can deliver ; or, on the part of the sellers, to persuade the other party that they can deliver more stock than the buyers can take. In the former case, to continue the figure of a campaign, the buyer gains the day by the retreat of his adversary without coming to the issue of a contest : the bear turns tail and retreats, that is, he becomes anxious and willing to buy in the stock which he has engaged to deliver ; and the other party of course, taking advantage of his alarm, demands and obtains an advanced price : if, on the contrary, the buyers' nerves fail them first, the bull gives way, and the stock which he engaged to take is sold to his triumphant adversary at a lowered price. Thus the affair is often quietly settled before the final day, and without contest.

This, however, is frequently not the case ; and the struggle is delayed till, and the question to be decided at, the last moment. We will suppose this to be the case : it is now the morning of the 24th of November, the bulls and bears are confronted with each other, in actual and bodily contact ; one engaged to take, the other to deliver many millions of stock more than they are able, respectively, to perform :—ten o'clock strikes and business begins, often with more than ordinary order and quietness ; but it is the stillness of deep and concentrated interest and anxiety ; the chill and suspended breathing of armies approaching to, and not yet warmed by, the conflict. Not, however, to hack this figure of a battle too much, and to beguile the reader into imagining that they are actually going *à pas de charge* to bayonet each other, and that he really hears the cries of the wounded as plainly as in the "battle of Prague," that is, before Hummel and Moscheles (Heaven bless 'em!) had pushed from our music-stools that once favorite piece, in listening to which we have often thought ourselves galloping, gallantly and pleasantly enough, over the retreating Austrians—not I say, to aggravate our voice to such a touching pitch, we will

drop the long metaphor of war, and proceed in plainer language to detail the settlement of this apparently difficult and interesting state of things, leaving to the reader's imagination the noise, struggle, and confusion of the scene. The regular progress of settlement then is simply thus : the buyers continue to take, and the sellers to deliver, stock, until it is apparent which can hold out longest, which can outflank the other. As soon, for instance, as it becomes evident that the buyers can take more stock than the sellers can deliver, it is pronounced a "bear account;" the bear is transfixed by the bull: this latter clamors out to his adversary for the stock which he has engaged to deliver; but the poor bear has no more to deliver, and offers to buy in the balance of his adversary: this is the signal for a sudden rise in the price; and the defeated bruins are obliged to buy in all they are deficient in, from their triumphant and often merciless conquerors. It will, we think, be necessary after this to state in detail the reverse of this case; that is, when the sellers pour in more stock than the buyers can take, and pay for; and the bull, overpowered, is obliged to sell the balance at a great disadvantage to the victorious bear. The clamor, the struggle, and wild confusion of the scene, as the climax approaches to its full, can hardly be imagined, except, perhaps, by supposing, to assist the fancy, the contents of both our Zoological Gardens turned loose into Exeter Hall, to assist the theological disputes of some turbulent Bible Society, if there be such. We have, we confess, been so carried away by the epic nature of the subject we have been treating of, that we hardly know how to descend to points of less and accessorial interest: the allusion to the epic reminds us, however, that we have altogether omitted one element in that species of composition—an enumeration or catalogue *raisonnée* of the chiefs and leaders of the Stock Exchange. It must not thence be supposed that an equality of power and influence exists here any more than in other bodies of men, whose talents are called forth by deep and exciting interests; or that the chiefs are deficient, as critics remark of those of the *Æneid*, in striking and distinctive qualities. We confess, however, that it would be more easy to parallel them with those of our Milton, than with the Achilles and Diomedes of old Homer, as the scene itself must be allowed to resemble Pandemonium much more than the plains of Troy: there is, however, this discrepant circumstance in respect to both poets,—their great chiefs and leaders are well known, and always conspicuous, both in council and fight; while the greater movers of Stock Exchange affairs, whether Gentile or Jew, are little seen or known, even to the bulk of the members of that place. We should despair of giving within anything like our limits, any distinct idea of the occult agency and secret machinations which occasionally are brought to operate on the funds, either suddenly deluging the market with stock, and occasioning a rapid fall; or, on the contrary, sweeping away all the floating stock, and, by an artificial scarcity, causing an unexpected rise. These great capitalists and operators have, it is true, their agents and organs in the house, who, in general, soon get known to be such; and the great point with lesser speculators is, to watch their course, and follow, as well as they can, in the wake of the great leviathans. Others there are, acting independently of secret combinations by the help of their own powers, intellectual and physical, who distinguish themselves among their fellows, and acquire, in many instances, riches as well as distinction in this



singular and irregular avocation : but, though tempted, we cannot indulge in any notice of them on the present occasion.

It may seem, we are aware, that we have treated these matters with a tone of levity not very consistent with the fatal effects which, in our former article on this subject, we have assigned to them ; and there would be some truth in the accusation : but the fact is, that such levity is the tone of the place itself, and of the scenes which we have been describing. Man, even in his better feelings, is fashioned by the plastic force of circumstances : the soldier, however kindly moulded, sees unheeding his comrades fall beside him in the day of battle ; the same causes operate in the Stock Exchange, where sympathy is exhausted and deadened by the rapidity and frequency with which men drop ruined beside us, and are thrown overboard out of sight. The smallest portion of commiseration bestowed on each quietly succeeding case of disaster, would soon exhaust the stock of sympathy of the best supplied "man of feeling." Although far removed as we now are from the scenes of these events, it may be said that we cannot exactly plead this excuse for our seeming want of seriousness on this occasion ; yet be it remembered that as the old charger, when he hears the bugle sound, forgets his age and altered condition, and fancies himself again ranging in the rank and charging with his troop, so we, warming our old imaginations by reverting to these scenes and events, have been, for the time, unwittingly actuated by the same ideas and feelings which were once and for so long a period familiar to us.

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#### THE ROOM IN WHICH CANNING DIED.

[ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.]—Almost every one living within the bounds of the great world knows something of that small but beautiful villa—a palace in miniature—which now belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and was, when first-built, the object of so much satire against its original possessor. At Chiswick, there stands that classical, yet singular building, whose walls once echoed to the gaieties of the most brilliant circle which one Englishwoman ever drew around her. The wit, the license, the luxury, may have been equaled in the reign of Charles the Second, but not the variety, the refinement, or the genius. We should be under a great mistake if we supposed that the tone of society, in the time of the dissolute monarch we have just quoted, possessed anything of what we should now call elegance in debauchery, or refinement in excess. It was radically and universally coarse ; the conversation of the Court was the lowest ribaldry of the stews ; the lampoons and the wooings, the attacks on the King, or the courtships of a mistress, were alike filthy and obscene, often fraught with indisputable and rare wit, but never with the wit of the gentleman, or the pleasantry of the saloon. The rake, brocaded yet vulgar, with strong animal spirits and a great capacity of drink—whose adventures lay in swindling, and whose loves ended in disease, was the real wit, courtier, and fine gentleman of that period. We have but to read the plays, the poetry, the correspondence in England of the time, and then think of the plays, poetry, and correspondence, which, under Louis the Fourteenth, were shedding so bright a lustre on France, to see how poor and base was the state of courtly society in the former country, compared to that in the latter. What Louis the Fourteenth was to



Charles the Second, the society of France was to the society of England. It is a mistake, then, to suppose there was anything of grace in the licentiousness of that day—the Venus of Charles the Second wore no cestus; and if compared with the “reunions” which the Duchess of Devonshire assembled, the circle of Charles the Second wanted in lightness, in vivacity, and polish—it certainly wanted far more in that genius which hallows where it visits. The broad mind of Fox—the buoyant elasticity of Sheridan—these are not to find parallels in the smutty caricatura of Rochester, the wittiest—or even the light philosophy of St. Evremond, the sagest, perhaps, of the whole group, to whom Old Rowley gossiped of the pleasures he had outlived, in the stories which it had saved him many a sharp jest at his “damnable iteration” if he had outlived also. Who has not heard of the thousand and one stories of the beautiful Duchess? Who, when he recalls those who made the habitants of her circle, cannot at once conceive a just notion of the spirit of the place?—a spirit that borrowed only from Rank its flattering gentleness of manner, and from Wealth its capacities to charm, and was in all else the mere spirit of the poetry, and the eloquence, and the vivacity, and the power of the day;—focus at once of arts and politics—of conversation and action—of pleasure, and of learning. Fancy, then, in that suite of rooms—in which the sole decorations are in works of art, the bronze or the picture—nothing more splendid than the walls or more simple than the furniture—fancy in that suite of rooms assembled all those who are now some of the things of history—some of scandal, which is Fashion’s history!—Fancy there the restless eye and satyr-lip of Sheridan—the bland countenance of Fox—the flattered and flattering complacency of him, the prince among fops, and the fop among princes—the laughing face of poor —, then a child at “my Aunt Devonshire’s” knee—the beauty of Lady Elizabeth M——; the jest of —; the compliment of —. Fancy this scene, so light and so frivolous, and then drop the curtain for a few years. Raise it once more—the stage is cleared—a new scene succeeds! In that room, so plain, so unadorned, so barren of all luxury, the most gifted and the most ambitious of adventurers breathes his last. It is a small, low chamber at Chiswick, in which Canning died. He chose it himself. It had formerly, we believe, been a sort of nursery; and the present Duke of Devonshire having accidentally slept there just before Canning took up his residence at the villa, it was considered more likely to be aired, and free from damp, than any other and costlier apartment. It has not even a cheerful view from the window, but overlooks a wing of the house, as it were, like a back yard. Nothing can be more common than the paper of the walls or the furniture of the apartment. On one side of the fireplace are ranged a few books, chiefly of a light character—such as the “*Novelists’ Magazine*,” “*Rousseau*,” (the “*Heloise*,” we think,) “*Camilla*,” &c. Opposite the foot of the bed is the fireplace, and on the low chimney-piece stands a small bronze clock. How often to that clock must have turned the eyes of that restless and ardent being, during his short and painful progress through disease to death!—with how bitter a monotony must its ticking sound have fallen on his ear! Nothing on earth is so wearing to the fretful nerve of sickness as that low, regular, perpetual voice in which Time speaks its warnings. He was just a week ill. On Wednesday a party of diplomatists dined with the Prime Minister. On the Wednesday following—

Pass'd away  
The haughty spirit from that humble clay !

For the last three days he was somewhat relieved from the excruciating pain he had before suffered. Not that it is true, as was said in the newspapers at the time, that his cries could be heard at some considerable distance from the house—during one day, however, they were heard by the servants below. He was frequently insensible ; and during that time, the words, " Spain—Portugal," were constantly on his lips. During those six days of agony and trial, his wife was with him, and, we believe, neither took rest in bed, nor undressed, throughout the whole time. Her distress and despair, when all was over, was equal to her devotion during the struggle. It is said that the physicians declared it necessary for her life, or reason, that she should obtain the relief of tears ; for she had not wept once, either before or after his death—and this relief came to her when she saw her son. At eleven o'clock at night, she left that house of mourning and went to the Duke of Portland's, in Cavendish square. I never pass that dull and melancholy building, known as Harcourt House, with its dead wall and gloomy court yard, without figuring to myself the scene of that night, when the heavy gates opened to receive the widow of one whom Genius had so gifted and Ambition had so betrayed.

For some time before he died, Canning's countenance had shown the signs of the toil and exhaustion he had undergone. But after death these had vanished—and that beautiful and eloquent countenance seemed in the coffin unutterably serene and hushed. That house is memorable for the death of *two* statesmen. Below, in a little dark chamber, covered with tapestry, Charles Fox breathed his last ! The greatest pupil of his great rival, after tacitly veering towards the main foundations of the same principles Fox had professed, came to the same roof to receive the last lesson Ambition can bestow—

Mors sola fatetur  
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula !

It was impossible to stand in that quiet, and even humble room, and not glance back to the contrasts which the life, that there had become extinct, afforded to retrospection. In April, 1827, it was announced to a Parliament, crowded beyond precedent, that George Canning had accepted the office of First Commissioner of his Majesty's Treasury—*id est*, the office of Prime Minister. The announcement was received with bursts of the loudest, the most prolonged cheers—cheers that made themselves scarce less audible along the neighboring streets than within the House. What followed ? Resignations the next day from his oldest and staunchest adherents—the retirement of a host from his side—the breaking up of the party of a life's forming—the suspicion, the rage of friends whom he might never regain—the strange alliance with foes, whom he could never hope to conciliate but by becoming the stepping-stone to their objects—objects which, if he continued to reject, he would have been lost for the future—if he accepted, he must have belied the whole tenor of the past. Then came persecution, attack, doubt, scorn—the wrath of the Peers (that fatal House, whose power has never of late been exerted, but in opposition to the popular spirit it once fostered)—the schisms of the Commons—"the current slander and the echoed lie !"—and all this fell on a frame already breaking, and in need of rest. In April, Canning was

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announced Prime Minister of England, amidst the loudest exultation of a triumphant and seemingly resistless party. In August, his corpse was carried to its grave!—and within three months from that time, his party, that of late seemed so strong, so permanent, was, to use the strong phrase justly applied to them—"scattered to the winds!" Never did a man, possessing so vast a personal influence in life, bequeathe so little influence in death. And why? Because it was the influence of talent, not principles—it was not the great doctrines round which men rallied, but the commanding genius. The genius extinct, the party was extinct. His powers of personal conciliation, too, were very great. The late King was won over from his dislike to him as by magic. The lady of an Ambassador entering the King's apartments, when Canning was there on his second visit, and anticipating the evidence of much formality, saw the Monarch and his Minister seated together, with one of Canning's grandchildren on the King's knee, in the most familiar manner imaginable.

What Canning might have done for these times, who shall say? What side, Reform or Anti-reform, he would have espoused, who can predicate? Aristocrat as he was, the Aristocracy never forgave him, from the moment he ceased to be their tool. The House of Peers—to conciliate whom—to blend with whom—to match with whom—he had stooped the wings of a genius and the pride of a heart that should have scorned the ambition of a Bexley or the aims of a Jenkinson—the House of Peers he never could have gained, he never could have reconciled. The darlings *they* select from the people have but little license to be popular. Low birth—the equivocal station, are forgotten in the Tory; but let the Tory turn Whig, and the blood of the titled *bourgeois* (for how few of the Peers have anything to boast of in pedigree!) runs Norman-like in a trice! They never pardon the Thing of a Lord when he aspires to be the Man of the People!—and to fear of what he is, they add their disdain for what he was.

The character of Canning will hereafter be remembered as the illustration of a system. He was the creature of the close boroughs—a genius devoted to objects below itself—a mind that could see, that naturally inclined to, what was popular, yet had been turned unwholesomely away from all sympathy with the people. His ambition and his fate are no less instructive than his career. Hereafter, the advocates for the system which formed and marred him, will point to his genius as an argument on their behalf. The people, acknowledging the genius, will weigh in comparison with it the deeds. What he was, we confess. But "what has he done?"—there lies the question that a Nation puts to the dead! No man of equal talents, returned from the first to Parliament through the popular and legitimate channels, could have done so little—could have passed so brilliant a career with so scanty a reward—could have obtained an authority so wide one moment and so evanescent the next—or, above all, could have thrown into scales of so startling a disparity of weight, the tokens of his genius and the proofs of its utility!

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.—By Mrs. ADDY.

[THE JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT.]

Oh! do you ask me why I weep,  
 Who used to seem so glad?  
 There are but few a watch to keep,  
 If I am pleased or sad:  
 My father in life's busy toils  
 Throughout the day must rove;  
 And much I miss a mother's smiles,  
 And mourn a Mother's Love!

My garden is o'errun with weeds,  
 It gives me little joy,  
 For no fond mother stands and heeds  
 The pastimes of her boy;  
 And when my lessons I repeat,  
 Though many may approve,  
 I sigh the warm caress to meet,  
 That spoke a Mother's Love!

When, lately, fever's grasp I felt,  
 My wants were all supplied,  
 But she, that dear one, would have knelt  
 My sleepless couch beside,  
 And whisper'd comfort for each ill,  
 And pray'd to Him above,  
 That he would deign to spare me still,  
 To bless a Mother's Love!

And yet my father's second choice  
 In nothing can offend,  
 And I would willingly rejoice  
 To know her as a friend;  
 But when she pleads a dearer claim,  
 The mockery I prove,  
 And shrinking from a mother's name,  
 Sigh for a Mother's Love.

## "LIBERAL NOTIONS."

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—From the earliest of my recollection, I have always entertained liberal notions of men and things. I have such a thorough and hearty contempt for meanness of spirit, and for people of narrow ideas, that I can scarcely regard them with common patience. My father and mother, and my old scamp of a schoolmaster, endeavored to chain down my aspiring spirit, and to degrade my soul, by instilling into my youthful mind narrow and confined ideas; but I was incapable of receiving them, and I spurned them as a duck, when she shakes her feathers, scatters the water from her back. I do really think that common arithmetic has a tendency to fill the mind with mean and pettifogging notions. There is something so ridiculously contemptible in that silly accuracy of adding, subtracting, multiplying, and di-

viding, even to the niceness of a single farthing. I never in my life could make a sum in arithmetic precisely right, and what in the name of common sense can a trifling half dozen or so, one way or other, signify? That exceeding accuracy of calculation shows a narrow mind. My old fool of a schoolmaster told me, that if I did not do my sums right, I should never be able to keep a set of books. Contemtable fellow! Did he imagine that I was ever going to let myself down to the meanness and sordidness of book-keeping? Look at those fellows who keep books! What a mean, dull, clodpated race of mortals they are,—no wit, no fire, no imagination, no spirit, no humor among them. Look at them lumbering up to the city by coach-loads every morning from Islington, Pentonville, Somers' Town, Paddington, Chelsea, Highgate, Hampstead, Camberwell, Peckham, and from ten thousand other places; and then lumbering back again in the evening, so stupefied with book-keeping, that they can hardly tell the difference between beef and pudding. They spend their whole lives among figures, and so they never make a figure in life. But if I was disgusted with common arithmetic, how much greater was my contempt of fractions—bits, pieces, odds and ends, cheese-parings, hair-splittings! People may well call them *vulgar* fractions. Why, if I was too liberal to care for ten or a dozen, one way or other, was I likely to care two straws for fractions,—for halves, quarters, eighths, and sixteenths?—Nonsense! I told the man so to his face. "Sir," said I, "give me leave to tell you, that I shall not chain myself down to your trumpery fractions; I have had plague enough to learn your common rules, and I will not stoop my aspiring spirit to calculate sums less than a farthing. Give me the generosity and nobleness of spirit that is above the meanness of calculation."

I believe the man was struck for a moment at the grandeur and sublimity of my ideas, for he looked upon me with emotion and astonishment, while a smile of admiration was playing upon his features; but presently, summoning up the whole schoolmaster within him, he replied: "All this is pretty talk—very pretty talk, indeed; but how am I to show my face to your father, if I neglect to teach you what you are sent here to learn. I am absolutely robbing your father."

"Well, Sir," said I, "rob my father if you like, I am not so narrow-minded as to concern myself about that."

"The boy is mad," said the fellow. Ah, that is the way I have always found it through life. Whenever any individual at all superior to the common run of mortals dares to act and speak from the generous impulses of a noble nature, forthwith all the low-minded sordid sons of calculation exclaim "He is mad!" Poor narrow-souled wretches! They have no notion of anything that is free and generous; they are made to draw in harness—to follow a leader—never to act from the impulses of a towering spirit!

A few months after I had left school, my father said to me, "Bob," and I said "Yes, Sir." "It does not appear to me, Bob," said my father, "that you are much the better for school." "No, Sir," replied I, "nor to me neither. I think it a great mercy that I am none the worse. That mean-spirited fellow was always endeavoring to instil into me his own narrow notions, and making such a ridiculous fuss if a sum was not right to a farthing! Oh, Sir, I could not bear such beggarly notions. What is a farthing, more or less, to a gentleman, and a man of liberal ideas?"

My father shook his head, and said, "Now, my dear Bob, let me talk seriously to you." Then I shook my head in return, and said "Now, my dear father, pray don't."

"But my dear Bob," said my father, "how do you expect to get through the world, without a little prudence and consideration?" "Why, as to the matter of that, Sir," replied I, "I may get through the world sooner without prudence than with." "But," said my father, "it becomes a matter of importance that you should now choose a profession." "On that point," I said, "I am perfectly indifferent; but whatever profession I adopt, I hope and trust I shall carry into it the liberal ideas of a man of high spirit." "What think you of the church?" "The church! Why, there are some men of liberal notions in it, but yet they are under some kind of restraint, and it would not suit my liberal notions to undergo an examination by a bishop's chaplain: those fellows are sometimes apt to ask a variety of impertinent questions, which no man of liberal notions would care to answer. Then the style of dress—very bad—always black,—no, Sir, that would never do. Besides, Sir, there are many pleasant amusements which a clergyman is debarred from, which no man of liberal notions would choose to surrender. No, Sir, the church will not do." "The law?" "As far as my observation has gone, I have fancied that the law contracts the mind; besides, Sir, law depends so much upon precedents and antiquated notions, and ridiculous out-of-the-way old fashioned acts of parliament, that ought to be buried out of sight and forgotten. Then, you know, there is no getting on at the bar without a great deal of labor and study, and poring over disgusting and wearisome books, which by no means meet the views of a man of liberal notions. Really, Sir, with all due respect to you and my grandfather, I must take the liberty to say, that I have no such very high opinions of the wisdom of my ancestors. Old people, Sir, are much addicted to entertain narrow views of things; and law has so much to do with antiquity and by-gone notions, that I must decline it as a profession." "Well, Bob, as you please; but you must do something,—what think you of physic?" "Don't like it, Sir,—can't bear the smell of drugs. Then to have a gilt Galen's head, or pestle and mortar, over one's door, a transparency in the shop-window, advice gratis to the poor,—to be called out of one's bed, or away from one's dinner,—especially if I was dinning out, as men of liberal notions are very apt to do,—or to be called out of church, and suddenly woke in the midst of a sermon. To be accountable for all the crotchets and caprices of jalap—bah! No, Sir, physic will never do for a man of liberal notions." "But, Bob, you positively must do something." "Must I, Sir, I am sorry for it; that word *must* is very annoying to a man of liberal notions." "What do you think of keeping a shop?" "Can't think of it at all, Sir;—bowing behind the counter to whimsical customers, whom I am longing to kick—What's the next article?—Oh, no, no, no! shopkeeping will never do for a man of liberal notions."

So I could never make choice of a profession from that day to this. What a pity it is that the state does not make provision for gentlemen of liberal notions! so that they need not be under the galling and degrading necessity of stooping to some trumpery profession or peddling employment to avoid starvation. I am really quite disgusted when I look round upon my old school-fellows, and see some of them riding in carriages, and others established in lucrative professions, who were

once not half so well off as myself. They are rich, to be sure, but they are not to be envied, for they have exceedingly contracted notions of things. Once they were hearty, generous, high-spirited fellows, singing loud songs, and drinking deep cups ; but now they are as grave as judges, as sordid as Jews, and as starched as old maids. They turn their backs on their old friends, and all their souls are absorbed in making money. Sometimes, indeed, when I find my coat out at elbows, and my finances scarcely equal to a dinner at an "ordinary," I am tempted to wish that I had adopted some profession, and had given a little attention to the meanness of money-getting. But, however, I must not complain ; I do now and then feel a little inconvenience for want of a dinner, and a little mortification for want of a clean shirt and a whole coat.—Still I have retained my independence and my liberal notions of men and things. And what is life without liberality of sentiment ? Oh, I despise the vulgar, every-day, common-place people that pass you by shoals in public streets, elbowing their way along, and looking so greedily and avariciously, as if they were born merely to gather together sordid pelf and filthy lucre. They despise my threadbare coat and greasy hat, they look contemptibly on my old brown black trousers, and think foul scorn of my gaping shoes ; but they do not see my mind—they know nothing of the towering genius that dwells within. They do not know that the man whom they despise, is a man who despises them. I have often thought of illuminating the world on the subject of things in general, and of giving them new views of religion, politics, and society ; but those mean and sordid booksellers, one and all, set their faces against everything that is liberal. They talk about the march of intellect, but they do not care a fig for intellect. They merely print and publish for what they can get. They have no sympathy with the towering aspirations of mind. I had a most excellent design for a work, that should convince all mankind that they were a pack of fools, and that should produce such a glorious change in the constitution of society, that talent and liberality should reign triumphant ; I communicated my design to a publisher, and what was his answer ? Blush, Britain, blush for the meanness of thy intellectual tradesmen ! "I don't think it will sell," said the fellow. "Why then," said I, "give it away." The man stared at me, and said, "What shall I get by that ?" There, gentle reader, there is a specimen of the sordidness of booksellers. "What shall I get ?" When I see such narrowness of soul, and such degradation of mind, my heart bleeds for humanity, and I almost blush to call such wretches my fellow-creatures. I must confess that this interview had such an effect upon my nerves—I do not know what my nerves are, but I know that they were shocked ;—it had such an effect, I say, that for a long while I could not apply to another publisher ; but at length I did, and to another, and another. They were all in the same story, just as if they had conspired together to thwart my views for the welfare of the human race. I will not mention names, for I do not wish to hold them up to the contempt and derision of mankind. I am sorry to say that their meanness has compelled me to have recourse to a mode of instructing the public which I should not have adopted by choice, but to which I am driven by necessity—I allude to inscriptions on walls and stable-doors, by means of a simple instrument, called a piece of chalk. But the worst of this mode of public instruction is, that there is not room enough for an elaborate argument, or even a well-turned period. One is compelled to confine



oneself to a certain sententious brevity, which convinces none but those who were convinced before. When I write on a stable-door, "D—n the Bisshups," nobody d—ns them a bit the more for my recommendation. By the way, I cannot help remarking here on the illiberality of a torified stable-boy, who reading one of my inscriptions found fault with the spelling. Fool! I have forgot more spelling than he ever learnt. How exceedingly captious and illiberal is it, when no other fault is to be found with a literary production, to find fault with the spelling. Besides, what man that loves his country would not for its salvation tolerate a little bad spelling. It would be a rare thing for the country, if the books which are swarming every day from the press contained nothing more objectionable than a little bad spelling.

Now it is very mortifying to a man who is capable of governing an empire, not to have sixpence in his pocket, and to have no opportunity of convincing the world how much he is their superior. I have conversed with men of all sentiments, but I have found in them all a certain narrowness of mind, and limitation of idea.—There have been few, very few, that have come quite up to my notion of liberality.—Some people are liberal in one thing, and some in another, but none, except myself, have I yet met with, perfectly liberal in every point of view, and upon every topic of human interest. I have endeavored, and I think successfully, to keep my mind free from all narrow prejudices, and it is often a consolation to me, when my breeches want mending, that I have no prejudices. No, I scorn them—I don't mean breeches, but prejudices. The man that is prejudiced, is blind to beauty and deaf to truth. I am guided only and always by pure reason. There is not, I will venture to say, one person in a thousand, who is in all his actions and sentiments guided by pure reason. People are slaves to prejudices, confined and limited in their views. Indeed, how can people take liberal views who do not take comprehensive views of things. Men of business are confined to their shops or counting-houses, men in the law are like horses in the mill, moving in a dull round of precedents, medical men see none but the sick and the sad, the hypochondriac and the diseased, and what should they know of the world? As for parsons, all the world knows that they must be fools and idiots by virtue of their office; they absolutely know nothing, ten times less than nothing; they walk through the streets blindfold, they go to Cambridge and Oxford expressly for the purpose of learning ignorance; all that they know is, which side their bread is buttered on, and all that they desire is to have it buttered on both sides. As for statesmen, ministers, members of parliament, commons, and lords, they all have their prejudices, they are confined to narrow views of things—they do not know the world, they do not see it, they have no time to look at it, they have no time to attend to it. They must take things merely by report and at second hand. There is, in a word, no man who can thoroughly understand human life and human nature so well as a man of liberal notions, altogether without prejudices, who has nothing else to do than to walk about the streets from morning to night.

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#### THE WORLD AS IT IS. A TALE.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—"What a delightful thing the world is! Lady Lennox's ball, last night—how charming it was!—every one so

kind, and Charlotte looking so pretty—the nicest girl I ever saw ! But I must dress now. Balfour is to be here at twelve with the horse he wants to sell me. How lucky I am to have such a friend as Balfour !—so entertaining—so good-natured—so devilish clever too—and such an excellent heart ! Ah ! how unlucky ! it rains a little ; but never mind, it will clear up ; and if it don't—why, there's billiards. What a delightful thing the world is ! ”

So soliloquized Charles Nugent, a man of twenty-one—a philanthropist—an optimist. Our young gentleman was an orphan, of good family and large fortune ; brave, generous, confiding, and open-hearted. His ability was above the ordinary standard, and he had a warm love and a pure taste for letters. He had even bent a knee to Philosophy, but the calm and cold graces with which the goddess receives her servants had soon discontented the young votary with the worship. “ Away ! ” cried he, one morning, flinging aside the volume of La Rochefoucault, which he had fancied he understood ; “ Away with this selfish and debasing code !—men are not the mean things they are here described—be it mine to think exultingly of my species ! ” My dear Experience, with how many fine sentiments do you intend to play the devil ? It is not without reason that Goëthe tells us, that though Fate is an excellent, she is also a very expensive schoolmistress.

“ Ha ! my dear Nugent, how are you ? ” and Captain Balfour enters the room ; a fine dark, handsome fellow, with something of pretension in his air and a great deal of frankness. “ And here is the horse. Come to the window. Does not he step finely ? What action ! Do you remark his forehead ? How he carries his tail ! Gad, I don't think you shall have him after all ! ”

“ Nay, my dear fellow, you may well be sorry to part with him. He is superb ! Quite sound—eh ? ”

“ Have him examined. ”

“ Do you think I would not take your word for it ? The price ? ”

“ Fix it yourself. Prince Paul once offered me a hundred-and-eighty ; but to you— ”

“ You shall have it. ”

“ No, Nugent—say a hundred-and-fifty. ”

“ I won't be outdone—there's a draft for the £180. ”

“ Upon my soul, I'm ashamed ; but you are such a rich fellow. John, take the horse to Mr. Nugent's stables. Where will you dine to-day ?—at the Cocoa-tree ? ”

“ With all my heart. ”

The young men rode together. Nugent was delighted with his new purchase. They dined at the Cocoa-tree. Balfour ordered some early peaches. Nugent paid the Bill. They went to the Opera.

“ Do you see that *danseuse*, Florine ? ” asked Balfour. “ Pretty ancle—eh ? ”

“ Yes, *comme ça*—but dances awkwardly—not handsome. ”

“ What ! not handsome ? Come and talk to her. She's more admired than any girl on the stage. ”

They went behind the scenes, and Balfour convinced his friend that he ought to be enchanted with Florine. Before the week was out the *danseuse* kept her carriage, and in return, Nugent supped with her twice a-week.

Nugent had written a tale for “ The Keepsake ; ” it was his first literary effort ; it was tolerably good, and exceedingly popular. One

day he was lounging over his breakfast, and a tall, thin gentleman, in black, was announced, by the name of Mr. Gilpin.

Mr. Gilpin made a most respectful bow, and heaved a peculiarly profound sigh. Nugent was instantly seized with a lively interest in the stranger. "Sir, it is with great regret," faltered forth Mr. Gilpin, "that I seek you. I—I—I—" A low consumptive cough checked his speech. Nugent offered him a cup of tea. The civility was refused, and the story continued.

Mr. Gilpin's narration is soon told, when he himself is not the narrator. An unfortunate literary man—once in affluent circumstances—security for a treacherous friend—friend absconded—pressure of unforeseen circumstances—angel wife and four cherub children—a book coming out next season—deep distress at present—horror at being forced to beg—generous sentiments expressed in the tale written by Nugent forcibly struck him—a ray of hope broke on his mind—and *voilà* the causes of Mr. Gilpin's distress and Mr. Gilpin's visit. Never was there a more interesting personification of the afflicted man of letters than Gregory Gilpin. He looked pale, patient, and respectable; he coughed frequently, and he was dressed in deep mourning. Nugent's heart swelled—he placed a bank-note in Mr. Gilpin's hands—he promised more effectual relief, and Mr. Gilpin retired, overpowered with his own gratitude and Mr. Nugent's respectful compassion.

"How happy I am to be rich!" said the generous young philanthropist, throwing open his chest.

Nugent went to a *conversazione* at Lady Lennox's. Her ladyship was a widow, and a charming woman. She was a little of the blue, and a little of the fine lady, and a little of the beauty, and a little of the coquette, and a great deal of the sentimentalist. She had one daughter, without a shilling; she had taken a warm interest in a young man of the remarkable talents and amiability of Charles Nugent. He sate next her—they talked of the heartlessness of the world—it is a subject on which men of twenty-one and ladies of forty-five are especially eloquent. Lady Lennox complained, Mr. Nugent defended. "One does not talk much of innocence," it is said, or something like it is said, somewhere in Madame d'Epinay's *Memoirs*, "without being sadly corrupted;" and nothing brings out the goodness of our own hearts more than a charge against the heartlessness of others.

"An excellent woman!" thought Nugent; "what warm feelings!—how pretty her daughter is! Oh! a charming family!"

Charlotte Lennox played an affecting air; Nugent leaned over the piano; they talked about music, poetry, going on the water, sentiment, and Richmond Hill. They made up a party of pleasure. Nugent did not sleep well that night—he was certainly in love.

When he rose the next morning, the day was bright and fine; Balfour, the best of friends, was to be with him in an hour; Balfour's horse, the best of horses, was to convey him to Richmond; and at Richmond he was to meet Lady Lennox, the most agreeable of mothers—and Charlotte, the most enchanting of daughters. The *danscuse* had always been a bore—she was not forgotten. "It certainly is a delightful world!" repeated Nugent, as he tied his neckcloth.

It was some time—we will not say how long—after the date of this happy day; Nugent was alone in his apartment, and walking to and fro—his arms folded, and a frown upon his brow. "What a rascal!"

what a mean wretch !—and the horse was lame when he sold it—not worth ten pounds !—and I so confiding—damn my folly ! *That*, however, I should not mind ; but to have saddled me with his cast-off mistress !—to make me the laughing-stock of the world ! By heavens, he shall repent it ! Borrowed money of me, then made a jest of my good-nature !—introduced me to his club, in order to pillage me !—but, thank God, thank God, I can shoot him yet ! Ha ! Colonel ; this is kind ! ”

Colonel Nelmore, an elderly gentleman, well known in society, with a fine forehead, a shrewd, contemplative eye, and an agreeable address, entered the room. To him Nugent poured forth the long list of his grievances, and concluded by begging him to convey a challenge to the best of friends—Captain Balfour. The Colonel raised his eyebrows.

“ But,—my dear Sir,—this gentleman has certainly behaved ill to you, I allow it—but for what specific offence do you mean to challenge him ? ”

“ For his conduct in general. ”

The Colonel laughed.

“ For saying yesterday, then, that I was grown a d—d bore, and he should cut me in future. He told Selwyn so in the bow-window at White’s. ”

The Colonel took snuff.

“ My good young friend, ” said he, “ I see you don’t know the world. Come and dine with me to-day—a punctual seven. We’ll talk over these matters. Meanwhile, you can’t challenge a man for calling you a bore. ”

“ Not challenge him !—what should I do then ? ”

“ Laugh—shake your head at him, and say—‘ Ah ! Balfour, you’re a sad fellow. ’ ”

The Colonel succeeded in preventing the challenge, but Nugent’s indignation at the best of friends remained as warm as ever. He declined the Colonel’s invitation—he was to dine with the Lennox’s. Meanwhile, he went to the shady part of Kensington Gardens to indulge his reflections.

He sat himself down in an arbor, and looked moralizingly over the initials, the dates, and the witticisms, that hands, long since mouldering, have consigned to the admiration of posterity.

A gay party were strolling by this retreat—their laughter and voices preceded them. “ Yes, ” said a sharp, dry voice, which Nugent recognised as belonging to one of the wits of the day—“ Yes, I saw you, Lady Lennox, talking sentiment to Nugent—fie ! how could you waste your time so unprofitably ! ”

“ Ah ! poor young man ! he is certainly *bien bête*, with his fine phrases and so forth : but ’tis a good creature on the whole, and exceedingly useful ! ”

“ Useful ! ”

“ Yes ; fills up a vacant place at one’s table, at a day’s warning ; lends me his carriage-horses when mine have caught cold ; subscribes to my charities for me ; and supplies the drawing-room with flowers. In a word, if he were more sensible, he would be less agreeable : his sole charm is his foibles. ”

Proh, Jupiter ! what a description from the most sentimental of mothers of the most talented, the most interesting of young men. Nugent was thunderstruck ; the party swept by ; he was undiscovered.

He raved, he swore, he was furious. He go to the dinner to-day ! No, he would write such a letter to the lady—it should speak daggers ! But the daughter : Charlotte was not of the party. Charlotte—oh ! Charlotte was quite a different creature from her mother—the most natural, the most simple of human beings, and evidently loved him. He could not be mistaken there. Yes, for her sake he would go to the dinner ; he would smother his just resentment.

He went to Lady Lennox's. It was a large party. The young Marquis of Austerly had just returned from his travels. He was sitting next to the most lovely of daughters. Nugent was forgotten.

After dinner, however, he found an opportunity to say a few words in a whisper to Charlotte. He hinted a tender reproach, and he begged her to sing "*We met ; 'twas in a crowd.*" Charlotte was hoarse—had caught cold. Charlotte could not sing. Nugent left the room. When he got to the end of the street, he discovered that he had left his cane behind. He went back for it, glad (for he was really in love) of an excuse for darting an angry glance at the most simple, the most natural of human beings, that should prevent her sleeping the whole night. He ascended the drawing-room ; and Charlotte was delighting the Marquis of Austerly, who leaned over her chair, with "*We met ; 'twas in a crowd.*"

Charlotte Lennox was young, lovely, and artful. Lord Austerly was young, inexperienced, and vain. In less than a month, he proposed, and was accepted.

"Well, well !" said poor Nugent one morning, breaking from a reverie ; "betrayed in my friendship, deceived in my love, the pleasure of doing good is still left to me. Friendship quits us at the first stage of life, Love at the second, Benevolence lasts till death ! Poor Gilpin ! how grateful he is : I must see if I can get him that place abroad." To amuse his thoughts he took up a new magazine. He opened the page at a violent attack on himself—on his beautiful tale in the "*Keepsake.*" The satire was not confined to the work ; it extended to the author. He was a fop, a coxcomb, a ninny, an intellectual dwarf, a miserable creature, and an abortion. These are pleasant studies for a man out of spirits, especially before he is used to them. Nugent had just flung the magazine to the other end of the room, when his lawyer came to arrange matters about a mortgage, which the generous Nugent had already been forced to raise on his estates. The lawyer was a pleasant, entertaining man of the world, accustomed to the society, for he was accustomed to the wants, of young men. He perceived Nugent was a little out of humor. He attributed the cause, naturally enough, to the mortgage : and to divert his thoughts, he entered first on a general conversation.

"What rogues there are in the world !" said he. Nugent groaned. "This morning, for instance, before I came to you, I was engaged in a curious piece of business enough. A gentleman gave his son-in-law a qualification to stand for a borough : the son-in-law kept the deed, and so cheated the good gentleman out of more than 300*l.* a year. Yesterday I was employed against a fraudulent bankrupt—such an instance of long, premeditated, cold-hearted, deliberate rascality ! And when I leave you, I must see what is to be done with a literary swindler, who, on the strength of a consumptive cough, and a suit of black, has been respectably living on compassion for the last two years."

"Ha!"

He has just committed the most nefarious fraud—a forgery, in short, on his own uncle, who has twice seriously distressed himself to save the rogue of a nephew, and who must now submit to this loss, or proclaim, by a criminal prosecution, the disgrace of his own family. The nephew proceeded, of course, on his knowledge of my client's goodness of heart; and thus a man suffers in proportion to his amiability."

"Is his name Gil—Gil—Gilpin!" stammered Nugent.

"The same! O-ho! have you been bit, too, Mr. Nugent?"

Before our hero could answer, a letter was brought to him. Nugent tore the seal: it was from the editor of the magazine in which he had just read his own condemnation. It ran thus:—

"Sir,—Having been absent from London on unavoidable business for the last month, and the care of the — Magazine having thereby devolved on another, who has very ill discharged its duties, I had the surprise and mortification of perceiving, on my return this day, that a most unwarrantable and personal attack upon you has been admitted in the number for this month. I cannot sufficiently express my regret, the more especially on finding that the article in question was written by a mere mercenary in letters. To convince you of my concern, and my resolution to guard against such unworthy proceedings in future, I enclose you another, and yet severer attack, which was sent to us for our next number, and for which, I grieve to say, the unprincipled author has already succeeded in obtaining from the proprietors—a remuneration," &c. &c. &c.

Nugent's eyes fell on the enclosed paper; it was in the hand-writing of Mr. Gregory Gilpin, the most grateful of distressed literary men.

"You seem melancholy to-day, my dear Nugent," said Colonel Nelmore, as he met his young friend walking with downcast eyes on the old mall of St. James's Park.

"I am unhappy, I am discontented; the gloss is faded from life," answered Nugent, sighing.

"I love meeting with a pensive man," said the Colonel: "let me join you, and let us dine together, *tête-à-tête*, at my bachelor's house. You refused me some time ago; may I be more fortunate now?"

"I shall be but poor company," rejoined Nugent; "but I am very much obliged to you, and I accept your invitation with pleasure."

Colonel Nelmore was a man who had told some fifty years. He had known misfortune in his day, and he had seen a great deal of the harsh realities of life. But he had not suffered nor lived in vain. He was no theorist, and did not affect the philosopher; but he was contented with a small fortune, popular with retired habits, observant with a love for study, and, above all, he did a great deal of general good, exactly because he embraced no particular system.

"Yes," said Nugent, as they sat together after dinner, and the younger man had unbosomed to the elder, who had been his father's most intimate friend, all that had seemed to him the most unexampled of misfortunes—after he had repeated the perfidies of Balfour, the faithlessness of Charlotte, and the rascalities of Gilpin—"Yes," said he, "I now see my error; I no longer love my species; I no longer



place reliance in the love, friendship, sincerity, or virtue, of the world ; I will no longer trust myself open-hearted in this vast community of knaves ; I will not fly mankind, but I will despise them."

The Colonel smiled. "You shall put on your hat, my young friend, and pay a little visit with me. Nay, no excuse ; it is only an old lady, who has given me permission to drink tea with her." Nugent demurred, but consented. The two gentlemen walked to a small house in the Regent's Park. They were admitted to a drawing-room, where they found a blind old lady, of a cheerful countenance and prepossessing manners.

"And how does your son do ?" asked the Colonel, after the first salutations were over ; "have you seen him lately ?"

"Seen him lately ! why you know he rarely lets a day pass without calling on or writing to me. Since the affliction which visited me with blindness, though he has nothing to hope from me, though from my jointure I must necessarily be a burthen to one of his limited income, and mixing so much with the world as he does ; yet had I been the richest mother in England, and everything at my own disposal, he could not have been more attentive, more kind to me. He will cheerfully give up the gayest party to come and read to me, if I am the least unwell, or the least out of spirits ; and he sold his horses to pay Miss Blandly, since I could not afford from my own income to pay the salary so accomplished a musician asked to become my companion. Music, you know, is now my chief luxury. Oh, he is a paragon of sons—the world think him dissipated and heartless ; but if they could see how tender he is to me !" exclaimed the mother, clasping her hands, as the tears gushed from her eyes. Nugent was charmed. The Colonel encouraged the lady to proceed ; and Nugent thought he had never passed a more agreeable hour than in listening to her maternal praises of her affectionate son.

"Ah, Colonel !" said he, as they left the house, "how much wiser have you been than myself ! You have selected your friends with discretion. What would not I give to possess such a friend as that good son must be ! But you never told me the lady's name."

"Patience," said the Colonel, taking snuff, "I have another visit to pay."

Nelmore turned down a little alley, and knocked at a small cottage. A woman with a child at her breast opened the door ; and Nugent stood in one of those scenes of cheerless poverty which it so satisfies the complacency of the rich to behold.

"Aha !" said Nelmore, looking round, "you seem comfortable enough now ; your benefactor has not done his work by halves."

"Blessings on his heart, no ! Oh, Sir, when I think how distressed he is himself—how often he has been put to it for money—how calumniated he is by the world, I cannot express how grateful I am, how grateful I ought to be. He has robbed himself to feed us, and merely because he knew my husband in youth."

The Colonel permitted the woman to run on. Nugent wiped his eyes, and left his purse behind him. "Who is this admirable, this self-denying man ?" cried he, when they were once more in the street. "He is in distress himself—would I could relieve him ! Ah, you already reconcile me to the world. I acknowledge your motive, in leading me hither ; there are good men as well as bad. All are not Bal-



fours and Gilpins ! But the name—the name of these poor people's benefactor ! ”

“ Stay,” said the Colonel, as they now entered Oxford Street ; “ this is lucky indeed, I see a good lady whom I wish to accost.” “ Well, Mrs. Johnson,” addressing a stout, comely, middle-aged woman of respectable appearance, who, with a basket on her arm, was coming out of an oil shop ; “ so you have been laboring in your vocation, I see—making household purchases. And how is your young lady ? ”

“ Very well, Sir, I am happy to say,” replied the woman, curtseying. “ And you are well too, I hope, Sir.”

“ Yes, considering the dissipation of the long season, pretty well, thank you. But I suppose your young mistress is as gay and heartless as ever—a mere fashionable wife, eh ? ”

“ Sir ! ” said the woman, bridling up, “ there's not a better lady in the world than my young lady ; I have known her since she was that high ! ”

“ What ! she's good-tempered, I suppose ? ” said the Colonel, sneering.

“ Good-tempered—I believe it is impossible for her to say a harsh word to any one. There never was so mild, so even-like a temper.”

“ What, and not heartless, eh ! this is too good ! ”

“ Heartless ! she nursed me herself when I broke my leg coming up stairs ; and every night before she went to bed would come into my room with her sweet smile, and see if I wanted anything.”

“ And you fancy, Mrs. Johnson, that she'll make a good wife : why she was not much in love when she married.”

“ I don't know as to that, Sir, whether she was or not ; but I'm sure she is always studying my lord's wishes, and I heard him myself say this very morning to his brother—‘ Arthur, if you knew what a treasure I possess ! ’ ”

“ You are very right,” said the Colonel, resuming his natural manner ; “ and I only spoke for the pleasure of seeing how well and how justly you could defend your mistress : she is, truly, an excellent lady—good evening to you.”

“ I have seen that woman before,” said Nugent, “ but I can't think where. She has the appearance of being a housekeeper in some family.”

“ She is so.”

“ How pleasant it is to hear of female excellence in the great world ! ” continued Nugent, sighing ; “ it was evident to see the honest servant was sincere in her praise. Happy husband, whoever he may be ! ”

They were now at the Colonel's house. “ Just let me read this passage,” said Nelmore, opening the pages of a French philosopher, “ and as I do not pronounce French like a native, I will translate as I proceed.

“ In order to love mankind, expect but little from them ; in order to view their faults, without bitterness, we must *accustom* ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom. Now nothing tends more to dispose us to indulgence, to close our hearts against hatred, to open them to the principles of a humane and soft morality, than a profound knowledge of the human heart—that knowledge which La

Rochefoucault possessed. Accordingly, the wisest men have always been the most indulgent,' &c.

"And now prepare to be surprised. That good son whom you admired so much—whom you wished you could obtain as a friend, is Captain Balfour. That generous, self-denying man, whom you desired yourself so nobly to relieve, is Mr. Gilpin. That young lady who in the flush of health, beauty, dissipation, and conquest, could attend the sick chamber of her servant, and whom her husband discovers to be a treasure, is Charlotte Lennox."

"Good heavens!" cried Nugent, "what then am I to believe? Has some juggling been practised on my understanding, and are Balfour, Gilpin, and Miss Lennox, after all, patterns of perfection?"

"No, indeed, very far from it. Balfour is a dissipated, reckless man—of loose morality and a low standard of honor. He saw you were destined to purchase experience—he saw you were destined to be plundered by some one—he thought he might as well be a candidate for the profit. He laughed afterwards at your expense—not because he despised you: on the contrary, I believe that he liked you very much in his way—but because, in the world he lives in, every man enjoys a laugh at his acquaintance. Charlotte Lennox saw in you a desirable match; nay, I believe she had a positive regard for you; but she had been taught all her life to think equipage, wealth, and station, better than love. She could not resist the temptation of being Marchioness of Austerly—not one girl in twenty could; yet she is not on that account the less good-tempered, good-natured, or less likely to be a good mistress and a tolerable wife. Gilpin is the worst instance of the three. Gilpin is an evident scoundrel; but Gilpin is in evident distress. He was in all probability very sorry to attack you who had benefited him so largely; but perhaps, as he is a dull dog, the only thing the Magazines would buy of him was abuse. You must not think he maligned you out of malice, out of ingratitude, out of wantonness; he maligned you for ten guineas. Yet Gilpin is a man, who, having swindled his father out of ten guineas, would in the joy of the moment give five to a beggar. In the present case he was actuated by a better feeling; he was serving the friend of his childhood—few men forget those youthful ties, however they trample on others. Your mistake was not the single mistake of supposing the worst people the best; it was the double mistake of supposing common-place people—now the best—now the worst;—in making what might have been a pleasant acquaintance an intimate friend; in believing a man in distress must necessarily be a man of merit; in thinking a good-tempered, pretty girl, was an exalted specimen of Human Nature. You were then about to fall into the opposite extreme—and to be as indiscriminating in suspicion as you were in credulity. Would that I could flatter myself that I had saved you from that—the more dangerous error of the two!"

"You have, my dear Nelmore; and now lend me your Philosopher."

"With pleasure; but one short maxim is as good as all Philosophers can teach you, for Philosophers can only enlarge on it; it is simple—it is this—'*TAKE THE WORLD AS IT IS.*'"

## THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ.\*

[COURT JOURNAL.]—The peninsular war will always present matter of interesting reflection to the politician as well as to the soldier. It forms, in all its features, a most wonderful history; and posterity appears likely to have the benefit of most ample expositions of its causes and details presented to their observation in every variety of light and shadow. The Marquis of Londonderry, Colonel Napier, and other distinguished actors in the glorious scenes, have given to the public, volumes, which are valuable, at once, as chronicles of important facts, and as commentaries on the motives of the principal agents. The volumes before us are of a less pretending character. They throw light, it is true, on occurrences that are now matter of history; but they recommend themselves to our sympathies, chiefly, as the record of wonderful adventures and vicissitudes. The storming of Badajoz has often been described, but it has never been our fate to meet with so vivid a description of the horrors of that scene as Captain Cooke has given in the following passage :—

The garrison of Badajoz fired every morning, for a few days previously to the grand assault, a certain number of rounds, as if for practice, and to measure the ground.

The first order for storming the breaches, fixed it to take place on the 5th of April. I was informed that my turn for trench duty fell on that evening, because the officer just preceding me was out of the way. I resolved to play a like trick, and for a like reason, namely, not to miss the assault. I therefore got a friend to persuade the Adjutant to allow that the men should march off without me, promising to follow. This anecdote I relate, because of the curious circumstance that it led to.

When I was quite certain that the assault was not to take place that night, I mounted my horse, and, riding to the entrance of the first parallel, I gave the animal to my batman, and proceeded on foot. I had just crossed the trench, and got into a field, taking a short cut, when I observed two figures making towards me. There was not any firing; a solemn silence reigned around. Coming up at a half run, I put my hand to my sword, for the night was clear, and I saw they were not soldiers; they soon closed on me, demanding boldly, and in Spanish, the way out of the trenches: I pointed out the road to them, but, an instant after, suspected they were not Spaniards, but spies. I noticed they kept their hands behind them, and I thought it also very civil of them not to fire, for I am confident they were well armed. "*Buenas noches, Sennor,*" said they, and hastily retired. When I reached the great battery, and found everybody in it asleep, I thought the place bewitched. This was my last trip to the trenches. Thirteen times I visited them during the siege.

A long order was issued relative to the positions the troops were to occupy. On the 6th of April, the day was fine, and all the soldiers in good spirits, cleaning themselves as if for a review. About two o'clock

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\* Memoirs of the late War, comprising the personal Narrative of Captain Cooke of the 43d Regiment; The History of the Campaign of 1809 in Portugal, by the Earl of Munster; &c. &c.

I saw Lieutenant Harvest of our regiment ; he was sucking an orange, and walking on a rising ground, alone, and very thoughtful. It gave me pain, as I knew he was to lead the "forlorn hope." He observed, "my mind is made up ; I am sure to be killed."

At half-past eight o'clock that night the ranks were formed, and the roll called in an under tone. Lieutenant-Colonel M'Leod spoke long and earnestly to the regiment before it joined the division, expressing the utmost confidence in the result of the attack, and finished by repeating, that he left it to the honor of all persons to preserve discipline, and not to commit any cruelty on the defenceless inhabitants of the town.

The division drew up in the most profound silence behind the large quarry, three hundred yards from the three breaches, made in the bastions of la Trinidad, and Santa Maria. A small stream separated us from the fourth division. Suddenly, a voice was heard from that direction, giving orders about ladders, so loud, that it might be heard by the enemy on the ramparts. It was the only voice that broke on the stillness of the moment ; everybody was indignant, and Colonel M'Leod sent an officer to say that he would report the circumstance to the General-in-Chief. I looked up the side of the quarry, fully expecting to see the enemy come forth, and derange the plan of attack. It was at half-past nine this happened, but, at a quarter before ten, the ill-timed noise ceased, and nothing could be heard but the loud croaking of the frogs.

At ten a carcass was thrown from the town ; this was a most beautiful fire-work, and illuminated the ground for many hundred yards ; two or three fire-balls followed, and, falling in different directions, showed a bright light, and remained burning. The stillness that followed was the prelude to one of the strangest scenes that the imagination of man can conceive.

Soon after ten o'clock, a little whispering announced that "the forlorn hope" were stealing forward, followed by the storming parties, composed of three hundred men (one hundred from each British regiment of our division) ; in two minutes the division followed. One musket shot, *no more*, was fired near the breaches by a French soldier, who was on the look out. We gained ground leisurely—but silently ; there were no obstacles. The 52nd, 43rd, and part of the rifle corps, closed gradually up to column of quarter distance, left in front ; all was hushed, and the town lay buried in gloom ; the ladders were placed on the edge of the ditch, when suddenly an explosion took place at the foot of the breaches, and a burst of light disclosed the whole scene :—the earth seemed to rock under us :—what a sight ! The ramparts crowded with the enemy—the French soldiers standing on the parapets—the fourth division advancing rapidly in column of companies on a quarter circle to our right, while the short-lived glare from the barrels of powder and combustibles flying into the air, gave to friends and foes a look as if both bodies of troops were laughing at each other.

A tremendous firing now opened on us, and for an instant we were stationary ; but the troops were *no ways daunted*. The only three ladders were placed down the scarp to descend into the ditch, and were found exactly opposite the centre breach, and the whole division rushed to the assault with amazing resolution. There was no check. The soldiers flew down the ladders, and the cheering from both sides was loud and full of confidence.

While descending the ladders into the ditch, furious blows were exchanged amongst the troops in their eagerness to get forward ; at the same time grape-shot and musketry tore open their ranks. The first officer I happened to see down was Captain Fergusson, who had led on our storming party here, and at Rodrigo ; he was laying to the right of the ladders, with a wound on the head, and holding a bloody handkerchief in his grasp. I snatched it out of his hand, and tied it round his head. The French were then landing over the fire-balls, which produced a sort of revolving light. The ditch was very wide, and when I arrived at the foot of the centre breach, eighty or ninety men were formed. One cried out, "Who will lead ?" This was the work of a moment. Death, and the most dreadful sounds and cries, encompassed us. It was a volcano ! Up we went ; some killed, and others impaled on the bayonets of their own comrades, or hurled headlong amongst the outrageous crowd.

The *chevaux-de-frise* looked like innumerable bayonets. When within a yard of the top, I fell from a blow that deprived me of sensation. I only recollect feeling a soldier pulling me out of the water, where so many men were drowned. I lost my cap, but still held my sword. On recovering, I looked towards the breach. It was shining and empty ! fire balls were in plenty, and the French troops standing upon the walls, taunting, and inviting our men to come up and try it again.

Colonel McLeod was killed while trying to force the left corner of the large breach. He received his mortal wound within three yards of the enemy, just at the bottom of some nine-feet planks, studded with nails, and hanging down the breach from under the *chevaux-de-frise*.

At half-past eleven the firing slackened, and the French detached soldiers from the breaches to repulse the other attacks, and to endeavor to retake the castle. I heard the enemy calling out on the ramparts in German, "All is well in Badajoz !"

The British soldiers did as much as *men could do*. The wood-work of the *chevaux-de-frise* was ponderous, bristling with short stout sword-blades fastened in it, and chained together. It was an obstacle not to be removed, and the French soldiers stood close to it, killing deliberately every man who approached it. The large breach was at one time crowded with our brave troops ; I mean the fourth division, the heroes of many hard-fought victories and bloody fields. The light division had recently been crowned with victory ; but to remove such obstacles was impracticable by living bodies, pushing against them up a steep breach, and sinking to the knees every step in rubbish, while a fearless enemy stood behind pushing down fragments of masonry and live shells, and firing bullets, fixed on the top of pieces of wood, the sides of which were indented with seven or eight buck shot.

Generals Picton, Colville, Kempt, Bowes, Harvey, Walker, Champlemond, and almost every officer commanding regiments, besides more than three hundred officers, and between four and five thousand gallant veteran soldiers, fell around these walls.

The left breach had not been attempted at all until a quarter before twelve o'clock, when Captain Shaw of our regiment, collecting about seventy men of different regiments, and with great difficulty, after such slaughter for two hours, made a desperate effort to gain the top ; but when half way up, as if by enchantment, he stood alone. Two rounds of grape and the musketry prevented any more trouble, for almost the whole of the party lay stretched in various attitudes.

Captain Nichols, of the Engineers, was of the number ; he now showed great courage ; and when asked by Shaw, if he would try the left breach, answered he would do anything to succeed. A grape-shot went through his lungs, and he died three days after.

This attack was very daring. It was a forlorn hope, under accumulated dangers ; almost all the troops had retired, and, a few moments before, a great alarm was excited by a cry from the heaps of wounded, that the French were descending into the ditch. To exaggerate the picture of this sanguinary strife, is impossible :—the small groups of soldiers seeking shelter from the cart-wheels, pieces of timber, fire-balls, and other missiles hurled down upon them ; the wounded crawling past the fire-balls, many of them scorched and perfectly black, and covered with mud, from having fallen into the *lunette*, where three hundred soldiers were suffocated or drowned ; and all this time the French on the top of the parapets, jeering and cracking their jokes, and deliberately picking off whom they chose. The troops lining the glacis could not fire sufficiently, as they were terribly exposed, and could scarcely live from the cross fire of grape-shot.

Colonel Barnard did all in his power to concentrate the different attacks. It was in vain ; the difficulties were too great. But Badajoz was not the grave of the light division's valor, nor of the fourth division's either.

Philippon, the governor, a *Frenchman*, and our enemy, gave the full particulars of this affair to a friend of mine, while traveling in England ; he said that he thought the great explosion would have finished the business, but he was astonished at the resolution of the British troops, who, he said, were fine fellows, and deserved a better fate.

The single musket-shot, fired just as the "forlorn hope" descended the ditch, was a signal of their approach, which shows how determined the French were to have a good blow-up, for not a ball was fired before the explosion. The efforts of the garrison to preserve the place did them much honor. Philippon was determined not to do as the governor of Ciudad Rodrigo had done. Had not the Earl of Wellington planned the two extreme attacks by escalade, on the castle, by the third division, and on the south side of the town by part of the fifth division, and on the Fort Pardalaras by the Portuguese, the result might have been very serious. The Duke of Dalmatia was within a few leagues, and opposite, Generals Hill and Graham. The Duke of Ragusa had pushed his advanced dragoons as far as the Bridge of Boats, at Villa Velha, and at length got entangled in the labyrinths of Portugal. I have heard and read of sitting down before a town, opening trenches, blowing up the counterscarp, and all according to rule ; but this was a crisis, time was precious, added to which the Guadiana ran in our rear, and the pontoon bridge had been carried away once during the siege, by the swelling of the river.

When the French soldiers found that the town was falling by escalade on the south side, and that the castle was lost to them, they made an attempt to retake the latter by an old gate, leading towards the town ; the gate was pierced by their musketry, in numberless places. I never saw a target better covered with holes. The third division had in return twice discharged a gun through it, which made two large holes. An old hand-spike was placed under its breach, to depress it, and remained precisely in the same way three days afterwards. The scaling-ladders were well placed, five quite close together against an old round



tower. Many slain soldiers had evidently been pushed from off the parapet, and rolled nearly fifty yards down the hill ; some lay with heads battered to pieces, whilst others were doubled up, looking scarcely human, and their broken limbs twisted in all directions.

The third division had been obliged to cross the broken bridge over the small river Revellas, rank entire, (amidst a shower of grape-shot, bullets, and bursting of shells,) and during the work of death, to drag the unwieldy ladders up a rugged hill, to plant them against the walls ; their first effort failed ; many of the enemy then, contrary to General Philippon's orders, evacuated the castle, and went to assist at the breaches. At this moment, Lieutenant-Colonel Ridge, of the fifth regiment, called on an officer of his corps, "there, you mount one ladder, and I will lead up the other. Come on Fifth, I am sure that you will follow your commanding officer." *He was killed ; but the place was carried !*

Let us pause and reflect that this act of heroism was executed after a long and fearful struggle, high walls, and defeat staring them in the face.

The third division then filled the castle, and there remained until day light. On the south side of the town, General Walker's brigade of the fifth division, hearing the rolling fire at the breaches, became impatient, and, with a simultaneous rush, gained (by escalade) the top of the walls, and even formed on the ramparts. On seeing a light, the cry of *mine* was set up, and a short panic ensuing, the enemy at the same time charging forward at a run with fixed bayonets, and shouting loudly, these troops were forced to give ground. An officer informed me, that he had thrown himself over the ramparts to save the colors of his corps, while nearly surrounded by the French grenadiers. This bold fellow had the choice of either being pinned to the wall, or the risk of breaking his neck ; he chose the latter. The rear regiment, however, fortunately stood firm. Many of the enemy then precipitately abandoned the town, accompanied by the Governor, crossed the bridge, and shut themselves up in Fort St. Christoval, on the other side of the Guadiana ; and the next morning surrendered themselves prisoners of war. This brigade continued to be *hotly* engaged in the streets during the *whole night*. Some even asserted, that many of the Spaniards fired from their windows on our troops, and *held out lights* to guide the French ; knowing that their property would fall a sacrifice, should the town be taken.

The place was eventually completely sacked by our troops ; every atom of furniture broken ; mattresses ripped open in search of treasure ; and one street literally strewn with articles, knee-deep. A convent was in flames, and the poor nuns in dishabille, striving to burrow themselves into some place of security ; however, that was impossible ; the town was alive, and every house filled with mad soldiers, from the cellar to the once solitary garret.

When I examined the three breaches by day, and witnessed the defences the enemy had made for their protection, I was fully satisfied that they were impregnable to men ; and I do declare, most positively, that I could not have surmounted the *chevaux-de-frise*, even *unopposed*, in the day-time.

Some talk that grappling-irons would have moved them. Who would, who could have done it ? thousands of warlike French soldiers standing firmly up to the points, not giving an inch, and ready for fight.



They fought in the streets to the last, and tried to retake the castle—*Que-voulez-vous ?*

The *chevaux-de-frise* were fired after dark. Round-shot alone could have destroyed these defences, which were all chained together, and not made in a temporary manner, as most military men imagine, but strong and well finished ; and the enemy, behind all, had made a deep cut, over which they had thrown planks, communicating with the town, besides three field-pieces, to enfilade the centre breach, if the *chevaux-de-frise* should be seriously shaken. Had it not been for this, the divisions would have entered like a swarm of bees.

One man only was at the top of the left breach (the heaps of dead had, as a matter of course, rolled to the bottom), and that was one of the rifle corps who had succeeded in getting under the *chevaux-de-frise*.—His head was battered to pieces, and his arms and shoulders torn asunder with bayonet wounds.

Our batteries did not play on the ramparts that night after dark ; but when the explosion took place, the whole of them opened with *blank cartridge* in our rear—probably to frighten the enemy, or to make them keep down ; but they were old soldiers, and not to be so done.

Poor M'Leod, in his 27th year, was buried half a mile from the town, on the south side, nearly opposite our camp, on the slope of a hill. We did not like to take him to the miserable breach, where, from the warmth of the weather, the dead soldiers had begun to turn, and their blackened bodies had swollen enormously ; we therefore laid him amongst some young springing corn ; and, with sorrowful hearts, six of us (all that remained of the officers able to stand) saw him covered in the earth. His cap, all muddy, was handed to me, I being without one, with merely a handkerchief round my bruised head, one eye closed, and also a slight wound in my leg.

The country was open. The dead, the dying, and the wounded, were scattered abroad ; some in tents, others exposed to the sun by day, and the heavy dew at night. With considerable difficulty, I found at length my friend, Lieutenant Madden, lying in a tent, with his trousers on and his shirt off, covered with blood, bandaged across the body to support his broken shoulder, laid on his back, and unable to move. He asked for his brother—"Why does he not come to see me ?" I turned my head away ; for his gallant young brother (a captain of the 52nd) was amongst the slain !

Captain Merry, of the 52nd, was sitting on the ground sucking an orange. He said, "How are you ?—You see that I am dying ; a mortification has ensued." A grape-shot had shattered his knee ; and he had told the doctor that he preferred death, rather than permit such a *good leg* to be amputated. Another officer had just breathed his last between these two sufferers.

The camp became a wilderness, some of the tents being thrown down, others vacant, and flapping in the wind, while the musketry still rattled in the town, announcing the wild rejoicing of our troops.

#### LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. IV.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—In an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, written some time ago, we believe by Mr. Jeffrey, upon the poetry of

Mrs. Hemans, it was observed that Rogers and Campbell had suffered a less decay in popular reputation than their more wild and fiery contemporaries. The fact is, that there are some subjects so happily conceived, that the conception alone is almost sufficient to make the work everlastingly pleasing. And of all such subjects what more captivating than the "Pleasures of Memory?" This is a theme that always comes home to us—to every one,—to the passionate man and the callous—the busy man and the idle. It arrests all—it revolts none. Who can say this of the *Parasina*, or the *Giaour*? The simple feelings are universal—the violent passions rare. As the celebrity of the hour dies away, the popularity of poems that embody the latter decreases, though not perhaps the same. But the gentler sentiments are common in every time; they require no extraordinary natures to sympathise with them; no extraordinary genius to understand; they are for the herd, and with the herd forever. The affection of the dog to Ulysses delights every age. We are willing to find the poetry more beautiful even than it is, for the same picture would have charmed us in prose. But the passion of Myrrha to her father revolts the beings of a civilized period. Wonderfully as the passion is described in Ovid, we never recur but with disgust to the description. The displeasing nature of the sentiment makes us dead to the power of the poet. Nor is this only the case with the poet that inspires horror. The higher and more tragic creations of terror may fill us with admiration, with awe, but they do not make those passages, which we devour again and again—

The blessed household voices wont to thrill  
Our heart's pure depths with unalloy'd delight.

Sensible of this, the greatest poets, those who hold the darker passions most at their command, always couple the sternest and fiercest with the most tender and subduing emotions. Read the *Macbeth*, read even the *Iliad*, the product of so rude an age—how wonderful the union of the terrible and soft! Let us descend lower. Let us, to enforce our meaning, contrast two men of our own day, both of second-rate, but of no inconsiderable, genius—Mackenzie and Maturin. Mackenzie is immortal; can we say as much of Maturin? Yet we question whether "Melmoth" be not a far higher and richer exertion of mind than the "Man of Feeling;" but there is an unpleasing horror created by the one, a grateful melancholy by the other. The one we do not readily forget, the other we are delighted to recur to. Both writers had one great fault—exaggeration. Mackenzie exaggerated sentiment, and Maturin passion. Exaggeration of sentiment is often concealed by a delicacy of taste, exaggeration of passion never.

A subject felicitously chosen and a style that suits the subject—these confer a popularity that is lasting enough to surprise us; they have done so with Campbell—they have done so with Rogers. But this truth is a proof of their genius, no detraction from it. Ordinary men never do chance on subjects fitted for immortality. Conception is the noblest part of genius. And to make what is a merit seem a reproach, would a little resemble the cavalier, who, denying Queen Elizabeth's powers of reigning, insisted on those of her ministers.—"Her ministers were so happily chosen!"—"True," was the well remembered answer; "and when did you ever hear of foolish princes choosing wise ministers?"

Mr. Rogers' first work, we believe, was an "Ode to Superstition,

and other poems." This was followed by his most popular, certainly not his greatest poem, the "Pleasures of Memory." But though not his greatest poem, how beautiful it really is ! What simplicity, what grace, what sweetness ! Just let us suppose that Lord Byron had written a poem on the same subject : would it have been equally touching ?—certainly not. *His* pleasures of memory would not have been the pleasures that live for all. Here we have the mirror of the Hungarian wizard—it presents to every man an image like his own, but flattered into beauty.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,  
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.

Who does not feel those lines to his heart's core ?—an idiot would !  
But here is a deeper thought.

On yon grey-stone, that fronts the chancel door,  
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more ;  
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,  
When the heart danced and life was on the wing.  
(*rather too showy a line, by the way, for the simple  
one preceding it.*)

Alas ! unconscious of the kindred earth,  
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth ;  
The glowworm loves her emerald light to shed,  
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head ;  
Oft as he turn'd the greensward with his spade,  
He lectured every youth that round him play'd.

This is a picture : the gay-hearted urchins playing on the grave-stones—the old sexton pausing on his spade beside them. This, too, is nature ! and there is something of a moral beneath it, a moral sad, and yet utterly void of gloom. And here, touching on a metaphysical point, how delicately are the metaphysics introduced ! how utterly the learning is lost in the poetry !—

Hark ! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,  
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn ;  
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,  
And many a stream allures her to its source :  
'Tis noon—'tis night, that eye so finely wrought,  
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,  
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind,  
Its orb so full, its vision so confined.  
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell—  
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell,  
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue  
Of varied scents that charm'd her as she flew ?  
Hail memory—Hail—thy universal reign  
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

It is a pity that the last two lines are a failure, an abrupt commonplace ; nothing is worse than a sudden generalism, if we may use the term, for the close of an individual picture ; it distracts the attention ; it disturbs the single image conjured up—you were gazing on a portrait, you are now reading a truism.

Pure, in all that is best in poetry, is the allusion to—

The blithe son of Savoy journeying round,  
With humble wares, and pipe of merry sound.

But every one knows those lines—we would not forget them for half our library.

At this day, it would be merely a common-place criticism to point out the peculiar deficiencies and peculiar beauties of the "Pleasures of Memory;" we all know that it is sweet, polished, touching, and correct; we all know that it is not remarkable for passion or vigor—that is to say, it is a poem perfect in its kind, and has not acquired imperfections by straining after attributes inharmonious to the subject. To accuse the "Deserted Village" of wanting the dark splendor of the "Night Thoughts," would be just as absurd as to charge the "Night Thoughts" with their deficiency in the soft melancholy of the "Deserted Village." Exactly in the same manner, it is no fault in Rogers not to aim at the beauties of another. All that we have to ask in a poet is, that he be true to his own peculiar genius; it is, therefore, that in some of his subsequent poems we often have a right to blame Mr. Rogers, not because he avoids, but because, on the contrary, he often unsuccessfully attempts the abrupt and vehement style of his contemporaries. From the publication of the "Pleasures of Memory," to that of "Jacqueline," a long lapse of years had taken place, a vast and mighty impetus had been given to English poetry. The "Roderic" of Southey; the "Marmion" of Scott; the "Sonnets" of Wordsworth; the "Gertrude" of Campbell; the "Irish Melodies" of Moore; the "Corsair" of Byron—these great works had nothing in common with the poetical spirit that reigned over the close of the last century. Previous to "Jacqueline," Rogers had published, in 1798, "An Epistle to a Friend, with other Poems," a volume even more promising than the "Pleasures of Memory." Take it altogether, the "Epistle to a Friend" is the best poetical (non-satiric and non-philosophic) epistle in the English language; and the minor poems are the most pure, the most exquisite fragments of verse, which, in its smaller efforts, generally so trite, the Poetry of that day and that school produced: nay, they are infinitely better than the small poems of Scott or of Southey, and are only equaled among the poets of the later time, by the simplest of Moore's songs, the most stirring of Campbell's ballads, and the noblest of Byron's stanzas. The fragments of "Columbus" followed this volume. We do not esteem them very highly; the style does not chime in with the subject; and though the verses are vivid, not so the pictures they would convey: we are pleased with the coloring in itself, but it does not bring out the figures; in short, the whole wants interest—

Grace without warmth, and beauty without life.

Still, hitherto, if Rogers failed, it was in his own school. But "Jacqueline!"—there his failings are in another. It was, perhaps, impossible for his great contemporaries to have influenced the rest of the world of letters and left uninfluenced a spirit so susceptible to all that is grand in art and lovely in genius as that of Rogers. He, half Mæcenas, half Horace—the patron of gems, and sculpture, and paintings—the poet of "Italy," could not, even with a taste already formed, a judgment already matured, have felt, without being also somewhat im-

bued with, the new and more stirring Intelligence that had breathed its soul into English poetry.

"Jacqueline" commences thus :—

'Twas Autumn—through Provence had ceased  
The vintage, and the vintage feast, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Jacqueline came forth alone,  
Her kerchief o'er her tresses thrown,  
*A guilty thing and full of fears,*  
But, ah, how lovely in her tears !  
*She starts, and what has caught her eye ?*  
*What, but her shadow gliding by !*  
*She stops—she pants—with lips apart,*  
*She listens—to her beating heart, &c.*

All this is very good—but it is less Rogers than Byron—again :

At such an hour, in such a night,  
*So calm, so clear, so heavenly bright,*  
Who would have seen, &c.

Are we quite sure these are *not* in one of Byron's eastern tales ? But let us look at more simple lines—do we find in them *the simplicity of 1792* ?—the simplicity of the "Pleasures of Memory."

No more the orphan runs to take,  
From her loved hand, *the barley-cake, &c.*  
The widow trims her hearth in vain,  
She comes not, nor will come again ;  
*Not now, his little lesson done,*  
*With Frederic blowing bubbles in the sun,*  
Nor spinning by the fountain-side,  
Some story of the days of old,  
Barbe bleue—or Chaperon rouge, half told  
*To him who would not be denied, &c.*

Is this Rogers, or is it Wordsworth ?

In fact, throughout the whole poem, we would defy any one to trace the peculiar genius of the author. Beautiful it is, undoubtedly, but it is a mixture of the beauties of other poets—

Enameling with pied flowers, their thoughts of gold.

This change of vein is yet more visible in "Human Life," a poem, which being written in the same metre as the "Pleasures of Memory," and somewhat allied to it in subject, furnishes us with a fairer and a fuller opportunity of noticing that alteration in school and style which a quarter of a century had effected. We open the page, and chance upon a picture of LOVERS—

Then do they wander till the day is gone,  
Lost in each other ; and when night steals on,  
Covering them round, how sweet her accents are !  
Oh when she turns and speaks, *her voice is far,*  
*Far above singing !—*But soon nothing stirs  
To break the silence ;—joy like his—like hers,  
Deals not in words ; and now the shadows close,  
NOW IN THE GLIMMERING DYING LIGHT SHE GROWS  
LESS AND LESS EARTHLY, &c.

This passage, on the whole very exquisite, and thoroughly poetical, the reader will at once perceive contains the peculiar faults and the peculiar beauties of the exact day, not in which the genius of Rogers might be considered to take its legitimate bias, viz. when, at about the age of thirty, he published the "*Pleasures of Memory*;" but in which the poem of "*Human Life*" was given to the world. The affected running in of the lines, so wholly, so widely different from the regular Goldsmith-like pauses in the "*Pleasures of Memory*;" the increased richness of expression, the closer individuality of portraiture; in a word, the versification and the turn of thought are precisely those which in 1792 Rogers would have scrupulously avoided. The words in italic we consider characteristic of the faults in expression of the new school in which he had entered himself, and the words in capitals to be equally characteristic of its beauties. This passage is not a solitary one, there are many such. Lines like the following would never have been admitted into the "*Pleasures of Memory*," and we think might have been very wisely excluded from "*Human Life*."

Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday,  
When in thy prime, *wishing so much to stay*,  
'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh,  
At midnight, in a sister's arms to die.

Here simplicity is aimed at, and flatness obtained.

A walk in spring—Grattan—like those with thee  
By the heath side (*who had not envied me* ?)—

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Serving the state again—not as before !*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Flings off the coat, so long his pride and pleasure,  
And, *like a miser digging for his treasure*,  
*His tiny spade in his own garden plies*, &c.

The thing digging—and the thing compared to a miser—is a child !—the comparison presents no image whatever—a child digging is no more like a miser digging than it is like a ploughman, and the simile seems not only introduced for the sake of the rhyme, but for the sake of a very indifferent rhyme. On the other hand, the poem abounds in beauties of a loftier strain, and thoughts of a far deeper mood than we find in the "*Pleasures of Memory*."

Infinite streames continually do well,  
Out of this fountaine sweet and fayre to see.

Thus, the picture of the Mother and Child is unequalled for truth and sweetness.

As ever, ever, to her lap he flies,  
When rosy sleep comes on *with sweet surprise*.

What more affecting than the allusion to Jane Grey ?

Who in her chamber sate  
Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,  
And every ear and every heart was won,  
*And all in green array were chasing down the sun.*

Again, the lines on Youth.

Then is the age of admiration—then  
 Gods walk the earth, or beings more than men ; &c.  
 Then, from within, a voice exclaims "Aspire," &c.

And the allusions which follow to Lord Surrey and to Byron, are of a very high merit. So—there is a startling beauty in these two lines :

When by a good man's grave I muse alone,  
 Methinks an angel sits upon the stone.

Lastly, we incline to think the plan and conception of "Human Life" to be the witness of a very noble order of inventive faculty ; but in the execution, we blame the ambition that sought, and we question the judgment that selected the peculiarities of a new school as an admixture with the graces of the old. A man should be very young to change a method of writing in which he has been successful. A happy mannerism either comes early, or must be brooded over long. But enough of this. Turn we to the last and greatest of our author's poems, "Italy."

An edition has lately been published of this work that has brought it, almost as a new poem, again before the world—an edition that so highly honors the arts which have adorned it, that we look upon it with a national pride, as a sort of epoch in the history of letters. "Italy" is before us ; as we turn over its pages, the verse and the engraving make the divine land visible. The forms, the vases, the palace, the ruin, the lake, the beings of history, the creatures of legend, yea, the very sky, the very moon of Italy—all—we see them all :—

#### Venice

The glorious city in the Sea,  
 The sea is in the broad—the narrow—streets,  
 Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed  
 Clings to the marble of her palaces.

St. Mark's Palace.

#### Not a stone

In the broad pavement—but to him who has  
 An eye—an ear, for the Inanimate World,  
 Tells of Past Ages.

The great character of this poem, as it is in the "Pleasures of Memory," is simplicity ; but here simplicity assumes a nobler shape. Although to a certain degree there is an alteration in the tone of the last from that of the first published poem, an alteration seemingly more marked from the difference between blank verse and rhyme ; and although there is something of the new Persian odors breathing from the myrtle wreaths of a muse whom "dispicent nexæ philyræ coronæ," yet, unlike what we felt inclined to blame in "Jacqueline" and the "Human Life," we see nothing that reminds us of *individual* traits in another ; nothing that reminds us of Byron, though he strung his harp to the same theme ; nothing that recalls *any* contemporaneous writer, unless it be occasionally Wordsworth, in Wordsworth's purer, if not loftier vein : we see no harsh, constrained abruptness emulating vigor ; no childish *minauderies* that would fain pass themselves off for simplicity. Along the shores and palaces of old glides one calm and serene tide of verse, wooing to its waters every legend, and every dream, that can hallow and immortalize.



This poem differs widely from the poems of the day, in that it is wholly void of all that is meretricious. Though Nature itself could not be less naked of ornament, yet Nature itself could not be more free from all ornament that is tinsel or inappropriate. A contemplative and wise man, skilled in all the arts and nursing all the beautiful traditions of the past ; having seen enough of the world to moralize justly ; having so far advanced in the circle of life as to have supplied emotion with meditation ; telling you in sweet and serene strains all that he sees, hears, and feels in journeying through a country which Nature and History combine to consecrate : this is the character of Rogers's "Italy," and the reader will see at once how widely it differs in complexion from the solemn "Harold," or the impassioned "Corinne." This poem is perfect as a whole ; it is as a whole that it must be judged ; its tone, its depth, its *hoard* of thought and description, make its main excellence, and these are merits that no short extracts can adequately convey.

Of all things perhaps the hardest in the world for a poet to effect, is to *gossip* poetically. We are those who think it is in this that Wordsworth rarely succeeds, and Cowper as rarely fails. This graceful and difficult art, Rogers has made his own to a degree almost unequaled in the language.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori :

Hic nemos, hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.

We open the page (p. 135 of that superb edition we have referred to)—how beautiful the vignette !

The rising moon we hail,  
Duly, devoutly from a vestibule,  
Of many an arch o'erwrought, and lavishly  
With many a labyrinth of sylphs and flowers,  
When Raphael and his school from Florence came,  
Filling the land with splendor.

It is remarked, we perceive, by a correspondent, in another part of this number, viz. in the Conversations with an Ambitious Student, that the Author of "The Pleasures of the Imagination" was a professional man—the scholar of a city, not the fields. So, with the Author of "The Pleasures of Memory"—a banker, a wit, a man of high social reputation—we find it is from the stony heart of the great world that the living waters of a pure and transparent poetry have been stricken. Few men of letters have been more personally known in their day, or more generally courted ; a vein of agreeable conversation, sometimes amene, and more often caustic—a polished manner—a sense quickly alive to all that passes around, and, above all, perhaps, a taste in the arts, a knowledge of painting and of sculpture—very rare in this country—have contributed to make the Author of "Italy" scarce less distinguished in society than in letters—a society, it is true, that while it calls itself the best, is the most empty in all things, but pretension—made up of all the triflers in knowledge and all the coxcombs in politics—all the lords among wits, and all the wits among lords—of the sycophant, termed humorist, among the low-born—of the Mævius turned Mæcenas among the high—with a good-natured quack at the bottom of the table, and a Canidia, who apes the Aspasia, at the top !

This is not the circle in which, for our part, and with our zeal for the true dignity of letters, we are willing to find a great poet the common resident. Such scenes he should visit, but not dwell in ; seen occasionally, they sharpen the observation ; constantly haunted, they emasculate the genius.

“ Le ton du monde n'est plus souvent qu'un persiflage ridicule. \* \* \* Quelque éloge qu'on donne à ce jargon, si, pour apprécier le mérite de la plupart de ces bons mots si admirés dans la bonne compagnie, on les traduisoit dans une autre langue, la traduction dissiperait le prestige, et la plupart de ces bons mot se trouveroient voides de sens.”

In a word—

Quand le bon ton paroît, le bon sens se retire !

We have made these remarks openly, for we think that to such society Moore has owed much that adulterates, and Rogers much that has weakened his native genius. To them it is now too late for conviction ; to us it is never too late (for when will their works die ?) for regret.

In composition, it is said that Mr. Rogers writes with labor, and polishes with great care. In character, those who know him best have declared him to be generous, kindly, and humane ; to be free from envy, and alive to benevolence—willing to sympathise now with the distress of his brethren, and now (harder task !) with their prosperity.

These short remarks upon the writings of an accomplished and true poet contain our honest opinion ; they are recorded by one who once did him a boyish injustice, who is now eager to repair it—not by blind, pan-eulogium, but a candid, though brief criticism. Long may the poet, whose youth and age have equally delighted us, continue to foster those studies which so gracefully embellish the decline of life ; may he and ourselves, even in these noisy and active times, yet find leisure, the one to furnish, and the other to acknowledge, new obligations. Among the shades and recesses of the excited world, there is always one spot that is sacred—that spot over which Poetry presides and gathers a devoted and faithful court. Thither, from time to time, the sternest of us, not unmindful of young thoughts and early visions, will silently steal away, when—

Eftsoons we hear a most delicious sound  
Of all that may delight a dainty ear,  
Such as at once may not on living ground,  
Save in this Paradise be heard elsewhere :  
Right hard it is, for wight which doth it hear,  
To read what manner music that mote be,  
For all that pleasing is to living ear,  
Is there consorted in one harmony.

*The Faery Queene.*

## Journal of Fashions.

### THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

##### BALL DRESS.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—A ball dress of white *gaze d'Inde*, splendidly painted in natural colors, worn over a slip of white, or very pale pink satin. The *corsage* is made in novel and becoming style, and displays a fine figure to great advantage. The front is cut rather low, and is ornamented with an elegant stomacher and shoulder-bands, painted to correspond with the bottom of the skirt. The stomacher is cut to let the bands pass through, near the top, from whence they are continued to the *ceinture*, where they meet under an embossed clasp of massive gold. The back is made to match the front. A short full sleeve, with very little in the way of trimming, finishes this chaste and beautiful body. The skirt has a light and simple garniture of bias cut pieces, placed *en revers*, and surmounted by a rich border composed of *bouquets* of Provence roses, with their buds and foliage. The hair is dressed high, and is arranged in three full bows on the summit of the head. The front hair is disposed in large *boucles* on the temples. A *bandeau* of large pearls is placed transversely on the forehead, and is passed over the back of the head, and crosses the insertion of a very high comb, the points of which are seen above the whole head-dress. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets, of pearls and diamonds. Gloves and shoes of white satin.

##### EVENING DRESS.

Dress of crape, color a light shade of azure blue, over satin of the same tint. The skirt is of a moderate length, and not too full. It is a deep flounce, composed of separate parts, cut in such a way as to form a succession of full points, which fall over each other at the bottom, while the top of each portion is reversed inwardly, giving a very pretty heading of broad tongue-shaped leaves. The body is made full across the bust, forming a drapery *à la Sevigné*, at the upper part; confined towards the waist by four indented bands, decreasing in size as they descend. A full bow of satin is placed in the centre at the top of the front. The sleeve is very full, and has a *guirlande* of vine-leaves, of satin, placed *en feston*, across the top. Bows of satin, like that in front, finish the shoulders and the centre of the back. *Ceinture* of satin. An elegant *coiffure* completes this dress. The front hair is parted across the forehead in the Madonna style, the ends of which fall in soft negligent ringlets at the back of the neck. The back hair is plaited *en corbeille* at the top, or rather inclined to one side of the head, the plait rising on one side, and falling gracefully on the other in a very novel manner. Small white Persian roses, a gold chain and jewels, *à la Ferronière*, and a richly inlaid comb of tortoise-shell and gold, finishes this very tasteful *coiffure*.—Neck-chain and cross of colored gold; shoes of black satin.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Hats of *moire*, lined with satin, are, in our opinion, among the most elegant of those just introduced. The crown

is round, and of a moderate height, the brim a little larger, and something wider than those lately worn. Some are trimmed with ribbons only; others with cock's feathers, arranged in the shape of a branch of weeping-willow; this ornament is placed on one side, and a full knot of ribbon on the other. *Feuille d'Acanthe aventurine*, rose color, and Swedish blue, are the colors most in favor for hats. Sometimes the satin that lines them is of the same color, but more frequently white.

All the new winter bonnets are decidedly of the cottage shape; more so, indeed, than they were last summer. Small brim, cut square at the ears, but pointed in front, and shading the face very much. The crown is placed very far back. On the left side is a small knot, from which issue two long light bows, and two ends of ribbon, arranged something in the style of the wings of a windmill in motion. The curtain behind is very full. *Moire* and *Gros des Indes* are the favorite materials for bonnets.

**MAKE AND MATERIALS OF EVENING DRESS.**—Among the new materials which belong to winter rather than autumn, but for which many orders have already been given, are the *satin polonais* and *à la reine*, *reps Africain*, *Ipsilentine*, and *moires à colonnes satinées*. The materials are of extreme richness. The *satin à la reine* unites the gloss of the richest satin, to the softness and graceful flow of cachemire. A new article, called *gros de Tours à rubans de satin*, will, it is expected, be much in favor; it fully equals the finest velvets. The gauzes for evening dress are, perhaps, the most novel and beautiful that have ever yet appeared.

These novelties will begin to be generally adopted towards the middle of the month; at present *chaly* and cachemire are most in favor. Some have the *corsages à la Grecque*, and short wide sleeves, with falling plaits; it is a great improvement to these sleeves that they are lined with a stiffened material, instead of having an under sleeve.

It is expected that turbans will be very much worn. The most elegant are of *gaze satinée d'Alger*. The folds of which the turban is composed, are put close together near the front, which is ornamented with a bandeau of the same material, forming a point, and embroidered in silver. A torsade, also embroidered, comes from the left ear, and traverses the turban, forming, in a light style, the figure of an S, and terminates at the back of the crown.

#### PARISIAN FASHIONS.

[COURT JOURNAL.]—The *coiffure à la Grecque* promises to be more generally worn this winter than any other style of head-dress. It consists of a plait intermixed with gold or pearl chains surrounding a bunch of ringlets, which falls at the back of the head or a little on one side. A flat braid across the forehead suits this style of head-dress best. Three rows of pearl intermixed with the plait, and brought into a band on the forehead, has a very pretty effect. Jet, disposed in the same way in light hair, is very beautiful.

When the hair is dressed low, a bunch of feathers is worn. They are fixed at the top of the head, and droop on either side.

The *coiffures à la Chinoise* are, however, still occasionally seen. Instead of flowers and feathers, *coques* of gauze ribbon are used for half dress.

Blue hats are very generally worn. The prettiest are of blue satin, with a bunch of feathers; the fronts are round, wide, slightly tied down at the ears, and lined with blonde plaited *en éventail*.

MAKE AND MATERIALS.—*Out-Door Costume*.—*Donillettes* (so wadded pelisses are called) are coming much into favor. Several are made of rich twilled sarsnet, but the greater number of *gros de Naples* or *gros des Indes*. They are made in a very plain style, without any other trimming than a deep hem round the bottom, and one of half the breadth up the fronts, a large pelerine, and a deep falling collar. High Dresses composed of Cashmere wool, under the names of *Indostanes* and *Thibitians*, begin to be worn in the promenades. They are painted and figured in various patterns; that called *Mozambique* is extremely fashionable, and is remarkable for its elegant singularity. These dresses are made either with plain *corsages*, or with folds at the upper part, which form a *demi cœur*. The sleeves are either à l'*Amadis*, or of the short *gigot* shape. Boa tippets, Cashmere scarfs, and velvet pelerines, are all in favor with these dresses: the pelerines are most numerous. The sleeve of the dress must, if worn with a velvet pelerine, have a very deep velvet cuff, which is substituted for a bracelet. *Feuille d'Acanthe*, *Aventurine*, Swedish blue, and drab, are the favorite colors for those dresses.

Mantles are as yet little worn; but before the end of the month they will be very generally adopted. The new materials for mantles are of fine Cashmere wool; that called *Natalien*, is of a very original description: being of a double kind it does not require lining. Others are printed, figured, or embroidered in various patterns, distinguished for their novelty and singularity.

For half dress, *capotes* of black watered silk, ornamented with black feathers, are general. Others consist of mallow or garnet-colored silk, likewise watered, lined with black velvet, and trimmed with gauze ribbons the color of the hat, or with bows of satin ribbon figured with black.

With regard to the dresses, we have observed several kinds of cashmere, or new imitations of that material, embroidered. They are made à la *Grecque*. *Epaulettes en Jockey* are always worn for colored dresses with white sleeves. Short sleeves are made very wide. Long sleeves are supported by a very narrow elastic bracelet, which is concealed under the elbow, and which completely confines the bottom of the sleeve.

The tops of the tortoise-shell combs are sometimes cut, so as to represent three large palm leaves, and the comb is placed on the side opposite the *coques de cheveux*.

## Varieties.

CHOLERA MORBUS.—Among the numerous precautions which are everywhere taking against the cholera morbus, the most original is, perhaps, the anti-epidemic mask, invented by the Baron Massias. It is so contrived, as to preserve the face completely from the air, for which there is no opening but one opposite the mouth. The circumference is closed by wire or by whalebone, covered with cotton, so that the skin cannot be rubbed; immediately under this opening, is a tin box closed at bottom, which opens by means of a hinge. Several holes are made at the sides, in the lower part, and there can be also, if necessary, one in each corner. In this box is fixed against the sides, a double frame, the edges of which are of tin, and covered on both sides by a metallic substance in fine net work. The upper and lower part

of the frame are separated by an empty space of about eight lines; the lower part opens by means of a hinge. A little pad, composed of muslin, and full of little bits of sponge, is placed between the upper and lower parts of the frame. A hole is made in the middle about an inch in diameter, opposite to the opening for the mouth; another pad, composed in the same manner, but neither so large nor so thick, is placed at the bottom of the box on a thin layer of mahogany. Both these pads must be impregnated with a solution of camphor. When the mask is put on, it will be impossible to breathe any other than the air purified by the camphor.

**A CURE FOR GALLANTRY.**—A young officer of the National Guard has just received a check which will probably cure him of gallantry for life. He had tormented the pretty wife of a dyer during a long time with letters and compliments, followed her about like her shadow, and at last became so terribly importunate, that she revealed the affair to her husband, who desired her to give him an appointment. Hardly had the conference began, when the dyer and several of his workmen appeared, and seizing the unhappy lover gave him a good sousing in a tub of indigo. Then, in order that the dye might be solid and durable, they made him stand before a large fire till he was entirely dry. Unfortunately, he was obliged to attend parade the next day, and in consequence he made such plentiful use of soap and *eau-de-Cologne* that the tint of indigo disappeared, but it was to give place to a beautiful sky blue.

**THE DEY OF ALGIERS AND DON PEDRO** attend the Opera regularly, and to use a theatrical phrase, they draw good houses. The Dey—who, by the bye, has very modestly put upon his visiting cards, "*Hus-sien, Ex-Dey d'Alger*"—is always dressed in the first style of Turkish magnificence. Don Pedro usually appears either in uniform, or in a plain frock. He is a fine-looking man, but with a cold and pensive air. Not so the Ex-Empress, his wife, who appears always in good spirits. She, too, dresses very plainly, but so as to display to advantage her natural beauty, particularly her hair, which is very fine. She is much admired, and as simplicity is at present the fashion, she is regarded as quite a *femme à la mode*.

**CEMENT FROM IRON FILINGS.**—M. Mailtre, having reflected upon the action of vinegar in the preparation of the cement, known as *mastic le limaille*, which is made of iron filings, garlic, and vinegar, so proportioned as to form a mass of moderate consistency, proposed to substitute for the vinegar sulphuric acid, diluted with water, in the proportion of one ounce to a little more than two pints of water, and to reject the garlic as useless. This alteration was soon adopted by all to whom he communicated it in Paris, and will save in Paris alone more than ten thousand francs annually. This cement is there employed to close the seams of stones with which terraces are covered. The iron filings becoming oxidized, occupy a larger space—their oxidation being facilitated by the action of the acid, and the joints become exactly closed.

**BORING THE EARTH.**—On the 20th of June a letter was read from M. Jobard of Brussels, announcing that he had brought to perfection a new machine for boring the earth to any depth, and through any soil. He stated that his plan had been tried with the greatest success in the neighborhood of Marienburg, where he had rapidly attained a depth of



seventy-five feet through an inclined rock of phylade, mixed with argillaceous flints. By a process something similar, though less perfect, wells have been dug in China to a depth of from 2,000 to 2,800 feet, through solid rock. M. Jobard anticipates the greatest advantages to geognosy from his discovery ; and, with the usual enthusiasm of proprietors, looks forward with confidence to the period (not far distant) when we shall be as well acquainted with the centre of the earth as we now are with the surface.

COOPER'S LAST NOVEL.—We extract part of a critique contained in the last London New Monthly Magazine, of which E. L. Bulwer, Esq. is one of the conductors, on Mr. Cooper's last novel, "The Bravo." From the fair and unexaggerated notice of that delightful work, we have no question but it is from the pen of the highly accomplished and talented author of "Pelham."

"The Bravo ; a Venetian Story !" What a magic sentence for millions ! And how many lips, fair and otherwise, young and old, have already uttered it with raptures and anticipations, that are only to be excited by the promise of that sweetest of all literary luxuries—a new novel upon a new subject, by an old favorite. Mr. Cooper, in Venice ! Well, Sir Walter will be there soon ; for we presume he has gone to Italy on purpose. Then shall we have descriptions of gondolas and palazzos, masks and mysteries, stilettos, racks, guitars, serenaders, and inquisitors, as if none of these things had ever been described before. Meanwhile, let us see what the great wizard of the Waters and the Woods has to say to them. Let us attend to the historian of the sea in his new capacity of chronicler of the canals, and trace the inspired painter of savage and remote life in his progress through the more civilized and familiar haunts of sea-wedded Venice.

A Venetian story ! Here, then, his views are circumscribed ; he cannot fly from one extremity of the wilderness to the other ; he cannot skim the immeasurable waste of the great deep, and "walk the waters like a thing of life ;" he cannot puzzle us with prairies that we have no conception of, entangle us in the meshes of Indian metaphysics, dazzle us with descriptions of "suns that shine out of England," and shock our civilized prejudices with delineations of savage magnanimity, that are evidently stamped with the deep and subtle signet of irresistible truth. He is not here surrounded with wonders that nobody has seen but himself ; or that, for aught we know, have no existence but in his own imagination. In Venice he is not the "monarch of all he surveys." He is upon our own ground, as it were ; he has emerged into the circle of things familiar to us as household words, and we can measure his pretensions with those of past and present historians. Coming thus to close quarters with us, we shall try his strength. He abandons his vantage-ground, he resigns all his strongholds, steps at once upon the Rialto, and solicits no indulgence. Everything in Venice is new to him—and what is the result ? Why, that everything is new to us ; that we read, or rather devour, every sentence of the three volumes, every syllable of each description and digression, as if we had never heard a word about Venice before, or had never been doomed to look at any one of the five hundred "tales of the inquisition," that are annually showered upon that unoffending race of readers, the reviewers. The charm of an ever-fertile and never-wearied imagination ; the power of giving life to whatever it



touches ; a capacity to create and combine, to mould its materials at will, to investigate the hidden springs of action, and to read the human countenance as if it wore no mask—these are as strongly, as vividly, and as unceasingly apparent in this Venetian story, as in any of those singular works that have already procured their author so lasting and (with but one living exception) *so unrivaled a reputation.* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Cooper's females have, before now, been ridiculed, their truth and individuality denied, and their beauty as much called in question as Sophia Western's, who, out of Fielding's over-anxiety to prove her an angel, has been suspected to be little better than a dowdy. This scepticism upon a point which we think as clear as the day, (we have no time to turn to his various volumes for proofs—the characters we have hinted at are enough,) arises, no doubt, from a wise unwillingness to admit, that he who paints sailors superbly, should paint females otherwise than as the figure-heads to which his experience is supposed to have been confined. But we must hasten to introduce the only remaining character that we shall notice ; and we have kept him to the last because he is a favorite—old Antonio, the fisherman, (we had almost said, the philosopher,) who has lost five sons in the service of the Republic, whose last remaining hope, his grandson, has been torn from him and sent to the galleys, and who, for simply soliciting his recall, is ultimately sacrificed in a way that renders his fate pitiable to the last degree. We need not say a word upon the vigor, warmth, and fidelity, of this first of fishermen, nor of the peculiar beauty and interest of the scene where he is so mercilessly offered up as a victim to the most heartless and cruel policy that statesman ever varnished into the likeness of justice : we need not dwell upon it, for no reader can be insensible to it. As little need we call attention to the scenes where Antonio is confronted with the Three, to Jacopo's interviews with his father, nor to the boat-race, in which the Bravo permits the fisherman to be the winner, who asks as his prize the liberty of his boy. Yes, we must for a moment dwell upon this boat-race, in honest admiration. Mr. Cooper has done wonders with it : the narrow canal on which it takes place grows into a little Atlantic under his pen, and the gondolas are so many Red Rovers and Water Witches. If this should sound something like hyperbole, let the reader turn to the chapter, and say whether he ever read anything more vividly and variedly colored. It is one of those passages in a book that we take up at any time and read with renewed pleasure. To the manner in which the mysteries of the councils are unfolded, the mechanism of the state laid bare, and the characters of its agents developed, we can only allude in general terms: much as we have heard of the matter before, in fact and fiction, the subject seems to have been comparatively untouched till Mr. Cooper attempted it. His close, calm, and searching manner, throws peculiar interest on what he relates, and carries conviction with it. It may, at all events, be seen, that our author is no lover of republics for republicanism's sake : his prejudices here take a noble ground. Some of the historical and political details will be the dull parts of the work in the general eye ; but they are valuable, and necessary to the effect to be produced. Let us honestly avow, in conclusion, that in addition to the charm of an interesting fiction to be found in these pages, there is more mental power to be found in them, more matter that sets people thinking, more of that quality that is accelerating the onward move-

ment of the world, than in all the Scotch novels that have so deservedly won our admiration.

**DEAN BRIDGE, SCOTLAND.**—The stupendous structure of Dean Bridge, says "The Scotsman," which forms one of the most splendid ornaments of our city, is now nearly completed. It may perhaps be interesting to our readers to give them some general description of it. This bridge has been erected almost at the sole expense of John Learmonth, Esq. our present Lord Provost, from a design by Mr. Telford, and executed by Messrs. John Gibb & Son, contractors, from Aberdeen, in a style superior to anything we have seen. It consists of four lower arches, each 90 feet span and 30 feet rise, springing from pillars at the height of 70 feet above the bed of the water of Leith. These arches are surmounted by other four arches, of 96-feet span each, and only 16 feet rise, projecting 5 feet over the lower arches on each side. The latter carry the footpaths, and give that elegantly light effect to the whole façade which appears to us quite unequalled. From the roadway, which is at the enormous height of 120 feet above the level of the river below, there is a most extensive view of the Firth of Forth, with the adjacent coasts of Fife and East Lothian. This bridge will form the principal approach from the north, and affords direct access to the fine building-ground on the Dean estate, and which, we understand, has been one of the principal objects of the bridge. As such splendid operations are rarely to be met with in private individuals, we sincerely hope that the spirited proprietor will meet with all the success which he can wish.

**THE NOBLE EXILES.**—A very interesting letter, signed T. G. M., and dated frontiers of Prussia, addressed to the *Times*, contains the following passage. On my way from Posen to Dantzic, I passed near Strasburgh, a town formerly Polish, now bordering on the limits of the present Lilliputian kingdom of Poland, and there I was struck with as affecting a spectacle as can be imagined. I saw many thousands of the Polish army, melancholy relics of those legions which, a month ago, spread terror among their invaders, and pursued them in every direction. There were still boldness and dignity mingled with the sadness that overshadowed their countenances. Most of them were in rags and without mantles, and almost all of them barefooted, tired by continual fighting, disheartened by a constant change of their leaders, as well as by the want of energy, the inability and intrigues, of some of them. Disgusted at the frantic behavior of the Jacobins of Warsaw, (the tools or hirelings of Russia,) deprived of ammunition and provisions, they marched to Prussian Poland, in order to seek an asylum in that country. I absolutely shed tears at seeing, in the rear of the army, a number of men of respectable appearance marching likewise on foot, and endeavoring to keep pace with the soldiers. On inquiry, I found they were senators, deputies to the Diet, ministers, and other members of government. They appeared worn out with fatigue.

**MICHAEL ANGELO.**—When at a loss to account for the author of any invention you happen to admire, an Italian has always a resource in Michael Angelo. An English tourist praising the plan of some cart-wheels, inquired who was the inventor. Michael Angelo, to be sure, was the reply, else why was he named Buonarroti?

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*Ty-dus-pook-pook -*

OUR MAN OF GENIUS

Translator of "the Poetry of the Sandwich Islands."

*Published by Kane & Co. Boston.*

*Pendleton & Ledy's Boston.*



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## LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. V.

TYDUS-POOH-POOH. WITH A PORTRAIT.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—It is, we know, not usual, nor indeed is it correct, in the management of our periodical publications, to give the names—far less the faces—of the gentlemen who favor us with their contributions ; but particular exceptions will occur, and in the present instance we transgress the rule with pride and pleasure. We have, in truth, been transgressing on three or four former occasions, when we depicted the countenances of those constant contributors of ours, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Samuel Rogers, Earl Munster, Lord John Russell, &c. &c.

To a grateful and discerning public, who can appreciate talent, and do justice to worth, we gladly submit the effigy of our MAN OF GENIUS ! Yes ; this is TYDUS-POOH-POOH, the translator of the poetry of the Sandwich Islands !\* Behold the bard, who, erst in his native country, degenerate England, sang unhonored and unpraised—how praised, how honored now ! Not only is his Hyperion brow with

Laureate crown adorn'd,

and he reigns the undisputed monarch of Owyheian literature, but he also rejoices in the knowledge that England at length bows to the supremacy of his genius—that his country proudly glories in her son.

The romantic history of Tydus-poooh-poooh, up to his arrival at Owyhee, is well known to the world, for we have elsewhere related it ; and who reads not REGINA ? Of the life of our Man of Genius subsequently to his introduction at the court of Rhio-Rhio, but little is known ; for at that period he ceased to correspond with his friends in England, as if resolved to break every tie with a country that had treated him with chilling neglect. By adopting all the manners and customs of the natives, he rapidly rose in favor. He cherished the growth of his nails, and with such success, that he excited the envy of Frizlee-Kume Lo, the under-treasurer, whose nails, till then, had been the boast of all the Islands. His nose was pierced by a skilful operator ; and he declared brandy (the court drink) to be the only potation fit for a sentimental poet and expatriated genius.

Our artist, whom we sent on an especial mission to Owyhee, seized a fortunate moment for depicting the genius-hallowed form of Tydus-poooh-poooh. Behold him, in calm meditation—his eyes, not with poetic frenzy rolling, but soft, calm, subdued. No turbulence is there, no sullen envy, and no raging ire ; but, with pensive brow, he leans upon his arm, and thinks, mayhap, of times by-gone, and friends now friends no more ! Thinks he of England ?—'tis then in sorrow more than anger ; and if from such a mouth reproach could come against his native land, oh ! not in words of bitterness would he clothe it ; but, with a tearful eye and beating heart—with swelling bosom and a faltering voice, we think we hear him, in the words of our immortal bard, lowly murmur forth,

Blow, blow, thou wintry wind !  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude.

Such, perhaps, are the meditations of the poet. His late occupation

\* See *Athenaeum*, page 264, Vol. I, Fourth Series.



we can easily guess. The outspread book in his lap shows that he has been engaged in the usual employment of poets, and his dexter and sinister supporters prove that he has met the poet's usual fate; that is to say, he has been reading aloud his poems, and of the two component parts of his audience, one is wrapt in gentle slumber, and the other, with precursive yawn, is preparing to rival the sleeper. This is as it should be, for it proves the potency of the poetry.

Since the arrival in this country of Rambohun Roy, the Christian Brahmin, conjecture has been afloat as to the possibility of Tydus-poo-hoo revisiting his native shores; but the expectation is baseless, the hope false. The disappointment of youthful days has left too deep a wound; and though tardy justice has been meted to his literary attainments, yet is not the early blow forgotten, though forgiven it may be. As Tydus-poo-hoo has in honor roved through the shady groves of Owyhee, so there honored will he die; and another Pope may sing,

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

### THE CONCIERGERIE.\*

AN EPISODE IN AN OBSCURE LIFE.

[THE ATHENÆUM.]—It is known to all the world, or at least it ought to be, that M. L'Advocat—a very worthy man, notwithstanding his book-making fancies, and deserving of respect for his liberality to literary men—having become involved in pecuniary difficulties, his literary friends—comprising almost every distinguished author in Paris—came forward and offered their gratuitous aid towards his extrication. The means proposed were, the formation of a book describing the present state of Parisian society; each chapter of which should be written by a different individual, without any communication of his particular views to his fellow-laborers, except so far as was necessary to prevent several from choosing the same subject.

The names attached to this first volume are Janin, Roch, Bazin, Drouineau, Nodier, Jal, Chasles, Jacob, Jouy (called the French Addison), Paul de Kock, Léon Gozlan, Henri Monnier, Béranger, the Duchess of Abrantes, and Salvandy—all distinguished as prose writers, and the majority authors of some of the best works of imagination which adorn the literature of France.

We think it best, on this occasion, to translate one Tale rather than fractional parts of many; and shall give the "Conciergerie," by Chasles, an interesting and well-written paper, showing, in a true and personal anecdote, that reckless violation of individual liberty authorized by the French "*Code d'instruction criminelle*," which, from Talleyrand and Cambaceres down to Casimir Perrier, has been used as an engine to check the display of popular opinion. The following is the Tale alluded to.

"I was only sixteen when I first saw the Conciergerie. What a prison was it then! a prison of the old regime—horrible, and yet

\* Le Livre des Cent-et-Un. Vol. I. Paris, 1831. L'Advocat.

poetically hideous ! a pile of dungeons—a labyrinth of sombre corridors and infernal vaults ! You struck your head against the beam which seemed to crush the entrance-wicket, and could with difficulty stoop low enough to pass in. In the porch, a lamp, with a red glaring flame, burned eternally. Here you could just perceive the grim countenances of the gaolers, bunches of jingling keys, and iron bars obstructing both light and air. I shall never forget it ; such sights cannot fade from memory ; their shadow projects over a whole life ; they mould the man or crush him ; develope his intelligence, or destroy it forever. The tenderest, as well as the most bitter of my thoughts, are associated with these dark dungeons.

"Eighteen hundred and fifteen, and the Conciergerie, have left upon my mind two distinct impressions, not effaced even in 1831, when smarting under sorrows it is unnecessary here to recall or describe—under the cruel experience of an unprotected life—under regrets and disappointments which each deems his particular lot, but which are the common lot of all—under the additional weight of fifteen other solitary, agitated, and painful years.

"I desired once more to behold the dungeon in which I had spent two months. It was a craving of the mind—a returning to past times, to heart-rending losses, to those who lived in 1815, and whom I alone have survived. God knows how many tombs spring up around a man in the space of fifteen years ! The grating before which my mother had wept, would bring her before me—that darkness, sole confidant of a timid but profound attachment, would rekindle, in my bosom, emotions whose source the world freezes but cannot dry up. But I was mistaken. Time, which changes man, overthrows stones. The prison of 1815 had disappeared, and in the Conciergerie of 1831 I no longer found my dungeon—I was grieved and disappointed. \* \* \*

"In the months of April and May, 1815, several conspiracies were got up at Paris ; badly plotted, badly conducted, and prepared by madmen, with the assistance of the very individuals who were to punish them—for this was the highest refinement of policy. I little thought my name would figure in these lists. My father, who had retired upon half-pay with the loss of a limb, resided, with his family, in solitude, at the further extremity of Paris. There the report of wars, triumphs, defeats, of monarchies reformed, overturned, or regenerated, reached us only as the noise of a great city on fire extends afar, and awakens the hermit upon his rock. I felt, I confess, much more interested in Madame de Staël's work on Germany—a book just published, than in all the conspiracies in Europe.

"My education was terminated ; and my father, seeing nothing in the civilized world, particularly in France, but broken fortunes, uncertain situations, threatening prospects, clouds, thunder-storms, and palaces trembling like the hut of the Alpine peasant when the tempest rages, thought, with Rousseau, that a man's resources should be in himself, that education was valueless, and that, at such a crisis of universal confusion, every one, even the most wealthy, should be prepared to earn his living by the sweat of his brow. This was a correct view of society, but I considered it an exaggerated one. How great was my error ! Look at the world now, and say whether my father was wrong. This universal panic, this earth trembling beneath our tread,—our terrors, our agitation—all justify the view he took. He proposed, therefore, to finish my wholly scientific education, com-

menced from the tenderest age, by binding me apprentice to a manual trade. Let it be imagined what a wound was inflicted upon the vanity of a boy who had just left school, who had been crowned for his Greek exercises and rhetorical declamations, who read Rousseau, fancied himself a *thinker*, and had imbibed through every pore the excitement of our philosophical romances, and of our romantic philosophy. A mechanic ! The most passive filial obedience made me defer to paternal good sense—in the situation of our family, this proceeding might have been deemed ridiculous, but it was only an excess of reason. I thought myself a hero when, without a murmur, but not without sadness, I accepted the best security a man can receive against the reverses of life and fortune, and changed the scholar, who could write a useless theme, into the useful compositor of a printing office.

"There then existed at Paris a singular kind of printing office. Three incomplete cases of types were abandoned in the second story of a dark house situated in the *Rue Dauphine*, and built upon the ground now occupied by the passage of that name. There was no workman to give motion to those bits of lead, and transform them into ideas. Their owner was poor, and I know not how he contrived to live. He did not even print an almanac. He existed, however, and his idle presses and dusty cases encumbered the house of his landlord. I believe the police held this house under special *surveillance*, a circumstance unknown to my father. He saw in the solitude of this office nothing more than a valuable means of protecting my youth against the contagion of bad example. Without living in the midst of workmen I could become one, and learn without danger of corruption. My father, therefore, selected as my master the owner of this deserted printing office, where, for three months, I regularly attended from eight in the morning to three in the afternoon.

"There I meditated alone, and oftentimes *ennui* followed me there. My master's lessons were but few, and when the handling of the letters and placing them in the composing-stick had tired my fingers, I sat down and took a book. Those who have never felt the disgust of mechanical labor, can never appreciate all the delights of reading. You have been using the gross materials, lead, earth, and wood—blind agents, which oppose only passive resistance, and form nothing but a mere machine which intelligence may mould, but can never animate. But here you find thought ; that thought so brilliant, active, and penetrating—which cannot be seized, tamed, or broken—which is fertile in a fruitfulness that never dies. I am not surprised that great men are produced by the mechanical arts. To such as have not seen life beyond the drawing-room, knowledge is but a plaything, an ornament, or a recreation ; but to those who have guided the plough or handled the file, it becomes a passion, a power, a beauty, a worship, a divine love. It is from the shop, the stall, the notary's office, a warehouse of writing without thought, that the greater number of powerful minds have burst forth—Molière from the upholsterer's shop—Burns from the farmhouse—Shakspeare from the shop of his father, first a butcher, then a glover—Rousseau from his father's manufactory of watch-wheels. Each of these, happy and enthusiastic, after long struggling with physical nature, took refuge in the free domain of thought. Even an inferior mind might be tempered to great strength in these mechanical apprenticeships ; and if ever the reform which is spreading over the whole world should extend to the art of forming the mind of man, I

have no doubt that public good sense will prove victorious, and that one of the most important branches of education, even for the rich and powerful, will be the choice of an apprenticeship, the serious study of physical nature, and the trial of a trade.

"None of these ideas then suggested themselves ;—I had just left school ; I had a tragedy to compose, tender dreams to indulge in, and Gessner to read. I always performed my task very carefully : but with what pleasure did I return to the insipid pastorals of Solomon Gessner, whose pale and sickly morality seemed to me the very acme of refined taste and elegance ! O shepherdesses of the *Idyls*—*Chloë*, *Daphne*, *Leucothoë* ! how beautiful you appeared to me in this dark and solitary room, peopled with spiders, with its small windows and little panes of glass—where I heard the discordant organ, with its bellying basses and screeching upper notes—the distant rattling of carriages—the shrieks of an epileptic patient in the next room, whose hideous agony was renewed each day—and the sounds proceeding from a gambling room situated in the lower part of the premises ! This gambling establishment occupied my attention a great deal. I saw old women, with green reticules, enter it at three o'clock in the afternoon, and I saw them, after having spent the night there, quit it the next morning at ten. I heard a pistol shot there one day about noon ; and I still see, in vivid recollection, the room with the green carpet, into the interior of which my prying look endeavored to penetrate, through the red curtains which concealed this cavern of banditti.

"One Saturday evening, after beginning to translate the romance of *Daphnis* into fine hexameters, with insipid rhymes, I left, upon one of the cases, this book to which I owed so much happiness, and which all the charms of recollection could not now induce me even to run my eye over. The next day I was to accompany my father to the country, about five leagues from Paris. The first bud of spring, the first smile of heaven, and the first breath of perfumed air, were to be my enjoyments. But I would not go without my Gessner, and at seven in the morning I was at the printing office. Another motive was added to my love of Gessner. My master's wife was unwell ; his son a prey to that most dreadful of natural infirmities, the epilepsy ; and my master himself afflicted with that most painful of social infirmities, poverty. This family was in the most deplorable state, and it required the thoughtlessness and illusion so common at fifteen, to carry the *Idyls* among them, and mingle with the most painful distress and disease, the fictions of a mythology of the boudoir. I had something to carry to the sick woman from my mother ; it was fresh eggs, well concealed in a basket, and which, joined to the eclogues, were to lead me to a dungeon. All these puerile details are necessary to explain by what concatenation of circumstances I found myself, in spite of my youth and insignificance, consigned to the vaults of the Conciergerie.

"At the bottom of the dark staircase, which, by describing a close spiral line, led to my master's apartments, stood two men, who seemed to examine my person very attentively. I took no notice of these sentinels in threadbare coats, but ascended to the printing office, after having placed my basket upon a table in a small ante-room. On returning with my book in my hand, I perceived, through the open door, a man whose breast was decorated with a white scarf, and who was leaning indolently against the mantel-piece. I entered the lodging of the printer to inquire how his wife was. Scarcely had I got beyond

the door, when two men seized and searched me. I was speechless with astonishment. The fixed and piercing look of the police adjutant settled upon me; a portfolio containing the plan of my tragedy, and all my hopes of immortality, was carefully put into an envelope, sealed and indorsed. He then asked my name, age, and profession; and all being written down in minute detail, he ordered me to be conducted to the police.

"The instinct of woman easily detects trouble, and the females we passed looked at me with pity. \* \* \* In answer to my inquiries, my guides informed me that the accident which had conducted me to the house of a printer accused of a political offence, was not a sufficient ground for suspicion, still less for detention; that I should return to my poor mother the same evening, and I fearlessly entered the prison.

"On looking around me in this den, I saw men half naked—women with red faces and lustful eyes, scarcely covered by the rags they wore—many, such as you meet in Paris, who smell of the *estaminet* and the brothel—peasants in frocks, lying upon the floor with folded arms—and smokers playing at piquet upon the tiled parquet, with greasy cards. A thick and pestilential atmosphere, the revolting stench of which was increased by a secret closet that formed part of the room itself, pervaded this *dépôt* of crime and misfortune. A camp-bed, upon which swarmed, side by side, poverty, vice, misfortune, and crime, completes the picture of this *salle*, dedicated to St. Martin. It was into this sink of iniquity that I was remorselessly precipitated, without pity for my youth, without even the semblance of accusation or proof. I burst into tears, and seated myself in the recess of a window. Ignorant of the slang of the place, I did not comprehend what was said around me; but the fearful laugh of crime, the gestures of debauchery, and that effeminate ferocity which, in great cities, especially characterizes vice, met my eyes, wet with tears. Those wan, though gay countenances, with sparkling eyes and furrowed brows, came and looked in my face, and scoffed at my weak and delicate frame, my pensive grief, and the stupor into which I was plunged. A trembling old man came to me. He could hardly speak. His lips, half open from decrepitude, his head, whose last grey hairs had fallen, his toothless and trembling mouth, would have excited commiseration in the breast of a savage. He was an old advocate, arrested the night before on a charge of conspiracy. There was, in his debility, the remains of polished manners; but his intelligence besotted by age, his voice without breath or articulation, prevented me from fully understanding the very long speech he made me. I could comprehend only, that like circumstances had brought us together, he on the brink of the grave, and I on the threshold of life. \* \* \*

"I passed the night in my window recess, upon a chair. I asked leave to write to the tenderest of mothers, who knew not what was become of me. This was refused.

Three days were spent thus, and the thought of my mother, the dreadful uneasiness under which I labored, and the impossibility of external communication, threw me into a fever. The gaoler obtained leave for me to write a letter to my mother, and another to the Prefect of Police. They were, according to the custom of the place, despatched without being sealed, and the same evening I received a line from my mother, and a ring I shall never part with. Next day, at eleven

o'clock, my name was called at the wicket. I was about to be interrogated.

"Having spent three nights, without sleep, absorbed in astonishment and grief, my whole nervous system was in a state of violent excitement. There was a deficiency of water in our prison, and my clothes were dirty, my linen soiled, and a burning fever devoured me. The man who distributed the bread and water to the prisoners, of whom, a few minutes before, I was one, delivered me to two *gendarmes*. From corridor to corridor, and from turning to turning, we at length came to an office in one of the lower rooms. I heard a scream—it was my excellent mother, who had risen from her bed of sickness, and obtained leave to embrace me. There she was; she strained me in silence to her bosom; she looked at me—and the expression of her face told me how much I was altered. Her paleness and her tears were indescribable agony. The indulgence of the police went no further than I have related: my mother was ordered to withdraw, and I was carried out.

"Before an office table, covered with boxes of papers carefully classed and numbered, sat a man, whose name I have never asked. His face was short and square, black and wrinkled, fat and bony; he had a low forehead, eyes wrinkled on each side, the broad shoulders of a hangman, and the look of an inquisitor. May he find a judge less cruel, when he shall appear before the Almighty!

"‘Sir,’ said he abruptly, ‘you form part of a generation that ought to be strangled; a race of vipers which must be crushed to give peace to France.’ Surprised at this address, and calling all my coolness and all my reason to my aid, I replied, ‘I thought, Sir, you were to interrogate me upon facts, but I only hear abuse.’

"The little man, whom my soiled apparel, my youth and apparent weakness, had encouraged to insult me, sprung from his *fauteuil* of black leather, and drawing himself up to the full extent of his short stature, ‘Ah!’ cried he, placing his two clenched fists upon the table, ‘you want to teach me my duty. You are instructing me, Sir!’ I have not forgotten one of his words.

"‘I am content to remind you, Sir,’ said I coldly, ‘that you have before you no culprit—for I am not even accused of any crime—but an innocent young man, who knows not why or by what authority he has been brought here, nor upon what pretence he is detained.’

"‘That is it,’ continued the judge, who had again seated himself, ‘you are playing the orator, and it is easily seen that you belong to the liberals. *Greffier*, write down everything that he has said.’

[We must abridge the remainder of this scene.]

"When this paroxysm was at its height, he ordered me to sign a paper, containing, not all that I had said, but the material part of it; he then made a sign to the *gendarme*, and the latter took me away.

"I was now put into another room, with an officer about forty years of age, who wore the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He was a colonel accused of conspiracy. He cast upon me a look of sadness, and held out his hand.

"‘Ah!’ said he, ‘you accused of conspiracy! Why, how old are you?’

"‘Sixteen.’

"‘Excellent.’

"The colonel threw himself upon the bed, and remained silent a considerable time.

"In the evening, two gendarmes came to remove me—we got into a *fiacre*, and the coach stopped at the Palais de Justice.

"Close to the vast staircase leading to the halls of Justice, on the right-hand corner, under ground, and concealed by a double iron-railing, you may perceive, groaning under the weight of the Palais de Justice, of which it forms the basement, the subterraneous prison, called the Conciergerie. The weight of the upper buildings bear upon it, in the same manner as the scorn of society bears upon the prisoners it contains, no matter whether they be innocent or guilty. You are in doubt whether it be a prison, a sewer, or a cellar; for the door is so low, so narrow, and so black, that it becomes confounded with the shadows thrown out by the projecting abutments of the surrounding buildings. At the door is a gaoler; on the left, the registry or *écrou*. Before you, is the sombre lamp, which, with a flame of blood, alone, lights a funereal avenue of vaults. All this, I repeat, is now altered. In 1815, the oldest prison in France still resembled the *oubliettes* of fædality. I entered, preceded by one gendarme and followed by another.

"My first thoughts turned towards death and the grave. But afterwards—and let me avow my childish pride—the iniquity of the proceedings against me inspired me with courage, and I considered that they who could fear my youth and confine me in a dungeon, raised me to the precocious dignity of a man and a martyr. \* \* \*

"A tall fellow with a brown jacket then seized me by the hand, and led me up staircases and through galleries. The wind sent moisture through these sombre avenues; and my eyes, unused to this new world, could distinguish nothing but isolated red stars, twinkling from distance to distance. They were the lamps upon the walls.

"'We have our orders,' said my conductor, 'and I am very sorry, young man, that you are *au secret*.'

"'Pray what is that?'

"'It is a room which you cannot leave, and where you will see nobody.' \* \* \*

"The third door of the corridor opened into my prison. It was massive with iron, and secured with that profusion of bolts, so usual in places of this description.

"'There!' said the gaoler, after raising two iron bars, and turning the enormous key three times in the lock.

"My cell was about eight feet by five, twelve feet high, and nearly deprived of light. On one side was a wall dripping with brackish water, on the other a wooden partition. The floor was beaten like that of a cellar, and at the further end, opposite to the door, but ten feet above its level, was an opening three feet high and a foot wide, which enabled me to perceive a shred of the blue and shining sky. A heavy iron trellis-work obstructed this mockery of a window, and the outside was boarded up, with the exception of a small opening at the top. In a corner to the left, facing the door, was spread a little straw; beneath the window, an empty bucket; to the left, a bucket of water, and near it an empty porringer. It was the condemned cell, the dungeon, with all its horrors, into which, at my tender years, I was thrown, without even being accused of any offence.

"Although the authors of melo-drames have made too free use of the



humanity of gaolers, yet I am tempted to believe in such a feeling. They see but few objects deserving of pity, and when chance offers them one, those hearts, habituated to the sufferings of others, and tired of hardening, take delight in a little compassion, in the rare recreation of a passing act of charity. Jacques pitied and served me well. His hard countenance seemed to soften and expand when I spoke to him. He was good to me, and would even remain five minutes in my cell. This man, with his brown jacket and belt loaded with keys, had better feelings than the interrogating judge, who was a man of the world, dined out, wore knee-breeches, and black silk stockings, and had his small talk for the ladies.

"The past seemed to me like 'a phantasm or a hideous dream':—apprehended—conducted to the police—interrogated by a *sbire*—transferred to the Conciergerie—and subjected to the same treatment as Desrues and Mandrin\*—I saw nothing in it but a species of melancholy witchcraft. Now I can well understand it. \* \* \* A prison loaf was brought me, but it was so heavy, bitter, and of so repulsive a savor and smell, that even my hunger would not allow me to eat it.

"'Will you take the *pistole*?' inquired the gaoler?"

"I had the meaning of the word *pistole* explained to me. For one hundred francs a month, I could have a bed, white bread, other food, a table and a chair. \* \* \*

"I hinted to Jacques, that my father would not fail to pay for the *pistole*, and to reward him for any services he might render me. I begged him to tell my parents that I was quite well, and very calm. In the evening, when the night round, the closing of the doors, and the ordinary business of the prison, allowed him to visit my cell, he told me that my mother had remained a long time in the *parloir*, and had sent me some fruit. Her maternal grief had touched the heart of Jacques. He brought me the *pistole*, consisting of a tottering table, a rush chair almost in pieces, damp sheets, and a grey truckle bed, which I have still before my eyes. On the back of it, these words were written in pencil: *M. Labedoyère slept here, the .....* The rest was effaced. \* \* \*

"A few days after, I received some books; I was allowed to write to my father, but not to seal my letters, and my cell became more pleasant. \* \* \* It was situated above a court yard, into which looked the windows, or rather loop-holes, of the *souricière*, which is, I believe, a provisional prison into which all sorts of criminals are crowded, pell mell, until they can be distributed among the different cells. The *souricière* of the women was near enough to my cage for me to hear some part of their conversation. There were love ditties sung by hoarse voices—frightful blasphemies pronounced by soft and pleasing ones—obscene stories related by young girls—narratives of robbery and murder given in slang—new songs, *barcarolle* and *vaudevilles*, sung in chorus by those depraved females, mingled with parodies, imprecations, and laughter. What was saddest in such scenes was the ardent gaiety which pervaded them. All sorrow and remorse, every thought of morality and futurity, were wanting to those hearts which had been dragged through the filth of society until they had become mud. Let me be pardoned these details, which will be thought frivolous by the frivolous only. This excess of human depravity made a strong impression

\* Noted Robbers.

upon me. I had been initiated into no kind of vice, and, in history, I had seen crime softened down by distant perspective. An infancy wholly absorbed by romance of thought and activity of mind, was not prepared for such revelations. When I heard one of these women sing Catruffo's popular melody of '*Portrait charmant*,' my heart contracted; the contrast was too strong, the dissonance too painful. I have never since been able to listen to that song.

"One day there was a greater bustle than usual; the prison bells rung longer, regular steps were heard, and a sound of bayonets surprised me. The door of the adjoining room was opened and shut several times. I heard some one in this room crying and moaning bitterly. Jacques, when he visited me, had his uniform on. The sobbings in the next room increased; the women in the *souricière* continued to sing. The gaoler informed me that the person in the next cell was condemned to death; that the day of execution had arrived, and the hour was near at hand; that the sobs I heard were the scarcely intelligible confession of the unhappy criminal; that the priest was there; that the culprit, drunk with despair and wine, was receiving absolution upon his knees, and that there were only ten minutes to elapse between his life and death. The bells soon began to ring, the rattling of wheels shook the whole edifice, murmurs of distant voices accompanied the procession, and the silence of the prison succeeded all this tumult.

"This dungeon, as may well be supposed, broke the health of a lad of sixteen; and those terrible scenes made an indelible impression upon my mind. The privation of air and exercise, grief at not beholding those I loved, and the humid atmosphere in which I lived, got the better of my constitution, and I was taken ill. A month had elapsed since my confinement began. The prison physician obtained permission for me to walk in the *préau*, and I was conducted by Jacques into an oblong court-yard, dug into the soil ten or twelve feet below the level of the adjacent street, surrounded by lofty buildings, bordered with iron spikes and faced with immense cut stones. Naked and dirty feet ran upon the fine sand spread over it; surly and harsh voices demanded who I could be; men with brawny arms surrounded me; others in their shirt sleeves, with no garment but a pair of grey linen trowsers, were stretched upon the ground, gambling. Some were making straw boxes and needle-cases of marvellously delicate workmanship. I here recognized vice, such as I had seen it at the Salle St. Martin, but in a form still more frightful. At the police, it still preserved a cravat, a coat, a half-social language, and some of the habits of civilization: but here it displayed all its hideous character. Its only dialect was slang; and self-contempt was depicted on every countenance. The most insatiable cupidity glistened in the eyes of the gamblers. Here, in the midst of the perfection of civilized society, there existed a society of savages, who had borrowed all the cunning and resources of civilization to employ them in the destruction of civilization itself. I was more alarmed at these figures, at their questions, aspect, gestures, and unknown language, than I should have been at the scaffold.

"I was taken twice to this *préau*; my third walk took place in another, much smaller, and which resembled the bottom of a well surrounded by high walls. In the caves, whose air-holes opened upon this court, were several individuals accused of political offences; amongst others, a lieutenant of cavalry, always in good humor, heedless, gay, enjoying

robust health, uttering innocent jokes against his persecutors, and who, from behind his iron bars, told me a thousand pleasant stories.

"As soon as I had recovered my health, I was again confined to my dark cell. I had breathed fresh air three times in eight days, and that proved sufficient. My solitude was lengthened to two months. \* \* \*

"It was thus I knew the Conciergerie : a great lesson for a man's life ; and if that man be innocent and full of youthful hopes, the lesson carries with it bitter and indelible sadness. The unfortunate individuals, in whose conspiracy I was accused of being an accomplice, were condemned to exile and death. With regard to myself, as one morning I lay weeping upon my bed, my puerile stoicism overcome, listening to the neighboring bells of Notre Dame, and contemplating with sorrow the oblique and luminous line of a long sunbeam which penetrated into my dungeon, heavy steps, much more rapid than usual, struck my ear. Everything is regular in a prison ; and a gaoler walks like the pendulum of a clock, without ever retarding or quickening his pace. Jacques turned his great key rapidly in the lock, and said to me,

" ' You have now only to go away. There is a *fiacre* below waiting for you.' "

"I knew not what to do with my liberty ; I was stunned at the news ; and, let me not be accused of exaggeration when I affirm, that I cannot give an exact account of my ideas and sensations during that day. Jacques packed up my things. I allowed myself to be led away. I found my mother in bed, very ill. I remember well her tears and kisses ; but I have a more vague recollection of the vital and penetrating freshness of the month of May—of the perfumed garden in which I embraced my father—of the profound emotion he evinced—of his tears which fell upon me—and of the strange intoxication which, after two months of darkness and solitude, made my whole being shudder, and seemed about to destroy even existence itself by a too powerful sense of life and happiness. I remember my father's words—

" ' You can no longer,' said he, ' remain in France. You would always be an object of suspicion. You must go to England.' "

"To England I went ; and the two months spent at the Conciergerie decided my fate.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Travels, occupation, sufferings—nothing could efface my recollection of the Conciergerie. In 1831, I desired again to see it. It appeared to me as if, in former days, I had lived in the midst of *scdality*, so vividly did those towers, those corridors, that lamp, and those vaults, represent it to my mind. But civilization, in its eternal progress, has at length overtaken and destroyed those remains of barbarity—the Conciergerie of *scdality* no longer exists."

#### THE ART OF CUTTING.—BY LADY CLARKE.

[THE METROPOLITAN.]

I EVER have thought—nay, I'm thinking so still,  
That cutting's an art both of genius and skill,  
And requires more *nous*, as to rank, time, and station,  
Than would go to decide the affairs of the nation ;

While the manner, the moment, the whom, and the why,  
 Are the points in the practice one's science to try.  
 By a cut you may lose every friend that you have,—  
 By a cut you may make all the great world your slave ;  
 That great world, so worthless, important, amusive,  
 Whose cut, when it comes, is the grand cut conclusive ;  
 That world, for whose voice we all secretly sigh,  
 For whose smile we all live, at whose frown we all die.  
 For my part, still struggling to creep up the stick,  
 I had used every art to succeed,—till quite sick  
 Of the thing altogether, exhausted and worn,  
 I'd half made up my mind,—to cut the concern ;  
 And was thinking I'd do so, one evening, when—lo !  
 My valet pops in with—" Lady G—, Sir, 's below."  
 " Lady G—!!! " In she came,—with the step and the grace  
 Of a goddess ; yet still it was Lady G.'s face :  
 But the thing was so odd !—her thus coming alone,  
 A Queen of Almack's to step down from her throne,  
 That in spite of my senses I doubted the fact,  
 When she carelessly said—" I'm the Goddess of Tact,  
 For I see you are posed—to relieve you at once,  
 I've but taken her ladyship's form for the nonce.  
 No matter the why, or the wherefore—I'm here  
 To clear up your doubts, and your new course to steer,  
 For, frankly to speak, you 've been all in the wrong—  
 But they want me at Willis'—get your hat—come along."  
 The next moment we roll'd in her chariot away,  
 What maxims she gave, and what things she did say !  
 " Oh ! it never will do,—it is folly to hope  
 You may rise to preferment, so instantly drop  
 Those manners so courteous to all just the same,  
 Or duchess—or dairy-maid—dowdy, or dame—  
 A holder of shawls—a quadriller—a useful—  
 An Anecdotarian of scandal, and newfull,  
 With smile so bewitching with "—but no matter,  
 The goddess just here condescended to flatter,  
 " Even talents and worth weigh as light as a feather,  
 Oh ! away with such out-of-date stuff altogether,—  
 Then presto ! "—to Almack's we instantly rush,  
 For Almack's, we all know, is the *grande pierre de touche* :  
 On my arm leaning graceful, my goddess I hold,  
 With an air so mysterious, so haughty, so cold,  
 Like one of those vapory things which they say  
 In fashion ne'er lives out its year and a day,  
 Who though not by beauty, and scarce known to fame  
 As genius or heroine,—yet all the same,  
 Her patronage stamps, or erases each blot,  
 The idol of fashion, the devil knows what,—  
 What bows,—what salams, to the goddess all make,  
 The nobs of each club, and nobesses of Almack ;  
 And protected by her I come in for a share,  
 Of nods from the beaux, and of smiles from the fair.  
 " Now 's your time," quoth my guide, " come give me a proof  
 That your head and your heart are made of the right stuff,

That they 're blunt to old friendships, old loves, or relations,  
 That you 're void of all shame, all natural sensations."  
 Just then in the pride and the bloom of sixteen,  
 Came by my sweet Julia, so lately the queen  
 Of my soul, of my heart, of my early devotion ;  
 When all of a sudden I took an odd notion,  
 That Julia at Almack's, and Julia at home,  
 Were *toute autre chose*, for Julia had come  
 With a dowdy chaperone, all feathers and flounces,  
 Gold drops, and gold turban, who fidgets and bounces,  
 One of those who, if miss is requested to dance,  
 Observes every word, intercepts every glance.  
 "Oh ! it 's not on the cards, now, to show my devotion,"  
 And as I debated I felt a slight motion ;  
 A twitch on the arm, and a word in the ear,  
 Made me turn to my friend, who said,—“ Now then, *mon cher*,  
 Cut her dead, or the old one will stick like a leech.”  
 And though I affected to pray and beseech,  
 She'd take no excuse, so, with head in the air,  
 I pass'd, unregarding my petrified fair.  
 What a pang !—but I did it—and had my reward,  
 A shake hand from a sort of a nondescript lord—  
 His title is Bogwood—or Blarney, or something  
 Hibernian—I know his set-out is a rum thing ;—  
 But first he look'd round, to make sure, I suspect,  
 Just to see if the thing was in taste, was correct.  
 For these Irish are mighty punctilious, the rogues,  
 As they never are sure of their footing or brogues ;  
 So abroad when an Irishman meets with another,  
 One finds that he'll scarcely recognize his brother :  
 And of these, should one feel his soft heart sentimental,  
 'Tis Paddy can teach well the cut continental.  
 I spy now approaching an old friend of mine—  
 An excellent fellow, who asks me to dine  
 Six days in the week ; on occasion, who lends  
 Me his house, horse, and purse,—the best of kind friends :—  
 “ Dear lady, excuse me, I'm quite on the rack—  
 On a friend such as this, to think to turn back ;  
 Though faith, I must own, that he looks rather shy—  
 That his coat is ill cut—his collar too high—  
 His air not *bon ton*, and he looks too good hearted  
 For a man upon town ; yet when we last parted,  
 His champaign in my head—in my pocket his purse,  
 I swore that I'd take him for better for worse—  
 As the friend of my soul—my Damon !—I'm curst  
 If I pass him—nay, 'pon my soul, I will bolt first.”  
 “ What a spoony you are,” said my guide with a scoff ;  
 “ Come, do as I order, or 'tis I, sir, am off ;—  
 Stare him straight in the face, look marble or steel,  
 Or look wise, (if you can,) now then—turn on your heel ;  
 Yet still to back out there's another manœuvre,  
 If this is done neatly, 'tis quite a *chef-d'œuvre* :  
 Spy sharply around, and if nobody sees,  
 Go up—take his hand with a good-natured squeeze ;

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But look all the time as if nothing had pass'd,  
 If you do the thing *gauchely* you'll surely lose caste."  
 Then said I,—“It is better to let it alone,  
 I had much rather cut”—so I cut—it was done.  
 And so having cut my bright way to *bon ton*,  
 A top-sawyer at last I keep bowling along :  
 All eager to have me admired—caress'd,  
*Sans tache et sans peur*—and perfectly bless'd,  
 Without friend to *ennuyer*, or mistress to bore,  
 Like the diamond I cut, and I sparkle the more.

#### AN ADVENTURE OF NAPOLEON AT MALMAISON.\*

NAPOLEON took a great deal of exercise, and delighted in the fresh air. The privation of these threw him into a state of great excitement. We could always judge of the weather by his temper at dinner. If rain, or any other cause, had prevented him from taking his usual ride, he was not only cross, but unwell ; and I can easily comprehend, alas ! how this unfortunate man fell, at length, a victim to the double action of a devouring sun and the want of exercise. Humanity, distilled to its very essence, guided that monster in a human form delegated by the British government to command at St. Helena.

The First Consul was soon tired of the park at Malmaison ; for its extent did not permit him to take such rides as at Merfontaine. He often regretted that the grounds were so confined. Madlle. Julien, who possessed the adjoining land to the right, would not sell it ; and the First Consul was obliged to extend his park to the left, and in front. For a moment he entertained the singular idea of purchasing the isle *Champerrier*, an island in the Seine of considerable extent, planted with trees, and abounding in shady groves and beautiful grass plots. But though opposite to Malmaison, it was too far off to be added to the park. \* \* The First Consul was forced to give up this project, and he then purchased the woods of Butard. \* \* \* He was so delighted with his purchase, that he determined Madame Bonaparte and I should go and see it, particularly the *pavillon*, of which he intended to make a hunting-box. Josephine had one of those dreadful headaches, with which she was so often afflicted, and which were so intense, that she could find no relief except from sleep. “Come,” said the First Consul, “and accompany us ; the air will do you good. It is a sovereign remedy for every kind of pain.” Madame Bonaparte dared not refuse any longer. She called for her bonnet and shawl, and, accompanied by Madame Lavallette and me, got into a calash in the form of a basket, with two horses *à la d'Aumont*, driven by a young postillion.

Napoleon and Bourrienne rode in front of the carriage. The First Consul was as gay as a schoolboy on a holiday. He would every now and then gallop forward, then return and take his wife's hand, just as a child runs on before its mother, comes back, runs on again, and again returns to kiss her before a new run is commenced. It is impossible to convey an idea of Madame Bonaparte's fear in a carriage ; but in this point Napoleon had no pity for her, and never gave way to her. On that day, it being the first time we went to Butard, and the

\* *Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes.*

postillion not well acquainted with the road, we found ourselves on the verge of a ravine, or rather brook, whose precipitous banks rendered the passage of the calash rather dangerous. The moment Madame Bonaparte perceived this *precipice*, as she called it, she insisted upon going no further. The *piqueur*, whom she questioned, and who knew her timidity, admitted that the passage might possibly be dangerous. "Do you hear that?" said she; "I positively will not go to Butard by this road. Go and tell the First Consul that I shall return, unless he knows another road." And, ordering the postillion to turn back, we began an actual retreat. We had not, however, retrograded ten yards, before the First Consul appeared. "What is the matter?" cried he, with that expression of countenance which he always assumed when anything displeased him. "What is this new caprice? Return to the place you came from," said he, touching lightly the postillion's shoulder with the end of his whip; and, giving his horse the spur, he galloped on before us. We found him contemplating the banks of the fatal brook; but as he had just crossed it on horseback, he was bent upon making everybody else cross it. \* \* \* "Come!" said Napoleon to the driver, "one good spring, then slacken the reins, and you will pass." Madame Bonaparte uttered a scream so piercing that it was re-echoed from the forest. "You shall never force me to remain in the calash; let me get out. Bonaparte! I entreat you to let me get out!" She joined her hands and wept; but Napoleon, unmoved, ordered her to be silent. "This is childish folly," said he; "you *shall* pass, and in the calash, too. Come," added he to the postillion, with an oath, "do you hear what I say?"

I saw it was high time I should interfere, and I did so in the hope that such a diversion would make Napoleon perceive how wrong he was; for, in that instance, *he certainly was wrong*. Being pregnant, I did not choose to stake the life of my child against the experiment of passing this brook. The calash might upset, and the least that could happen from Napoleon's obstinacy was to damage it. "General!" said I, making a sign to the *piqueur* to open the door that I might get out, "I am answerable for the life of another, and cannot, therefore, remain here. The jolt will be violent, and it might not only hurt me, but even kill me; and I am sure you would not wish that," added I, laughing. "I do you the least harm!" replied he, "No, God forbid! Get out of the calash; for you are right: a jolt might hurt you." He helped me out; for, at the beginning of the dispute, he had got off his horse. Encouraged by the kind and benevolent expression of his countenance, I hazarded, and very ridiculously, perhaps, an appeal in favor of his wife; and, as he was assisting me down the steps, said to him, "But a jolt might perhaps hurt Madame Bonaparte, for if she also should happen to be pregnant——" I leave to the expounders of enigmas to interpret what followed. The First Consul looked at me with an expression of such ridiculous astonishment, that I burst into a fit of laughter as I stood upon the last step of the carriage. He answered by another burst of laughter, so singular, so loud, and so shrill, that we all shuddered. Then, having chided me for jumping upon the ground, and appearing to think that he had not sufficiently shown his displeasure towards his wife, "Put up the steps, and let the calash pass," said he in a tone which admitted of no reply. Madame Bonaparte was so pale, and had suffered so much before we left home, that I could not help saying to Napoleon, "General, you would appear



very severe, and yet you are not so. Madame Bonaparte is unwell, and has fever ; do, pray, let her get out. He looked at me for some time without saying a word, but with an expression that chilled me. "Madame Junot," said he, at length, "I never liked remonstrance, even when a child : only ask your mother and mine. Judge, then, whether, since that period, I have become more tractable ;" and, seeing that what he said, together with his look, had somewhat terrified me, he added, in jocular tone, "Come along ! let me make you cross this *frightful stream*, this *dreadful precipice* !"

Bourrienne had also got off his horse. Both helped me to cross the brook upon stones, which they had placed for this purpose. When we had reached the opposite bank, and Napoleon saw that the calash did not move—for Josephine, crying as if she were about to ascend the scaffold, had begged the postillion to wait another instant, as a condemned criminal begs a respite—"You young rascal !" said he, "execute my orders this instant." And this time he applied his whip to the postillion's shoulders, not *lightly*, but with all the strength of his beautifully small white hand. The horses were immediately put upon their mettle, and the calash crossed the brook ; but with so much difficulty, and so violent a jolt, that a spring was broken, a bolt started, and the body of the carriage so much injured that it could never be used afterwards. As for Madame Bonaparte, the effect of this horrible crossing was but too apparent in her countenance. Her features betrayed the strongest emotion ; and it is well known that this renders interesting young faces only. She wept, indeed, without any pouting of the under lip, which is a great advantage in a woman ; but the dark circle around her swollen eyes, and the flabbiness of her cheeks, which naturally fell after having been distended by anger, were terrible drawbacks upon her beauty. Josephine had too much experience not to know this ; and she covered her face with a thick muslin veil, continuing to sob until we reached Butard. When, as she was about to leave the calash, her husband saw her face bathed in tears, he became very angry. He pulled her rather roughly from the carriage, and, leading her into the adjoining wood, at a very short distance from where we stood, began to scold her, in which he evinced the more warmth, because he had anticipated a day of uninterrupted pleasure. He was wrong to force her to cross the brook ; but afterwards, all was in his favor. It seems that Josephine reproached him with other things besides the passage of the brook ; for I heard Napoleon say to her, "You are mad ; and if you were to repeat such a thing, I should say that you were wicked as well ; for you certainly do not believe what you have said. Besides, you know that I hate all those jealousies so opposed to common sense. You would, in the end, inspire me with a wish to do what you say. Come, kiss me, and hold your tongue. You are quite ugly when you cry. I have already told you so."

The return to Malmaison was far from being gay, notwithstanding the reconciliation. Madame Bonaparte uttered some bitter expressions about the special favor I had enjoyed in being allowed to quit the calash. As I certainly should have made a *fausse-couche* had I remained in the carriage, I did not attempt to apologize for not doing so. I confess that this conduct of Madame Bonaparte's seemed to me much more indicative of madness than the obstinacy of the General.

## FIRST INTRODUCTION ON BOARD.\*

At five o'clock, I found my feet beneath the king's mahogany in the ward room. Having sipped and sent away a villanous decoction of leeks, something was put upon my plate, which they courteously styled beefsteak and onions. I was about to inquire if in his Majesty's victualling office they tanned the hides, carcasses and all, when the surgeon had the impudence to tell me they had "a capital cook." "Indeed, Sir!" and I commenced sawing the animal matter upon my plate in silence.

The officers now took it into their heads to make me their butt; till, losing my temper at the utter inflexibility of their viands and their wit, (I suppose their conduct was meant for such,) I put down my fork in despair, and with a look of experimental curiosity, examined the blade of my knife. "What's *the matter*?" demanded two or three. "*Beef* they call it," I replied; "and I wish to see if it has not turned the edge." Here an exchange was made of very significant glances at me and my plate.

"Steward! mind you tell Mungo, when he dresses the dinner tomorrow, not to put so much galley pepper on his meat," and as the master said this, he removed the fragments of a piece of coal from between his teeth, and laid them on the edge of his plate, adding, as he looked at me, "a man shouldn't be dirty nice."

However, like other meals our dinner passed, and I think had Kitchenier been there, he would have recalled his recorded wish, something about a throat a mile long,—(see his work on stuffing, birds and *beasts*.)—Thanking heaven for my deliverance, I hastily scalded my palate with some coffee, and departed, leaving behind me Michael Queer, the first lieutenant, a rather eccentric man, but very good officer; the master, to whom belongs a large meed of praise, the purser, surgeon, and marine officer, all passing well in their way, but with these three last we shall have nothing to do. Wherefore, then, should I trouble thee with reading their names, or myself with writing them. Not at all. I merely say, that the purser would have been benefited had he been blessed with a share more of liberality in his composition, and the surgeon, had he possessed a shade less of self-admiration; but the latter was a clever man, and some allowance may be made for him, as talent is unfortunately too often alloyed with conceit. It is a very nice limit to define where the self-confidence so necessary to genius is separated from presumption. Nor must I here forget to name the chaplain and school-master, a man of unassuming merit, and an ornament to the rank he held. As to the marine officer, it was supposed, as a matter of course, that he slept five-and-twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and I therefore know nothing about him.

On the main deck I found the clerk. "What sort of bed rooms have you on board?" I inquired.

"Oh, famous large bed rooms."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, yes, with a dressing room, and baths attached."

"Mr. Scribble!" roared out the first lieutenant.

"Sir," answered the clerk, and away he went before I could obtain any information where my apartments were to be found.

\* Cavendish; or the Patrician at Sea. 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

Descending on the lower deck, I stumbled against the second master. "Would you have the goodness," said I, "to conduct me to my bedroom?"

"Oh, bedroom is it you want?" he replied, "I suppose you would like to see your dressing-closet also?"

"If you please."

"I wish you may get it. Here," pointing to a moiety (by a longitudinal section) of a canvass bag, which he called a hammock, "this is your bed, and this," meaning the lower deck, "is your dressing closet."

"Yes," said the clerk, joining, "and if you want a cold bath to-morrow morning, all you have to do is to jump overboard."

Never in the whole course of my existence had I met with such a set of uncivilized boors; but help myself I could not. Having had occasion to get something out of my chest before going to bed, I entered the gun room for this purpose. The oldsters were all seated round a table, drinking rum and water, by the miserable light of two purser's dips. At the lower end, was seated a little boy, apparently twelve years old, nibbling in the shade, by stealth, a little biscuit. But the eye of the old mate who presided, though now glimmering with the cunning twinkle of intoxication, was too deeply versed in such matters, to let his diminutive form escape. "Holloa, there, youngster! what, one bell after eight, and not gone to bed yet?"

"I'm going, I'm going," said the little fellow, nibbling as fast as he could.

"Come, then, bundle up your traps and be off."

Five minutes more passed, and the boy had not gone.

"What!" said the mate, "are you going to stay there all night? Start off, or look sharp for a colting."

The boy rose. "I think it's very hard to be obliged to go to bed at half-past eight; surely I do you no harm by staying."

"You little rascal, do you give any lip?" and jumping off his seat, and faltering from inebriety, he pulled from his pocket a piece of rope two feet long, as thick as my little finger, terminating in a conjoined set of pyramidal knots, nearly the size of a walnut. (This I afterwards learnt was called a colt.) "I'll teach you, my boy, how you give any answer next time I speak to you," said he, seizing the little fellow by the collar, before he had time to escape, and striking him over the shoulders with considerable force. The poor child yelled most pitifully, as might naturally be expected; but that only seemed to increase the rage of his brutal oppressor. His victim was a pretty innocent-looking little fellow, with light hair and blue eyes. I was interested for him; and advancing, in a perfect rage at the tyranny I had witnessed, I put my arm between him and the mate, asking if he were not ashamed to strike such an infant.

"Is that all, then? I'll hit a bigger, if you like," and he struck me a blow on the arm with the colt that I remember yet. As my boxing was always particularly good, and I flattered myself my spirit not much inferior, my only reply was to deal him a blow between the orbits, which, in conjunction with the spirit he had drunken, laid him on the floor.

Had the queen of a beehive been attacked, less commotion would have taken place in her defence, than this unheard-of thing:

A youngster knock an oldster down?  
A sweep as well might seize the crown.

Up rose they, one and all—the mate excepted, and I thought myself in for a drubbing; however, I fought for friendless innocence, and what were numbers to me? Seizing the first brass candlestick that I could lay my hands on, I darted the concrete essence of mutton, flame and all, into the eye of the assistant-surgeon, who seemed to lead the attack. “Whew, dom the mon, my ee’s na an extinguisher,” said he, while

Doused his glim in sable night,  
He turn’d—and, foaming, fled the fight.

This desertion staggered my assailants, while my resentment vanishing at such a touch of the ludicrous, I burst into a loud laugh, not forgetting to brandish my candlestick as fiercely as Scott’s Kenneth did his battle-axe, when encountering Saladin.

“Oh, you scoundrel!” said the old mate, shaking his fist at me from the ground, and inciting the others to dare my brass. Whether they would have rallied I know not, for the door opened, and in stalked Michael Queer, with the master-at-arms. They had been going the rounds, and now came to inquire “what’s the row?”

“Gentlemen, what’s the meaning of all this noise?” He looked at me, I looked at him, and lowered my candlestick, thinking that in his presence my person would be safe.

“Well, no answer? Master-at-arms, put the lights out.”

“We were only skylarking, Sir,” said the clerk, wishing to save the remaining candle.

“Oh, then next time I’ll thank you to keep your larks for the shore.”

He turned away; I relinquished my weapon of defence, and he did the same. The poor little boy, the cause of the fray, followed close at my heels, and, in return for my espousing his quarrel, showed me the manner in which I might gain that enviable place on board a ship, the inside of my hammock; for afloat, landmen, let me tell you, it is no easy matter.

Upon a powder box was slumbering a little boy of twelve years old, showing, by the motion of his head, that from his view at least, the battle scene had faded, while his seat contained combustibles sufficient to blow him into atoms. As the ship gradually rolled—first on one side, then on the other, the uncertain light was thrown now upon the brass lock of the cannon, next on the polished barrel of a pistol, then on the glittering head of a boarding-pike, indistinctly showing a pile of large shot, upon whose congenial pillow might be seen the head of an old tar, his features proving that in sleep his thoughts were fighting still, as with a contraction of the brows his hand involuntarily glided to the pistol belted round. Anon each sleeper starts. “What sound was that?” “The soger striking eight bells,” some old veteran replies, and off they dose again. “Stand to your guns, is the captain’s order,” vociferated down the hatchway; with the speed of lightning each was at his post, and ours, reader, is the quarter-deck.

At half-past seven, a fog closing round the enemy shut them out from all observation, while, for the first time, not a star was to be seen. There was little wind, and our rate of sailing was not more than five knots an hour. So far the Fates seemed peaceably inclined; when the captain descried with his night glass, a large press of sail within

three miles of us, but so completely enveloped in mist, that more minute observation was impossible.

Any further advance in our present course would now have been a complete flight ; and, as the enemy evinced a determination to engage, we shortened sail, and prepared for crossing his bows, with a view to rake them fore and aft. It had fallen to D'Aquilar's lot to remain below, and accordingly he repaired to his station, leaving me on deck.

"Main-deck, there," said the captain, hailing.

"Sir ?"

"Take especial care that not a port is opened, or a gun fired, till I give the order. Train two points abaft the beam, and make every one, except the captains of guns, lie down."

Silently and slowly the enemy approached, till within four hundred yards ; yet the density of the fog was such, that nothing more than a huge towering mass could be seen, looking very much as if one of the Egyptian pyramids had been sent, in the extremity of Ibrahim Pacha's distress, to sea. We concluded it was a fine frigate ; nobly she loomed in the night haze ; but not a sound broke from her, nor did she in any way appear to notice us.

"Down with your ports on the main-deck, train half a point abaft the beam, and stand by to fire. Man the larboard fore and main braces. Master, attend the conn. Port your helm ; brace up ;" and as the captain gave these orders, away flew the yards, and the ship's head was laid nearer to the wind, so as to intercept the track of the frigate, advancing on our quarter. A few seconds more would have brought us into the position desired. The captain was sitting in the weather-hammock-netting, watching for the crisis in which to pour forth our iron broadside, carrying death and destruction in its rear. Still all was mute, save the rippling water, and an occasional voice on our main-deck, giving some order.

"Now, then, are you ready on the main-deck ; if so—"

"Ship, ahoy ! there ?" said an English voice, hailing us from the supposed enemy, and interrupting the captain at the instant he was about to give the word "Fire !"

A mingled exclamation of horror and surprise ran round the ship at the narrow escape they had experienced. "What ship is that ?" returned our captain.

"His Majesty's ship Surinam, Captain Botherby. Who are you ?"

"His Majesty's ship Niobe, Captain Sawyer, straight from England."

"My compliments to Captain Sawyer, shall be happy to see him on board," said Captain Botherby.

"Mr. Queer, get my cabin bulk-heads up again, and secure the guns ; give me my boat's crew, and then pipe to grog."

As he uttered this, the captain hastened down in person to assure the bread-room refugees, that our action had—like all others—ended in smoke ; and considering the exact relation of affairs, I was not sorry at its harmless termination.

On Captain Sawyer's return, we learnt that the Algerine squadron had been seen steering into port half an hour before we met ; and to account for our having escaped observation, the lieutenant of the watch was asleep,—the midshipmen were skulking,—the lookouts were drunk,—the man at the helm foolish,—and the old quarter-master blind.

## A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

[HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.]

EVEN is come ; and from the dark Park, hark,  
 The signal of the setting sun—one gun !  
 And six is sounding from the chime, prime time  
 To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—  
 Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—  
 Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,  
 Denying to his frantic clutch much touch ;—  
 Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride  
 Four horses as no other man can span ;  
 Or, in the small Olympic Pit, sit split  
 Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things  
 Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung :  
 The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,  
 And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,  
 About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,  
 Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,  
 Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,  
 But frighten'd by Police B. 3, flee,  
 And while they're going, whisper low, " No go ! "  
 Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,  
 And sleepers waking, grumble—" drat that cat ! "  
 Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls  
 Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.  
 Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise  
 In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor  
 Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly ;—  
 But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,  
 Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,  
 And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns  
 And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice ;  
 White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,  
 That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes !

## THE CHILD AND THE PICTURE.—A TALE OF THE CAVALIERS.

—  
 We call back, maid of Lutha,  
 The years which have roll'd away.—OSSIAN.  
 —

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE ]—One day last winter as I was passing Puffinwell's auction rooms, I was attracted by an advertisement for a sale of pictures, which, trusting the catalogue, left no longer any occasion to visit the Louvre or the Vatican. There is a great pleasure in being cheated at an auction, and I immediately turned in.

The sale was more than half over, and to judge by what remained

there had been a great market for good pictures. At my entrance into the room the two exhibitors were occupied in lifting more than ten yards of canvass to the green baize bar, at which the names of Correggio, Poussin, Paul Veronese, and Michael Angelo, were called with as little ceremony as half a dozen drunken *cads* at Bow street. I tried various lights to gain a sight of the vast subject before me, but the painting was so dark and the November light so bad, I could distinguish nothing but a black shadowy confusion, and five or six pale round objects, which I took to be the interior of a kitchen and half a dozen heads of white brocoli suspended from the rack.

Mr. Puffinwell looked at the painting out of the tail of his eye, with a leer of admiration.

"A splendid picture by Titian!" exclaimed he.

"Titian! paint brocoli!" thought I, and pressed nearer the canvass, but it was still brocoli or perhaps cauliflower!

"Splendid heads!—A family by Titian!" exclaimed Mr. Puffinwell.

"They are large heads," thought I, and that they were all of one family there was no room to doubt—for each particular head was as like the other as any half dozen cauliflowers in Convent Garden—and I smiled at the auctioneer's wit.

"A Doge of Venice and five senators!" exclaimed Mr. Puffinwell.

"The devil!" whispered a voice behind me, and I, who participated in the surprise, forced my way up to the foot of the picture.—It was very true, however, they were portraits, and what I had taken for the crimp, white, flowery heads of cabbages, were the wrinkled brows, furrowed cheeks, and puckered noses of six sour old graybeards, who looked as if they yet smelled the black fusty crowd of brokers beneath them.

Mr. Puffinwell looked hard at me, as I stood with my eyes fixed on the canvass—"What will you allow me to say, gentlemen, for this noble picture—a thousand guineas?" and he bowed to me with a persuasive smile. I shrunk into the crowd. "Do me the honor to name your own price, gentlemen," continued the gracious auctioneer—"900—I am persuaded you will not allow me to say less than 600!—900 guineas, for this noble picture—the finest Titian in Great Britain—800—700—600—500—400—300—200—100. Upon my word, gentlemen!—I hope there are no foreign amateurs present to witness this fall of British spirit—100 guineas, for a matchless Titian!—50!—40!—30!—20!—10!—5!" Old ——— nodded his white smooth face, and broad-brimmed hat—"Five! five! gentlemen, is a beginning—six!—seven!—eight!—eight and a half—nine (thank you, gentlemen)—ten!—for ten guineas!—going for ten guineas!—the Doge of Venice and six Senators going for—ten guineas!—great Titian going for ten guineas!—Gone, by G—!"—and he knocked it down with a stroke as though he had been Jephtha, and the picture his daughter.

Several other "noble," "splendid," and "matchless" paintings were disposed of at such prices as might have led a bystander to fear that he should see an angel of Guido, or a lamb of Paul Potter, set up in the place of *Tumble-down-Dick*, or the *Red Lion at Brentford*. Whether from this or any other apprehension, the amateurs had begun to drop off, when a tall thin old man in a dark rusty suit tottered into the room. To judge by his appearance he might have been the elder brother of old Parr—for his face was wrinkled and puckered like tripe



*au lait*, and much of the same complexion. The hair which fell from under his half-cocked hat was as white as flax, and his short thin legs closely fitted in tabby silk small clothes, looked like a forked radish, under the vast flapped waistcoat, and square ruffled coat, which seemed to be the very holiday "thunder and lightning" of the Vicar of Wakefield's Moses.—Could he have been squeezed and dried like a dead fly, Puffinwell would have inlaid him in canvass for a Hogarth.

He pushed through the crowd to the corner immediately below the auctioneer. As the next picture was elevated, he put on his spectacles; but at the first glance he turned away as if slapped on the face, and reseating himself, began to read his catalogue without any notice of the bidding—another and another "great master" was sold, but his went no further than the first glance—once or twice Puffinwell suspended his hammer with a solicitous look, such as a wife gives to her husband when he is going to lose the odd trick with the thirteenth trump in his hand, but as the old man caught his eye he drew a sharp breath through his gums, and started aside as if one had trod on his corns.

At last a picture evidently modern was produced. Puffinwell drew back in his pulpit, and folding his arms looked round upon the company like a country pedagogue when he is going to give holiday to his school. It was a small marine painting which appeared to represent a morning after a storm. The sea and the sky were yet darkened by the heavy clouds, and the wreck of a ship appeared at a distance among the rocks, but a bright ray of the rising sun broke upon a group of figures, on the strand, and lit up an august female figure, and a noble-looking man who knelt at her feet and presented an infant whom he appeared to have rescued from the waves.

"There is a gem, gentlemen!" exclaimed Puffinwell, "a gem by Gavin Hamilton!"

The old gentleman suddenly raised himself on his crutched stick, but at the first glance of the picture he started—leaned forward—and standing on his tiptoes almost touched the canvass with his spectacles. For several moments he stood with his eyes fixed on the head of the kneeling man. At last he turned suddenly away, but did not sit down, and remained standing opposite the auctioneer.

"Gentlemen," said Puffinwell, "allow me to say, for this splendid effort of modern talent, 200 guineas—200 guineas for 'the Birth of Cupid,' by Gavin Hamilton!"

"Gracious!" exclaimed a lady near me, "the Birth of Cupid! what a Paphos! and that wreck looks more like a seventy-four than any bark of Venus."

"That is nothing, madam," said I, "if you should go to Italy, you will see the ship out of which Jonah was cast, sailing under St. Mark's ensign, and she herself as pretty a Venetian *Polacca* as ever was seen in the Adriatic."

"Fifty guineas!" said Mr. Puffinwell, who had plunged to that sum while we were speaking ten words, "for fifty guineas!"—but nobody answered. The old gentleman looked impatient, but he waited till the first bidding was made at ten guineas, and immediately nodded his grey head at the auctioneer—15—20—30—were successively offered, but he met each without a check; and I saw one of the dealers glance significantly to his neighbor, and at each bidding of the old gentleman another instantly went beyond him. He made no hesita-

tion, however, nor sign of impatience, but stood with his hands folded on his stick, and met every advance by the short, silent, determined nod of his three-cornered hat. At length the bidders began to slacken, and once or twice there was a long pause; but, just as the picture was going to be knocked down to the old gentleman, a lingering competitor tried another venture—the old man immediately took it up. At last, “Ninety guineas!” proclaimed Puffinwell—none answered—“going for ninety guineas!”—the hammer was suspended in the air, made a sudden flourish for descent—but none spoke—again it was lifted, “going, going, going, for—for ninety guineas!” and he struck the desk.

The old man eagerly stretched out his hand to the attendants, as they lifted the picture, and taking it under his arm whispered a word to the auctioneer, and hobbled hastily out of the room.

The auction now broke up, and I left the room with the crowd, thinking that the old gentleman had not more wit than his fellows.

A few days afterwards, Lord Archibald Fitzjames invited me to see Dr. Cameron’s paintings. “He is an old misanthrope,” said he, “and lives like a hermit; but he has a choice collection, and what will be more to you, he is a Highland Jacobite, speaks Gaelic, and all his family was out in the 45—you may believe he is above ninety years old, yet his memory is entire, and if you talk of tartan and the *prince*, he will tell you as many old stories as would furnish half a dozen series of tales to the author of *Waverley*.”

We immediately drove to a dark, dusty-looking house in Great George-street, Westminster. The door was opened by a gray-haired footman, in a faded but ample livery, which would have become the courtly days of Queen Anne, and it seemed to be unnecessary to ask if the Doctor was at home, for the old servant stood with the door in his hand; we followed him through a long passage, hung with old portraits, till we were introduced into a library at the back of the house; but what was my surprise, as I entered, to recognise my old “*thunder and lightning*” friend of the auction.

He rose and received us with an alacrity and urbanity which confessed nothing of the age or misanthropy for which I was prepared. “Mr. Mac Donnel, of Glendulochan,” said Lord Archibald, presenting me.

“Hey! *Mac Alain Mhic Raouil*!” exclaimed the old gentleman, addressing me by the patronimic of my family, and as he observed my surprise—“Troth lad, ye’ll no mind me—but I kent y’re grandfather when he was a bit *Prutchach*.”

“*Presearve me!*” as you would say, Doctor, “are you going back to his grandfather already?” said Lord Archibald.

“His grandfather! Ou I kent him when he was a bairn,” replied the old man: “and ’s great grandfather when he was a prettier man than yoursel. But, my lord, ye’ll gang out just, and tak tither tirlie in the pairk, and look at the bonnie lassies. Ye’ll be fashed to hear my auld warld tales, and I maun crack wi’ the young man aw’hile; it’s no every day I’ll see his father’s son nor his father’s people’s sons. Troth I’d be glad to see ain o’ the auld black ‘*hudies*’\* that flie about the tour, for I’m thinking there ’ll be none else left nou.”

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\* Pied crows, or hooded crows.

Lord Archibald took his hat. "I told him you were an old misanthrope," said he, laughing, "and I'll go while you are in good humor."

The old man looked in his face, and laid his thin hand on his arm. "Will the sun come to those who lie there?" said he, and pointed to the abbey, now brightened with sudden sunshine. Lord Archibald's smile passed away. "Weel, man, gang awa', and look at 'the glorious ladie,' and bonnie bright Julia de Campabella, and when yon sunshine is gone, come back for 'Mac Alain Mhic Raouil!'" and he pushed him gently to the door.

As soon as he was gone he made me sit down in his own great tartan arm-chair, and for a long while occupied me with inquiries after the scenes and descendants of his former friends. The tears often started to his eyes as I spoke, and suddenly brushing his hand across his white brow, "Come awa', laddie," said he, "come awa', and see the pictures. We'll be losing the bit blink o' winter sun."

He opened the door into the drawing-room, and I beheld the walls covered with exquisite cabinet pictures. For a long time I admired, with insatiable delight, such a collection as I had never seen except in the Elysée Bourbon. The old gentleman seemed never weary of my attention and inquiries, and having taken me through several other apartments, brought me into a small bedroom, where I immediately discovered the *Ga in Hamilton*. I stopped suddenly before the picture, and for some moments gazed upon it without moving.

"Do you know that noble face?" said the old man at last.

"I have some faint association of the features," I replied, "something that seems to recal, I don't know why, our old house and Loch Dulachan, when I was a child."

"It is CHARLES EDWARD," said the old man.

"The Prince!" I exclaimed; and advanced eagerly to the picture.

"THE KING," said the old man.

For a long time I gazed upon it, and the old man stood by without speaking. "Do you know the incident, sir?" said I, at length. The old man shook his head.

I continued to pore upon the picture with intense interest, for the emblems, situation, and the characters, seemed filled with circumstance; but I could not recollect any event to which they might allude, and at last my curiosity overcame my hesitation, and I again ventured an inquiry.

The old man paused. "Sit down," said he, at last, "I will tell you what happened to me sixty years ago."

I sat beside him, and for several moments he mused in silence, lifted his eyes, and smiled. "Sixty years ago!" he exclaimed, "and it seems but yesterday!" He gazed steadfastly upon the picture. "I promised—I swore—never to reveal it," said he, "but he is gone—they are all gone—and you will not tell it to another."

I gave him my assurance—he grasped my hand. At length, "Were you ever in Italy?" said he.

"No," I replied, "never."

"Whoever has traveled from Parma to Florence," said he, "must remember the little convent of St. Rosalie. I think that I can yet see its deep Gothic portal, half overshadowed by the old gigantic plain, the long gray rampart of the dormitory, sprinkled over with lichen and wallflower, the narrow pointed windows peeping through the ivy, and

the white spires of the chapel blinking over the avenue of chesnuts which leads to the great gate.

One evening I had loitered in the choir after vespers had ended. It was the close of an August day. The air was deathly still, and the last rays of the setting sun faintly glimmered through the stained window, and stole their rainbow pencils from the chequered pavement and cold dim cloister.

I watched the receding figures glide through the momentary light, and listened to the footfall of the peasants who had lingered to drop a bead before the shrine of St. Rosalie, till the last solitary step passed away, and not a sound whispered along the aisle but the shiver of the trees before the porch, and the chance closing of a door within the convent.

I was roused from my reverie by a heavy step and the jingle of spurs upon the pavement; and, looking suddenly towards the portal, saw a tall dark man advancing up the cloister. He was wrapped in a black cloak, which concealed his whole figure; but as he crossed before the window, the faint light glanced beneath his broad hat, and gave a momentary glow to the stern swart cheek, the piercing eye, and thick moustache half visible above his muffled cloak. As he approached I heard the clank of a sword on the pavement, and a sudden doubt of the celebrated Torrifino crossed my apprehension; he stopped before me, and with a slight salutation hastily demanded, "E ella il Sig'r Dottor Cameroni Scozzese?"

I looked at him for a moment before I answered that I was; but as soon as he had heard my reply he requested me to give my assistance to "one in need of immediate attendance."

I was astonished at this demand, as I had no idea that my profession was known. I made some hesitation and inquiry concerning the nature of the required service.

"The relief of the malady, and not the circumstances of the patient, is the province of a physician," replied the stranger; "and for the present occasion you will best learn by an inspection of the individual."

I mused for a moment, but at last—"Show me the way," said I.

"My carriage waits in the avenue," replied the stranger. "But I must beg your excuse for what may seem an unpardonable restraint. There is occasion for such inviolable secrecy as to the circumstances of your visit, that it will be necessary for the blinds of the veturin to be closed, and that your eyes should be covered when you are introduced into the pal—to the house of the patient."

"No," I replied, hastily, "certainly not; I cannot submit to any proceeding of such mystery, and I must request of you to resort to any other than a Scottish gentleman, if you would procure an accessory to actions which require such concealment."

"Signor!" exclaimed the stranger; but suddenly checking himself, "Signor, I respect your doubts; by one word I could dispel them. But it is a secret which would be embarrassing to the possessor, and you might hereafter find it dangerous to be acquainted with that with which ignorance will prevent you from being compromised. It concerns the interest and the safety of one—the most illustrious and unfortunate of the exiled Scottish Jacobites."

"What! whom?" I exclaimed.

"I can say no more," answered the stranger. "But if you would

venture any service for one who was once the dearest to your country and *your cause*, follow me."

"Let us go," said I; "lose no more time," and I hurried towards the door.

The stranger hastened before me, and as we came out on the open green before the convent, I saw a small dark *veturino* standing under the trees. My conductor preceded me to the carriage, and as he assisted me to enter spoke a single word to the driver, who, as soon as we were seated, drove off at a rapid pace. As we proceeded along the avenue, my companion drew down the silk blinds of the windows; and, folding his arms, leaned back into the corner of the carriage in deep silence.

We continued with unabated speed, till suddenly the *veturino* made a sharp turn, and the smooth even rumble of the wheels upon the turf changed to the hard rattle of a high road, from which the hot dust reeked thick into the carriage.

We must have driven near half an hour when the horses stopped; and my guide, drawing a black silk mask from his cloak, "I sincerely apologize for this restraint," said he, "but I beg you to consider that I am obliged to require it, as much for your own welfare as theirs whom I serve."

As soon as I had put on the mask the door of the carriage was opened, and my companion assisted me to alight. For some moments he led me forward at a quick pace over a damp soft sand, till suddenly I distinguished the light ripple of water and the splash of oars at a little distance. My guide stopped, and in a few moments I heard a boat ground upon the shore. The next instant some person leaped on the sand. I was lifted into the barge, and my companion, having seated himself beside me, drew round us the curtains of the awning.

The boatmen immediately put off, and rowed quickly from the shore without a word having been interchanged by any person on board. I conjectured that we were upon the Arno, and waited with impatience for some signal of our landing; but the men began to sing to their oars, and continued to pull with a velocity which appeared aided by the stream. Once or twice we passed another barge, and I felt my companion draw the curtains closer as it went by: but the crew gave us only an evening hail, and in a short time the deep stillness and increasing chill indicated that the night had closed.

At length the boatmen suddenly ceased their song; a short murmur passed among them, and presently the barge stopped. My conductor rose from his seat, and assisting me over the benches I stepped out upon the pavement of a landing-place. My heart beat quick as my conductor led me up a flight of steps which brought us to what appeared, by the rustle of trees and the smell of the plants, to be a garden alley.

For some moments, as we advanced, the air was strongly scented with orange flowers and geraniums, till, by the sudden change of footing and the echo of our steps, I perceived that we had entered some building.

We proceeded through a long range of apartments, when suddenly my guide stopped; and removing my mask I looked round upon a splendid saloon, hung with crimson velvet, and blazing with mirrors which reached from the ceiling to the floor; at the further extremity a pair of folding doors stood open, and showed the dim perspective of a

long conservatory, through the stained glass of which the broad pale moon shone among the leaves and flowers, with a faint glistening light strongly contrasted to the warm glow of the wax tapers on the gilt frames and crimson hangings of the saloon.

While I stood fixed in amazement, my conductor rang a silver bell which stood on the table, and a beautiful little page, richly dressed in scarlet satin, ran into the room and eagerly spoke in German to my conductor.

The dark countenance of the cavalier glowed suddenly, giving some hasty command to the page. "Signor Dottore," said he, as he quitted the saloon, "the most important part of your occasion is past, but I have sent to inquire if your attendance is still desired."

At this intimation I began to have suspicion that I had been summoned to assist at the catastrophe of one of those intrigues not unfrequent among the Italian ladies. I called to mind several instances of such mysterious visits as my own, and my curiosity was now only occupied by the indications of rank and splendor by which I was surrounded.

As I glanced upon the vast candelabra and silk ottomans, my eyes were suddenly caught by a splendid *Highland broadsword and bonnet*, which were thrown carelessly on a couch. I stood fixed with astonishment—the page re-entered the saloon, and speaking briefly to my guide, he arose, and, lighted by the boy, brought me through a splendid suite of apartments till we came to a small anti-room, decorated with several portraits, among which my transient glance recognised one of the Duke of Perth, and another of King James VII.

The page crossed the room on his tiptoes, and gently opening the door at the opposite extremity, as I passed, it closed softly behind me, and I found myself alone in a magnificent bed-chamber. The still solitary light of a single taper shed a dim glimmer through the apartment, and upon the curtains of a tall crimson bed which stood beyond. But I had scarce glanced around me when the rustle of drapery called my attention to the couch, and a lady stepped hastily from the shadow, and saluting me in English, conducted me towards the bed. The curtains were almost closed, and by the side sat a female attendant, lulling an infant enveloped in a mantle; but as the nurse arose at my approach the edge of the embroidered velvet fell from its face, and I caught a momentary glance of features which could not have been many hours old.

As the attendant retired, the lady drew aside the curtains, and by the faint light which fell within the bed, I imperfectly distinguished the pale features of an exquisitely beautiful face which lay wan and languid, almost enveloped in the down pillow. The shadow of the curtains gave but a faint trace of the lovely countenance, but a single beam of the taper glanced upon the dark blue counterpane, and shone across a slender arm, and hand, which lay upon the velvet, still, and pale, and passive as an alabaster model.

The lady spoke a few words of German, at which the patient slowly raised her large dark blue eyes, and endeavored to lift her hand towards me. It was cold as marble, and as I held my fingers on the pulse they could scarce feel the low intermitting throb.

For many moments I vainly endeavored to count the vibrations, while the lady stood motionless beside me, her eyes fixed intensely on my face. "If you will give me leave," said I, endeavoring to sup-

press any indication of the danger of which I was sensible, "I will write a prescription, for which no time should be lost."

The lady brushed a tear from her eyes, and conducted me in silence to a writing cabinet, on which she placed a taper, and retired to the couch. In momentary reflection I glanced accidentally on the toilet table which stood beside me.

The light of the taper shone full upon a number of jewels which lay loosely intermixed among the scent-bottles, as if hastily put off and cast by in confusion. But what was my surprise to recognise an exquisite miniature of my noble, my unfortunate, my exiled Prince, Charles Edward. For some moments I sat with my pen motionless in my hand, and my eyes fixed upon the painting. It was suspended from a rich diamond necklace, and represented the prince in the very dress, the look, with which I had seen him ride into the field of Culloden. Overcome with the recollection, I gazed upon it till the features swam away in an indistinct glimmer of tears.

An approaching step roused me to recollection, and hastily passing my hand over my eyes, I began to write, as the lady approached the toilet; and, as if looking for some object among the ornaments, placed herself between me and the table. It was but an instant, and she retired; but when I glanced again to the jewels, the face of the miniature was turned.

It was some moments before I could recal my recollection to my patient; but when I had concluded the prescription I arose, and, handing it to the lady, inquired if the invalid had sustained any mental agitation.

"An incident occurred to her this morning," replied the lady, with some hesitation, "which, her physician being absent, caused the occasion for your advice—but she has had for some time, and indeed still has, cause of the deepest anxiety."

I again felt the pulse of the invalid, and would have desired to see her features, but I observed that they were solicitously shaded from the light, and I forebore to urge my wish. For a few moments I continued to hold her hand, my eyes fixed upon the dim, pale, fragile shadow so beautiful even in its uncertainty; but at length I laid down her passive hand, and, retiring from the couch, gave such directions as were necessary for the relief of the sufferer. To these I added some assurance of hope for her speedy amendment, more adapted to the consolation of the attendant, than the result of my own conviction.

"We thank you," replied the lady with a sigh, "your expressions will be acceptable to her, to whom, though a personal stranger, your skill and your character are well known. An apartment has been prepared for you in the palace—in the villa—for which we must entreat your occupation this night; in the morning the arrival of a physician from Florence will relieve you of a service which I fear will be remembered more valuably by the receivers, than the giver."

As she spoke she conducted me to the door, and dismissed me to the anti-room, where I found the page and my conductor awaiting my return. The cavalier sat with his face resting on his hand, and his bent brow fixed upon the door; but at my entrance he looked up eagerly, and hastily inquired after the state of my patient.

"She is very weak," I replied, "but I hope—I trust she is in no immediate danger."



"*Danger!*" exclaimed the cavalier, starting up, "Is there any apprehension that her majesty—that the lady is in *danger?*"

"I do not say she is in danger," I replied; "on the contrary, I mean to imply, that if she has care and tranquillity, and the fever does not increase, there is no reason to despond."

"Then there may be?" replied the cavalier, hastily.

"Certainly," I answered, "no violent indisposition is without a possibility of an unfavorable turn."

The cavalier stood for some moments without reply, while he and the page looked from one to the other with uncertain eagerness. At length the cavalier turned suddenly, and motioning to the door, the boy took up the light and led the way back to the small saloon through which I had before passed. It was now lighted with several tapers, and in the short interval which had elapsed, a supper-table had been covered.

As we entered, my attendant repeated the intimations of my required stay, and inviting me to some refreshments, seated himself opposite me at the table; no servants appeared during the whole meal, and we were attended only by the page. My unknown companion served me with a politeness and hospitality, the courtesies of which appeared more natural than the unbroken taciturnity which he otherwise maintained; but as soon as our meal was ended, he offered to conduct me to my chamber, and introduced me to a small but richly-furnished cabinet adjoining the saloon in which we had supped. "I hope," said the cavalier, "that you will sleep here as sound as in your own chamber, and I trust that there will be no cause for interrupting your repose." As my attendants retired, I listened to hear the turning of the lock, but I distinguished only the click of the latch, and their footsteps passed away. I examined my apartment with a vague curiosity, to find something that might indicate the house in which I was. I found, however, nothing to engage my attention but the splendor of the furniture, and my next attempt was to ascertain whether the door was secured.

Approaching cautiously I turned the lock; it opened at once, and gently unclosing the door, I looked into the supper room. The lights were gone, and I saw only a faint gleam of the moon which stole faintly through the open windows.

I was in the act of stepping out to gain a sight of what was without, when I thought I heard a low sigh, and as I stopped and hesitated, the wind half-lifted the silk curtain of the opposite lattice, and a broad gleam of moonshine falling upon one of the ottomans, discovered the figure of my mysterious guide, his head wrapped in his black cloak, and the hilt of his sword half-concealed under the mantle.

I stepped cautiously back, and closing the door without noise, threw myself on the bed, but I was incapable of sleeping, and several times I heard the heavy chimes of a turret clock before I became insensible to the tumult of conjectures which occupied my thoughts.

I was suddenly awakened by a confusion of sounds, and starting up in bed, heard hasty steps hurry past, and several voices conversing with an eager but suppressed tone in the saloon. I listened for some time with suspended breath, but I could catch no word, till at length all became still, and I again lay down. In a few moments, however, a heavy step approached the door, the lock slowly turned, and a ray of light glanced into the apartment. I started up, and drawing back the curtain, saw my mysterious summoner, his pale countenance touched

with a severe wanness by the light of a small lamp which he carried in his hand.

When he saw I was awake, he advanced to my bedside. "The physician has arrived," said he; "your patient is not worse, and though it is adding inhospitality to inconvenience, I must entreat of you to rise and allow me to attend you on your departure."

I would now very willingly have taken some rest, but I immediately complied, and, throwing on my cloak, prepared to follow my conductor. While I was occupied, I thought there was something embarrassed in his manner, and once or twice he was going to speak, but he said nothing; and as soon as I was ready, preceded me to the saloon.

A single taper stood on the table, and my eye was instantly caught by a silver crucifix, and a rich missal which lay open on a small desk.\* At the same moment my attention was diverted by the sound of a step, and I saw the thin white figure of a priest, dressed in his cope and rochet, pacing slowly through the apartment. As he approached I recognised a pale venerable old man, his white hair thinned to a few scattered locks, and his furrowed features and bending figure touched by a hand heavier than that of time. At the sound of our steps he turned suddenly, and as we came near saluted me in English with a gravity approaching to solemnity; then making a brief apology for the question, abruptly demanded if I had any affairs which required my stay in Italy.

"None," said I.

"Then you would have no disinclination to pursue your travels in another country?" he continued.

"I am a Scottish exile," I replied, "and therefore all countries are alike to me, without place, object, or interest."

The pale emaciated features of the priest turned upon me with a melancholy look; but again resuming, "It is absolutely unavoidably necessary that you should set out to leave Tuscany to-night, and while I regret the impossibility of giving you any explanation which might justify such an apparently unwarrantable interference in your actions, I must entreat your confidence to the assurance that if the events of this night were disclosed, they would produce the most ruinous consequences upon those the deepest concerned in that cause to which your misfortunes have proved your fidelity."

"May I venture to ask," said I in amazement, "by whom I am thus well known?"

"I am the *friend* of your *friends*," replied the priest, "but more I cannot answer. The day may come when we may meet again—in a better hour—but that we *may*, I request you to give me your solemn oath that you will never divulge to any living what you have seen, heard, or thought, since you left the church of St. Rosalie.

I paused for a moment without reply.

"I am aware," continued he, "that this is a hard request, and to one of your honor and character, looks like an unjust doubt—yet it is not that your fidelity is suspected. But human nature is weak—you

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\* About the 45 there were a few of the old *reformed* high church, who, as in the time of Charles I., wore the crucifix as a *simple* sacred symbol, used the ecclesiastical habit worn by the *original* Western Church, and, divested of the verbal office to the Saints and the Virgin, retained the solemn and beautiful musical service instituted by St. Benedict.

may have a wife, a child—and in an hour of confidence you might drop—some word to them—and—”

“*I had a wife !—I had a child !*” I answered, endeavoring to command my voice. “My son lies on the field of Culloden—my wife—is with those who will never speak with mortal man.”

The priest turned away his face, and remained for some moments in silence, and at length he grasped my hand—“*He has a child this night,*” said he, “who may yet be a son to the childless—a father to the orphan. By all that you would have done for the safety of your own, refuse not service to one no less unfortunate !”

An almost certain conviction flashed upon me—“*What !*” I exclaimed, “can it be !—There is but one who can be a father to the orphans of my country.”

The priest held my hand in great emotion, and suddenly turning away, walked once or twice through the saloon.

I gazed after him—I looked to the cavalier ; he sat with his bent brow averted, and his mouth rested on the hand which was clenched on the hilt of his sword. At length the priest stopped before me.

“My son,” said he, in his wonted voice, “Let us finish the last which remains to be done.”

The cavalier arose. “I will do whatever you ask,” I replied. “*You could not require what was unworthy of my father’s son.*”

The priest grasped my hand in silence : the cavalier uncovered his head, and I laid my hand on the missal. For a moment there was a deep pause, the priest raised the cross, and lifting his hand, I swore “never, but at the command of my king, to speak what I had seen or thought that night, for fear or reward, in the hour of confession or on the bed of death.”

The priest made the sign of the cross and replaced the crucifix—“God give you to speak of it,” said he, “in the ears of all the earth. And now, my son, farewell ; we shall, perhaps, meet no more in this world, for the years of my exile are few, and yours will be spent far from hence ; but carry with you the assurance that you will be remembered by those who have fought, and suffered, and worn out their lives in banishment for Scotland.

He passed the sleeve of his rochet across his eyes, and placed in my hand a weighty purse. I earnestly refused to receive it, but he would not hear me. “Those whom you have served are indeed poor,” said he ; “but they are richer than you. Here is that will bear your expenses to any part of Europe, and when it is gone, keep the purse as the memorial of an unknown friend, to whom you may one day present it in a happier and better hour.”

He pressed my hand once more, the cavalier put on his hat in silence, and conducted me from the room. We returned to the great saloon which I had first seen, and where my guide again requested me to assume the mask which lay where I had left it ; as soon as I had complied he took my arm, and in a few moments I heard the trees rustle around us, and felt the night wind blow fresh in my face. After descending the steps which I had before mounted, I was again placed in the barge, and with the same silence as before the boatmen immediately put off and rowed from the shore.

We must have continued our voyage for above two hours, during which time my guide never spoke, and I heard no sound but the plash of the oar, and once or twice the bay of a distant dog. At length he

bell of a church came faintly down the water, and in a little time the barge suddenly grounded, and one of the boatmen taking me on his back carried me through the water to the shore.

For a few moments my attendants stood in silence, but presently one of the party made a low whistle, and immediately I heard the sound of wheels and the tramp of horses in the sand. As soon as they stopped there was a momentary bustle around me; the steps of the carriage were hastily let down, and my guide having assisted me to enter, seated himself beside me, and we drove off at great speed.

My mask was removed on entering the *veturin*, and in a short time I saw the morning begin to dawn; but as the light advanced I observed that the blinds of the carriage were closed, and the sunshine began to glimmer through the silk before we stopped. At length I heard a faint jingle of bells and the rumble of carriages. Suddenly the wheels of the *veturin* rattled upon the stones of an ill-paved street, and my companion drawing up the blinds, I saw the market-place of a large town, thronged with booths, peasants, and fruit-women.

Our carriage drove up to a hotel in the centre of the square, and my companion immediately alighting, spoke a few words to the postillion, and we followed the host into the house.

I now observed for the first time that the cavalier had changed the peasant's hat, which he wore on the preceding evening, for an undress military cap; and as his cloak hung loose on his shoulder, I caught a momentary glance of a small black cross upon his breast.

He could not have overlooked the involuntary scrutiny with which I regarded him, but he passed it with a manner of perfect ease and even dignity, expressing a hope that I had not suffered from want of rest, and inquiring if I would do him the honor to continue my journey without stopping where we were.

I could scarcely forbear smiling at the courtesy of a request which was intended as a command; but I replied that I had been too long accustomed to sleepless nights and change of place to regard either; he looked at me, I thought, with sadness and hesitation; but he replied only by a bow, and immediately left the room.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned: "Your *veturino* is ready," said he, "but first let me inquire if there is anything in which I can receive your commands, and by what road you would wish to travel? I would recommend to you, however, *Civita Vecchia*; for there you will find vessels to most parts of Europe."

"All roads—all ports are alike to me," said I. I took up my hat, the cavalier led the way to the court, and crossing the yard we entered an obscure and narrow street at the back of the inn, and I observed a *veturino* standing under the shadow of the overtopping houses, the shade and silence of which formed a striking contrast to the bright glare and mixed buzz of the crowded market-place. The door of the carriage was open, and as the cavalier assisted me to enter—"I have caused the best provisions which could be procured to be provided in the carriage," said he, "and you will reach \* \* \* \* in a few hours." As the door was about to close he held out his hand; "If ever we meet again," he added, "it will be as friends whom fortune has united in the same cause."

For a moment he held my hand with a strong grasp, then turning to the postillion, "To \* \* \* \*" said he, and the carriage drove rapidly down the street.

It was the third evening after my arrival at Porto Fraconi; the wind, which had prevented my departure at Civita Vecchia, still continued contrary, and towards sunset I wandered out along the shore to get sight of the distant summit of Monte Cielo, which foretells an easterly wind by a cloud upon its brow. But its sharp cone towered clear and naked like a dim pyramid in the blue sky; and sitting down upon a rock above the beach, I continued gazing in absent abstraction upon the preparations of a group of fishermen, who were preparing their boat to go out to sea.

As I chanced to glance towards the south I observed a large vessel which appeared standing for the port, and by the breadth of her canvass, and the white flicker which flashed at times upon her maintop, I distinguished at once that she was a ship of war.

Whilst I watched her broad dusk shadow glide against the sunbeams, an old fisherman came hobbling up, under the weight of his huge boots, and two or three frieze great-coats which he carried over the boat-hook on his shoulder. As he passed I made an inquiry concerning the vessel which had attracted my attention.

The old man stopped, glanced to the sea, and brushed his gray brow,—“She is an English ship,” replied he; “she’s been standing off and on all day.”

“Do you know her name?” I asked at a careless venture, which anticipated a negative.

“The Albina, Commodore O’Halloran,” answered the old man.

“She is running for the port, I suppose,” said I, as she continued advancing towards the mole.

“Not she!” replied the sailor; “she’ll stand away again before she’s within gun-shot of the Moor.”

“She’s not beating,” said I, “and the wind’s fair for the west.”

“Faith no,” answered the old man: “she’s *not* beating.”

“What do you think she’s doing then?” said I.

The old man drew down the corners of his puckered and fishlike mouth in silence.

“Had you seen her before?” I asked.

“This morning, before light,” replied the fisherman, “I saw two rockets thrown from the moor’s-head—yonder black point. In a few minutes after, there was the report of a gun in the offing, and when the day broke the frigate was standing in for the land.”

“Perhaps,” said I, “she was doubtful of the roadstead. Is there a signal-post on the point?”

The old man smiled; “No doubt,” replied he.

“Why,” said I, “is it anything remarkable?”

“Oh, no—nothing,” replied he; “only that the signals are not such as you think.”

“How so?” said I.

The old man looked round upon the beach, then pointing to the east—“Do you see that little deep creek?” said he. “On that rock, under the cork trees, Geronimo Gaspironi has landed more tobacco than ever came through the customs of Porto Franconi.”

“But what should that have to do with a British ship of war?” said I.

The old man shrugged his shoulders, and again mumped his grizzled beard with emphatic silence.

"Do you suppose," said I, "that any on board an English frigate would venture to hold such correspondence?"

"The captain of that ship would *venture* to hold correspondence with the devil," answered the old man. "It was he carried off Donna Maria de Gonsolva, the Spanish captive, out of the middle of Algiers."

"And you think he is now on some such adventure?" said I.

The sailor looked doubtfully to the ship. "It is twenty years ago," said he; "but he is not yet the man to be baffling about on a wind for nothing."

While he spoke, the fishermen hallooed from the boat; and the old man, heaving the cloaks upon his shoulder, hobbled down to the beach. I continued to ramble along the shore, and, absorbed in conjectures upon my late extraordinary adventure, wandered on, regardless of the distance or the declining light, till I was suddenly impeded by an abrupt ridge of rocks, and, looking round, discovered that I had passed the point and entered the very creek which the fisherman had pointed out as the haunt of Gasparoni. The discovery recalled my attention, and I looked round with curiosity upon a scene which bore strong characteristics for the romantic and adventurous.

The sun had long set, and the dim yellow twilight which shone over the western cliff threw into the bay an uncertain glimmer, which gave a deep solemnity to its solitude and stillness. It was a narrow quiet basin, overhung by high precipitous steepes, shadowed with cork trees and palms, and, as far as I could perceive, possessing no outlet but over a small shelf of rock by which I had entered, and through a deep narrow defile, which, overgrown with trees, ascended from the bottom of the creek. On either side of the entrance a reef of rocks ran far into the sea, and though there was now scarce a ripple on the water, a long and frequent flash of surf brightened in the moonshine, and indicated the slumbering breakers which surround the dangerous channel. Within, the bay seemed formed by nature for quiet and security; not a breath disturbed the black still mirror of the water which lipped upon the sands, and the track of wheels and mules gave recent evidence of numerous visitants.

I gazed upon the wild picture with an imagination that grouped its characteristic figures, till I looked involuntarily to the sea for the effect of the smuggler's galley, when I was suddenly struck by the vast black silent shadow of the English frigate lying with her sails aback, not a gunshot from the entrance of the creek.

I almost started at the coincidence of the fisherman's hints, and continued to watch the ship as the rising moon shed a bright silvery stream across her shadow, strongly contrasted to the dark void shape of her broad hull and motionless sails.

I remained so long without observing the smallest change of place, that I concluded she had anchored for the tide, and was turning to leave the creek when I thought I heard the tread of a horse behind me. I stopped and listened for some moments—it did not return, but all at once I plainly distinguished the approaching tramp, and in a few moments the dark shadow of a horseman emerged slowly from the hollow way. He stopped upon the sand, and stood motionless in the gray moonlight, but suddenly he turned towards the path, and made a short low whistle, which was immediately followed by the soft rumble of wheels and the heavy trample of horses in the sand.

I watched the road with eager curiosity, and in a few moments a

small dark veturin, driven by a postillion, issued from the deep gorge of the defile. The rider immediately proceeded, and was followed by the carriage towards the very spot where I stood under the cliff. I know not why—but I felt an involuntary sensation of being one too many for the occasion, and as the rider approached I stooped behind some fragments of fallen rock, through a chink of which I had a secure view to the outlet of the creek.

The horseman and the carriage passed scarce a pike's length from the place where I lay; but what was my astonishment when, as the moonlight fell through the trees upon the group, I thought I recognised the figure of my mysterious guide from St. Rosalie.

I lay breathless with amazement, and as the cavalier turned the rock, the broad moon shone bright on his face, and showed distinctly the pale stern features so deeply imprinted upon my memory.

The little party stopped full in the moonlight near the margin of the water, and the cavalier having glanced hastily round, blew a loud shrill whistle. The echo had scarce died away along the cliff, when the long black shadow of a man-of-war's galley shot from behind the reef of rocks on the western entrance to the creek. She pulled straight for the spot where the veturin stood, and in a few moments I saw her stern brought round to the sand, and all her oars fly up into the moonlight.

The cavalier had already alighted, and opening the door of the carriage, lifted down a lady closely muffled in a white mantle. As she descended, I observed that she bore in her arms some object which she held with great solicitude, and at the same time an officer leaped from the boat and hastened towards the travelers. By the glimmer of the moonlight upon his shoulders, I saw that he wore a captain's epaulettes, and making a brief but profound salute to the lady, he conducted her towards the galley.

As they approached, the lady unfolded her mantle, and, turning to the cavalier, I heard the faint cry of an infant, and distinguished for a moment the glisten of a little mantle and white cap as she laid her charge in the arms of her companion. The officer immediately lifted her into the boat, and as soon as she was seated the cavalier re-delivered to her the child, and, folding it carefully in her cloak, I heard her half-suppressed voice lulling the infant from its disturbance.

A brief word and a momentary grasp of the hand passed between the lady and the cavalier, and the officer lifting his hat, the boat pushed off, the oars fell in the water, and the galley glided down the creek with a velocity which soon rendered her but a shadow upon the gray tide. In a few minutes I lost sight of her altogether, but I still distinguished the faint measured plash of the oars and a feeble wail of the infant's voice float along the still water.

For some moments I thought I had seen the last of the little bark—which seemed to venture like an enchanted skiff into that world of black waters; but suddenly I caught a momentary glimpse of the narrow boat, and the dark figures of the men gliding across the bright stream of moonlight upon the tide; for an instant after, a faint gleam blinked upon the white mantle of the lady, and the sparkle of the oars, but it died away by degrees, and neither sound nor sight returned again.

For more than a quarter of an hour the tall black figure of the cavalier continued fixed upon the same spot, and in the same attitude; but suddenly the broad gigantic shadow of the frigate swung round in the



moonshine, her sails filled to the wind, and dimly brightening in the light, she bore off slow and still and stately towards the west.

For a little time the red glimmer of the cabin windows struggled with the moonlight, but gradually they faded, till they were lost, and the shadowy sails and dusky hull disappeared like a vast phantom upon the gray water."

The Doctor stopped and sat with his thin hands clasped upon his knee, and his white brow bent upon the fire.

"And what became of the infant?" said I, at last.

The old man lifted his hand to the picture.

I gazed upon it in silent uncertainty. "The waves took him," said he, at length, "the waves give him up."

"But when—where—to whom!" I exclaimed.

The old man raised his eyes and shook his head, "*God alone knows!*" said he.

# LINES TO MARY.—AN OLD BAILEY BALLAD.

[HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.]

O MARY, I believed you true,  
And I was blest in so believing;  
But till this hour I never knew—  
That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I snatch'd a tender kiss,  
Or some such trifle when I courted,  
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,  
But never own'd you were transported!

But then to gaze on that fair face—  
It would have been an unfair feeling,  
To dream that you had pilfer'd lace—  
And Flints had suffer'd from your stealing!

Or when my suit I first preferr'd,  
To bring your coldness to repentance,  
Before I hammer'd out a word,  
How could I dream you'd heard a sentence!

Or when with all the warmth of youth  
I strove to prove my love no fiction,  
How could I guess I urged a truth  
On one already past conviction!

How could I dream that ivory part,  
Your hand—where I have look'd and linger'd;  
Although it stole away my heart,  
Had been held up as one light-finger'd!

In melting verse your charms I drew,  
The charms in which my muse delighted—  
Alas! the lay, I thought was new,  
Spoke only what had been indicted!

Oh ! when that form, a lovely one,  
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,  
I little thought that you had run  
A chance of hanging on your own too !

You said you pick'd me from the world,  
My vanity it now must shock it—  
And down at once my pride is hurl'd,  
You've pick'd me—and you've pick'd a pocket !

Oh ! when our love had got so far,  
The banns were read by Doctor Daly,  
Who asked if there was any *bar*—  
Why did not some one shout "Old Bailey" ?

But when you robed your flesh and bones  
In that pure white that angel garb is,  
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,  
Among the Joans that link with *Darbies* ?

And when the parson came to say  
My goods were yours, if I had got any,  
And you should honor and obey,  
Who could have thought—"O Bay of Botany" ?

But, oh,—the worst of all your slips  
I did not till this day discover—  
That down in Deptford's prison ships,  
Oh, Mary ! you've a hulking lover !

#### EXECUTION OF THE BURKERS.

[THE ATLAS.]—On Sunday morning the Sheriffs visited all three of the prisoners in succession, and the Under-Sheriffs, who are very intelligent men, were engaged between three and four hours in taking down the statements of the convicts : the consequence was, we understand, that the opinions of both Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs underwent a decided change as to May being implicated in the crime of murder. They were consequently desirous that *his* sentence should be mitigated. The result of all these investigations was, that on Sunday afternoon, at half-past four o'clock, a respite, during his Majesty's pleasure, arrived at Newgate for May, and his sentence will be commuted to transportation for life. The news of his respite was unmercifully communicated, for till he heard the word respite, he believed that he listened to a warrant for his execution. The effect was very awful—the poor wretch fell to the earth as if struck by lightning. His arms worked with the most frightful contortions, and four of the officers of the prison could with difficulty hold him ; his countenance assumed a livid paleness—the blood forsook his lips—his eyes appeared set, and pulsation at the heart could not be distinguished. It appeared as if the news of respite had caused death. It is remarked, with surprise, that Bishop and Williams looked on in apathy. They know little of the engrossing selfishness of deep personal suffering who express this

surprise. Neither Bishop nor Williams were anxious to avail themselves of the assistance of the clergymen, who in their turn appeared as anxious to elicit a confession as to prepare the mind for confession, by affording comfort. On Sunday night the prisoners retired to rest about twelve o'clock, and Williams slept without any intermission until half-past five, when he awoke, saying, "Now for it;" he then shook himself, and scratched his head violently, and sat down. Bishop would not answer any questions put to him during the night, and requested his attendants not to bother him, as he had been bothered enough the day before.

When brought into the press room and delivered over to the Sheriffs' yeomen, who pinioned his arms and wrists, Bishop remained perfectly unmoved—not a sigh escaped him, and he never raised his eyes during the whole time; indeed, he appeared almost insensible to what was passing. When his black handkerchief was removed from his neck, and the collar of his shirt folded back, he heaved his chest; and although he evidently at that moment was suffering dreadful mental torture, he strove as much as possible to conceal it. After he was pinioned he was conducted to a seat, and the Rev. Mr. Williams sat alongside of him, and they conversed together in a low tone of voice. Williams entered the room with a very faltering step, and when the ceremony of pinioning him commenced he was so weak as to be scarcely able to stand. His whole frame was dreadfully convulsed—his knees knocked together—his eyes appeared almost sunk in their sockets, and he clasped his hands together in a manner that showed the mental agony he was suffering. Bishop was then conducted to the scaffold, and the moment he made his appearance the most dreadful hootings were heard amongst the crowd. The executioner proceeded at once to the performance of his duty, and, having put the rope round his neck and affixed it to the chain, placed him under the fatal beam. Williams was then taken out, and the groans and hisses were renewed. They suffered little in the mere *articulo mortis*, and the moment the drop fell the mob, who had continued yelling and shouting, gave several tremendous cheers. Triumph, not deep anguish, was the feeling of the multitude. If our laws be sanguinary, more so are the people, and this ferocity, even against guilt, is horrible. The crowd was scarcely ever equaled; guineas were given for a place to see the execution.

#### THE CONFESSION.

*Newgate, Dec. 4, 1831.*

I, John Bishop, do hereby declare and confess that the boy supposed to be the Italian boy, was a Lincolnshire boy. I and Williams took him to my house about half-past ten o'clock on Thursday night, the third of November, from the Bell, in Smithfield. Williams promised to give him some work, and we walked all three to Nova Scotia gardens, taking a pint at a public-house near Holloway lane, Shoreditch, on our way, of which we gave the boy a part; we only stayed to drink it, and walked on to my house, where we arrived at about eleven o'clock. My wife and children and Mrs. Williams were not gone to bed. We walked out of the garden a little way to give time; we returned, and gave the boy some bread and cheese. After he had eaten, we gave him a cup full of rum, with about half a small phial of laudanum in it. (I had bought the laudanum in small quantities in different shops.) In about ten minutes he fell asleep on the chair on which he

sat, and I removed him from the chair to the floor, and laid him on his side. We took him, asleep and insensible, into the garden, tied a cord to his feet, and I then took him in my arms, and let him slide headlong into the well in the garden, whilst Williams held the cord to prevent the body going too deep in the well. He was wholly in the water of the well, his feet just above the surface. Williams fastened the other end of the cord round the paling to prevent the body getting beyond our reach. The boy struggled a little with his arms and legs in the water, and the water bubbled for a minute. We waited till these symptoms were past, and then took him out of the well, undressed him in the paved yard, rolled his clothes up, and buried them where they were found, carried the boy into the wash-house, doubled the body up, and put it in a box, which we corded, so that nobody might open it to see what was in it, and then went to bed. [He goes on to state how he offered the body to Mr. Tuson, and at Mr. Carpue's, where he was offered eight guineas; of his meeting with May at the Fortune of War, who thought he could get more, and was promised all he could get above nine guineas. Their visits to the hospitals, and the hiring of the coach, &c., as detailed in evidence. They slept well on Friday night. On Saturday, at the Fortune of War, they engaged Shields merely as a porter. The rest of the confession was a corroboration of the evidence. He had known May several years as a body-snatcher, but never knew him guilty of murder; he was wholly innocent of the present case. He confessed also the murder of Fanny Pigburn.] I and Williams saw her sitting about eleven or twelve o'clock at night on the step of a door in Shoreditch, near the church. She had a child four or five years old with her on her lap. I asked why she was sitting there. She said she had no home to go to, for her landlord had turned her out into the street. I told her that she might go home with us, and sit by the fire all night; she said she would go with us, and she walked with us to my house in Nova Scotia gardens, carrying her child with her. When we got there we found the family abed, and we took the woman in and lighted a fire, by which we all sat down together. About six o'clock next morning, I and Williams told her to go away, and to meet us at the London Apprentice, in Old street, at one o'clock; this was before our families were up; she met us again at one o'clock, at the London Apprentice, without her child; we gave her some halfpence and beer, and desired her to meet us again at ten o'clock at night. She did so. The night was very stormy, and Bishop put the poor woman for shelter in the empty house adjoining his, while Williams brought her rum with laudanum; she drank the whole at two or three draughts; there was a quartern of rum and about half a phial of laudanum; she sat down on the step between two rooms in the house, and went off to sleep in about ten minutes. She was falling back; I caught her to save her fall, and she laid back on the floor. [The detail of the murder was like that of the boy. On the Sunday morning they went for Shields.] I told Shields he was to carry the trunk to Saint Thomas's Hospital. He asked if there was a woman in the house who could walk alongside of him, so that people might not take any notice. Williams called his wife up, and asked her to walk with Shields, and to carry the hat-box which he gave her to carry. There was nothing in it, but it was tied up as if there were. We then put the box with the body on Shield's head, and went to the hospital. I also confess the murder of a boy who told us his name was Cunning-

ham. It was a fortnight after the murder of the woman. I and Williams found him sleeping, about eleven or twelve o'clock at night, on Friday, the 21st of October, as I think, under the pig-boards in the pig market in Smithfield. Williams awoke him, and asked him to come along with him (Williams), and the boy walked with Williams and me to my house in Nova Scotia gardens.—[The boy was murdered precisely in the same manner as the other persons.]—We got a porter to carry the body with us to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where I sold it to Mr. Smith for eight guineas. This boy was about ten or eleven years old, said his mother lived in Kent street, and that he had not been home for a twelvemonth and better. I solemnly declare that these are all the murders in which I have been concerned, or that I know anything of; that I and Williams were alone concerned in these, and that no other person whatever knew anything about either of them; and that I do not know whether there are others who practise the same mode of obtaining bodies for sale. I know nothing of any Italian boy, and was never concerned in or knew of the murder of such a boy. There have been no white mice about my house for the last six months. My son, about eight months ago, bought two mice, and I made him a cage for them. I have followed the course of obtaining a livelihood as a body-snatcher for twelve years, and have obtained and sold, I think, from 500 to 1000 bodies; but I declare before God that they were all obtained after death, and that, with the above exceptions, I am ignorant of any murder for that or any other purpose.

JOHN BISHOP.

Witness, ROBERT ELLIS, Under-Sheriff.

Head, *alias* Williams, corroborates these statements as far as they regard him. He had never been a body-snatcher, nor concerned in any murder but these. May was wholly innocent, and a stranger to him until the 4th of November.

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#### A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

[ATLAS.]—D——, the merchant, was eternally strumming the bass. His wife, whom he quitted regularly at half-past nine in the morning, took him to be the most punctual of men at his leger: in the event she was undeceived to her cost. Hardly had he been ten minutes in Copthall court, before he used to quit that "Stygian cave forlorn," his counting-house, and whip into a certain paradise of fiddles, kept by one John, or, more familiarly, Jack Betts, since defunct, but then flourishing under the Royal Exchange. There he found the balm of his existence; and, out of the reach of the abhorred sound of cocket and debenture, calmly poisoning his beloved bass viol on the calves of his legs, used to flourish about in ecstasy—having renounced the world for a time, as completely as a cloistered monk. No money panic tormented him, no plagues or popular tumults made him apprehensive—flood or fire would have hardly shaken him from his stool. In cases of emergency, his clerks used to break in upon him in the midst of his abstractions, for, in what concerned himself most nearly, he was like one of the lords of Laputa, constantly requiring a flapper, though in the third

heaven of Muntzberger (his favorite composer) he was as much at home as ordinary merchants are in the region between Birchin lane and Tom's Coffee-house. It was amusing to see the impatience of his face on being thus roused ; if the "Lovely Mary" wanted him in the export dock, it was ten to one if he would go—but if obliged, it was with many inward and desponding ejaculations. He hated money-making ; he detested looking after his own interest ; if the object of his journey had been to purchase a fine third string, or a box of peculiarly exquisite rosin, he would have been cheerful ; but for the matter of the balance sheet, he could not endure it. "Why," he would say, "was this beautiful world given us, with all its admirable old Fosters and Cremonas (this was his *second* idea) and the delightful company of such a discriminating, intelligent amateur as Jack Betts, if we are to be eternally shut up in Blackwall coaches, and forced into the society of muzzy sea captains, without the possibility of enjoying it." First the world, next an old Foster violoncello, and then Jack Betts ; this was the chain of association in D.'s mind ; for the last there was a cause which the reader little suspects. Be it known to him, then, that at the time of which we treat, the now deceased Mr. John Betts was the great dispenser of fame to the metropolitan amateurs. He could make a man's name resound through the whole of Dowgate and Portsoken wards in a twinkling, and has been even known to extend the same westward, by means of the Paddington stages which ran from his door, as far as the spot where the Regent's park now stands. We see him now, sitting at his little counter ; a short, thick-set, white-headed man, mending the bridge, or scrubbing the belly, of a violin, or peeling some walnuts after dinner, or d—ing his errand boys or some bold orange woman about the Bank, who ventured to enter and recommend the remainder of her lot of fruit. But though commonly of an oburgatory humor, his mood softened wonderfully to purchasers of strings, fiddles, and music. To these his manner was not only agreeable but facetious ; and as he had a most Falstaffian taste in good living, and possessed a fancy pregnant with metaphors drawn from the dinner table, his conversation was remarkable for breadth and unctuousity. It was a rule with this worthy wight to bestow the palm of excellence and the palaver of his admiration, on the man who laid out the most money at his shop ; and D——, when we last knew him, was considered in this quarter of the town, by fifty guineas at least, the best player in London. Latterly the superiority was challenged by the son of a late celebrated alderman and baker. Oh, it was sweet to an anti-mercantile merchant, and a neophyte of the Rombergs and the Lindleys like D——, one who had felt the sting of being somebody that nobody knows—who had in vain longed to blazon his name on a sheet of music-paper—to get the good word of the fiddle venter : it was like having a friend in the office of the *Morning Post*.

D.'s passion was for fame, and now he was in the high road to it. J. B. never recommended a piece of music on his own authority, but always made his customers vouch for it. Did any one now enter the shop to inquire after new trios of Beethoven, or something for piano-forte and violoncello, he offered such as had been tried and approved by Mr. D——. "But who is this gentleman?" "The finest amateur on the violoncello in London." The name was remembered and carried away ; it spread in various directions ; in time every one had

heard of him, many had heard him, and this, perhaps, was the secret cause of his panegyric on the violin maker. Soon after D—— attained this enviable distinction, there arrived in London the celebrated Bernard Romberg, the great hero of the violoncello, flushed with Continental triumphs. Nothing now was wanting to complete the revolution in a brain that was half-turned before. Romberg being a *landsman* of our amateur, would often dine with him, and then for love give him a lesson of some two hours long on the fourth string, whereby was occasioned a monotonous growl, that wore out the patience of every one in the house, including a German house-maid. But after this, nothing would serve our enthusiast but the plaudits of a multitude—in short, he burned to come out in public. He was often caught bowing in the glass as if he had just finished a concerto. The little barefooted boys who used to peep in through Bett's shop-window, while he was figuring away in the morning, accustomed him, as he thought, to the public eye. In evil hour he saw himself down for a solo in a concert at Blackheath. He modestly chose this distance from London, thinking that in a few seasons he might work his way up to the Elephant and Castle, and so by degrees maintain divided empire with Robert Lindley at the Argyll Rooms. But D——, who was really a very good player, and a man of sensibility, had not accurately estimated the throes, agonies, and death-sweats, that an apprehensive person undergoes, who attempts a difficult feat before a body of people, whom he expects to judge him as severely as he judges himself. People who pay, will criticise. His fears overcame him, and he failed; and as misfortunes never come alone, another failure was shortly announced in the *Gazette*. Our enthusiast suddenly vanished from London, and whether now upon the face of the earth, or gone to his everlasting repose, we know not.

## LONDON IN SEPTEMBER, (NOT 1831.)

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—[COURT JOURNAL.]

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
 A single horseman paces Rotten Row;  
 In Brookes's sits one quidnunc, to peruse  
 The broad dull sheet which tells the lack of news;  
 At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass  
 To see two empty Hackney coaches pass;  
 The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare  
 To take her lover's arm in Grosvenor Square;  
 Now, shop deserted, hastes the 'prentice dandy,  
 And seeks—oh bliss!—the *Molly*—a *tempora fandi*;  
 Meantime the batter'd pavement is at rest,  
 And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest;  
 Thomas himself, Cook, Warren, Fenton, Long,  
 Have all left town to join the Margate throng;  
 The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore  
 Displays and drives his blue barouche and four;  
 The Peer, who made him rich, with dog and gun,  
 Toils o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a scorching sun.



## ROBERT LE DIABLE.

[COURT JOURNAL.]—The extraordinary success which this opera has obtained in Paris, offers a sufficient apology for dedicating a considerable space of our Journal to an examination of its merits. Indeed, both the French papers and private accounts concur in representing "Robert le Diable" as one of the most striking and brilliant productions which have ever graced the stage: The French critics, who are rather given to hyperbole, have not missed this opportunity of lavishing the words *enthousiasme—delire—rage—&c. &c.* to describe the sensation which the opera has excited. Mons. Fetis, Professor at "the Conservatoire," an eminent composer himself, and one of the best judges of music, pronounces Meyerbeer's work—"un de ces ouvrages qui suffit pour rendre l'auteur immortel."\* Castil-Blaze, another great authority, expresses himself in the following terms—"La pièce a produit un effet prodigieux : jamais succès ne fut plus beau—plus éclatant."†

The representation of "Robert le Diable" forms an epoch in the annals of the stage.—Nearly a year has been spent in preparing it, and no less than 200,000 francs have been laid out in its production. It is what the French aptly call *un tour de force* ; for seldom, or never, have such efforts been made in favor of one composition.

We have read "Robert le Diable," and consider it admirably adapted for the display of musical and pictorial genius. It is full of striking situations, and abounds in what is technically called *stage-effects*. We offer a rapid outline of the plot.

At the rising of the curtain, the theatre represents a view of Palermo, on the border of the sea.—Knights of all nations flock to a tournament—Robert, Duke of Normandy, carries the prize—this Robert is the son of Bertha and a demon, by whom she had been seduced. Robert is a name of horror and alarm. Alice, his foster sister, presents herself with a letter from the dying Bertha, which Robert is not to read until he abandons his career and repents. Robert confides his secrets to Alice ; he tells her that being in love with Isabella, Princess of Sicily, he wished to elope with her, when he was attacked by a troop of cavaliers, and would certainly have fallen a victim had it not been for the timely aid of Bertram, an unknown knight. Bertram makes his appearance, and Alice shudders as she conceives that it is the portrait of Satan—the knights play at hazard—Bertram persuades Robert to join them—he consents, and loses everything he possesses in the world—Alice presents herself to Isabella, and speaks in favor of Robert—Isabella forgives his faults, and allows him to fight for her in a tournament, in which the reward of the victor is to be her hand—Isabella sends him arms, he prepares for the combat, when a messenger stops him on the part of the Prince of Granada, who waits for him in the adjacent forest—Robert obeys the summons—the tournament meantime takes place—Robert does not appear, and consequently loses the prize. The third act represents a wild and dreary scene. The prince of darkness holds there his court—Bertram is the father of Robert, and his love for him induces him to keep his son in the career

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\* One of those works which render the author immortal.

† The piece has produced a prodigious effect ; never was success more complete—more brilliant.

of crime, that by this means they may never be separated in the next world—Alice comes, by the appointment of her lover, *Raimbaud*, to this solitary place, and is horrified by the frantic cries of the demons, and the wild orgies which are being performed—She retreats, perceives a cross planted on one side of the scene, embraces it, and faints away—Bertram is in despair, the infernal congress has decreed that unless Bertram gets possession of Robert's soul before midnight, he loses his son forever—Robert himself is dejected on account of his losses—Bertram employs every means of temptation, and offers all the goods the world can bestow, if he proceed to the convent where the remains of *St. Rosalia* rest, and steal away a leaf of cypress which the saint holds in her hand—Robert consents to commit the sacrilege, and departs to the convent, the inmates of which had been condemned to the eternal flames—Part of the building is in ruins by moonlight, and the statues of the nuns are seen on their tombs—Bertram conjures up the criminal nuns—the statues revive and start into life, they promise to induce Robert to keep his rash promise—a fearful scene of wild and bacchanalian passion takes place amongst the nuns, when Robert arrives, and is seduced to snatch away the branch of cypress—that moment tremendous shouts of demoniac triumph are heard. *Isabella*, meantime, is to marry the Prince of Granada—Robert arrives with the cypress—this talisman plunges every one into deep slumbers—*Isabella* succumbs to its magic power—Robert awakes her—she conjures him to renounce his criminal and secret agency, and that she will become his bride—Robert pulls the cypress to pieces—the guards awake, recognise him, and surround him—Robert is, however, delivered by Bertram, who again endeavors to tempt him—at last, he announces himself as his father.—Alice, on the other hand, urges the dying injunction of *Bertha*—Robert remains undecided—midnight strikes, and Bertram is hurried into the fiery regions. The scene changes, and discovers a cathedral, brilliantly illuminated, where *Isabella* waits to bestow her hand on Robert.

The music in "Robert the Devil" displays an admirable versatility of talent. It is, by turns, graceful and tender, impassioned, solemn, or terrific, according to the situation or the feeling which the dramatist intended to illustrate. Great as the expectations which "*Il Crociato*" and "*Margaritta*" might have given birth to, it is the general voice that they have been surpassed in this masterwork of Meyerbeer. Indeed, all his former productions fall into insignificance, if measured by the standard of excellence displayed in "Robert le Diable." "*Il Crociato*," although emitting sparks of original genius, was evidently modeled after the manner and style of the modern Italian school. One of *Rossini's* greatest triumphs is that of having been imitated, *unconsciously*, by men of very superior talents. We see this exemplified in the case of *Bellini*, *Pacini*, *Mercadante*, and others. Meyerbeer himself was not entirely exempted from the prevailing *mad lady* in musical composers; but in "Robert the Devil" he has boldly broken every shackle, and presented a work in which can be traced no resemblance to the popular *Maestro*, but which is so wholly original, in every respect, as to place its author in the very first rank of composers.

In this opera, Meyerbeer has happily blended the excellences of the two first schools of music—the German and the Italian. He has judiciously preserved all the brilliancy, fire, richness, and happy caprice of

the latter, with all the harmonic combinations of the former. He has not, like most eminent composers of the two schools, blindly adopted that excellence for which each is conspicuous, but has most skilfully availed himself of all the resources, both of harmony and melody. The result has been most happy ;—the public have not to complain that the music is too ponderous and scientific, nor can the profession reject it, on the plea of its being too *popular*, light, and devoid of science ! The *fin'a'e* of the first act, which begins with a graceful movement, and terminates in a terrific explosion, is conceived in a masterly manner. The opera, indeed, presents an almost inexhaustible treasure ; we have five acts, into which is crowded a series of arias, *duos*, and concerted pieces, most of which will go the round of every public and private concert. The *Caratina*, sung by Isabella, in the second act, the *duo* in the fourth, and the *terzetto* in the fifth, are the pieces which have more particularly excited approbation ; the whole of the third act is admirable,—the powerful situations afforded by the drama have completely inspired the composer.

We have said that all the sister arts had combined to achieve this wonder of the musical world ;—we have mentioned poetry and music ; dancing and painting have contributed their *quota*—the fascinating Taglioni surpassed herself, as the leader of the nuns in the third act—Perrot, Montessu, and Mademoiselle Noblet, Dupont, and Subia, performed a graceful *pas de cinq* in the second. The scenery is wonderful, even in a world of wonders, like the opera : it surpasses the magic effects of the famous “Aladdin.” The view, in the third act, of the convent by moonlight, deserves a special mention, as well as the dazzling effect of the concluding scene of the opera. Ciceri has excelled all his former pictorial reputation. With regard to the execution of the opera, the French critics are lavish of praise. Nourrit, the first French tenor, Levasseur, and Mademoiselle Damoreau, did ample justice to the parts entrusted to their care—Robert, Bertram, and Isabella. The dresses, too, are praised ; and, indeed, no one should be forgotten in this estimate of the most successful and brilliant production of the last ten years.

LAY OF THE OLD BARD.—By MISS PARDOE.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]

YES, I know that a shadow is over my eye,  
 Like twilight's dim cloud when the bright sun has set ;  
 But bring me my harp, for my pulses beat high,  
 And the spirit of melody dwells with me yet.  
 What ! though the cold world, and the care that it brings,  
 May have sear'd a few flowers of fancy's sweet chain,  
 While the magic of music still lives on the strings,  
 It will teach all the roses to blossom again.

Though old Time hath been writing in lines on my brow,  
 The record of years that are faded and o'er,  
 And young Beauty but smiles when I sue to her now,  
 Yet still I can sing what I sigh'd for before—  
 Then give me my harp, and I'll tell you of eyes  
 That could melt by their softness, and awe by their power,

As clear as the stars in the pure southern skies,  
All quivering with light in Love's beautiful hour !

I'll tell you of whispers in glen and in glade—  
I'll tell you how blushes and beauty replied—  
I'll tell you of vows breathed in secret and shade—  
And I'll tell you a thousand fond fancies beside ;—  
And shall I be sad, when such memories as these,  
Like torches, still light up the *hall of my heart* ?  
No—bring me my harp, and I'll smile as I seize  
The half-redeem'd treasures from memory's mart.

Then say not again that I'm feeble and old—  
My spirit disdains to reply to the taunt ;  
While WOMAN still charms, can the feelings be cold ?  
Can the bosom be chill'd which *her* image will haunt ?  
No—bring me my harp ; and while younger men woo,  
I'll teach them the flatteries maidens love best,  
And as long as that harp, and my heart remain true,  
How welcome are Time and the World to the rest !

## Varieties.

POST-OFFICE COMMUNICATION WITH FRANCE.—We find that Mr. Poulett Thompson, Sir Henry Parnell, and Dr. Bowring, who are now in Paris, have been making arrangements with the French Government, by which an estafette between that capital and London is to run daily. We are glad to learn that such a result of their mission is anticipated, as we had begun to fear that the influence of a few stock-jobbers would have prevented an arrangement so important to the interests of both countries. About twelve months ago, a M. Le Bon, of Dieppe, made a proposal to the French Government, to establish a mail from Paris to Dieppe, and thence to Brighton, by means of which letters and passengers from Paris to London would be only twenty-six or twenty-seven hours on the journey ; and, about two months since, a gentleman visited Rouen and Paris, with authority from the Duke of Richmond to propose that the non-post days should be filled up by a mail communication by Dieppe. His mission, however, was rendered useless, notwithstanding the support of the Chambers of Commerce at Rouen and Dieppe, and of the authorities of those places, by the interference of three great stock-jobbers in Paris, who wished to prevent the daily transmission of news, &c. to the public on both sides, and who had influence enough with M. Casimir Perier to let him discountenance the proposed plan. It would appear, however, that, although the communication by Dieppe is not to be opened, the estafette will go daily. This is a great object gained ; but it would have been better if the Duke of Richmond's suggestion had been adopted ; for, by a mail communication during three days of the week, leaving the other four days as they now are for Calais and Dieppe, the distance would be performed in less than by estafette by Calais ; and the postage

of letters would be only half what it is by estafette, besides the advantage of rapid traveling for passengers. It is a curious fact, that, at present, the Rouen merchant is obliged to send his letters for London through Paris, and to have them sixty hours on the road; whereas, if there were a mail conveyance by Dieppe, they would reach London in less than twenty hours.

**PHRENOLOGISTS.**—A Phrenological Society has been formed at Paris, and includes among its members, Cloquet, Royer, Broussais, David, the sculptor, Andral, Falret, Rostan, Foville, besides several Deputies.

**OWHYHEE.**—This island, considering its limited dimensions, has some extraordinary mountains—Merino Koah is no less than 15,889; Merino Roa, 15,870; and Merino Wowrai, 10,786 feet. The highest point of Mowee is 10,670 feet.

**CHEAP LITERATURE.**—An edition of the works of Chateaubriand, is now publishing at Paris, at a *franc and a half* the volume: printed on fine paper, and embellished with plates! We hope our government will, during the present session, enable the press of this country to exercise its power of doing good, by taking off all taxes on knowledge.

**THE "REVOLUTIONARY" PRESS.**—It has become so much the practice with the French government, since the last revolution, to seize the copies of the journals adverse to their system, that, it is said, it will be the shortest way of reporting their doings, to state which *have not* been so treated during any week. No less than twenty-three persons connected with the journals, have been condemned to various terms of imprisonment, since the revolution of July—amounting in the whole to *nine years, nine months, and eight days*.

**A NEW BOARD OF HEALTH.**—The house of the Duke of Wellington is so closely boarded up that a stranger in London inquired if it contained a *pest*?—Not exactly, was the reply, only an *Anti-Reformer*.

**A GREAT DIFFERENCE.**—The friends and opponents of the Reform Bill are divided into two very distinct classes—the *a-bility* and the *no-bility*.

TO A TOPER IN LOVE.

'TWEEN women and wine, sir,  
Man's lot is to smart;  
For wine makes his head ache,  
And women his heart.

**PUBLIC DEBT OF ENGLAND.**—The unredeemed capital of the permanent funded debt, on the 5th of January, 1831, according to returns made to Parliament, amounted to £757,486,997.

The amount of terminable annuities for lives and terms of years was, at the same time, £3,297,375 per annum. Estimating these annuities at their market value, the capital which they represent may be stated at £56,055,375.

The amount of Exchequer bills outstanding, including those issued to pay off the dissentient proprietors of 4 per cent. annuities, £27,271,650.

Total amount of capital, funded and unfunded, of the National Debt, on the 5th of January, 1831, £840,814,022.

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FASHIONS FOR MARCH

For Kane & Co's Athenaeum.







## MARGARET SUNDERLAND.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—"Hush, Margaret, I see it again ! poor little thing, how it limps ! Hush ! I declare it has gone through the hedge into the churchyard. Wait one, only one moment, dear sister, and I shall certainly catch it,"—and over the churchyard stile bounded Rose Sunderland, as lightly as a sunbeam, or, I should rather say, to be in keeping with the time and place, as lightly as a moonbeam ; for that favorite orb of love and ladies had risen, even while the golden hue of an autumnal sun lingered in the sky, and its pale, uncertain beams silvered the early dew-drops, which the gay and thoughtless girl shook from their verdant beds in her rapid movements. But Rose cared little about disturbing dew-drops, or indeed anything else that interfered with the pursuit that occupied her for the moment. With the eagerness of sixteen she had pursued a young wounded leveret among the silent tombs, as thoughtlessly as if she trod only on the sweet wild thyme, or humble daisy ; and when she had nearly wearied out the object of her anxiety, she saw it take shelter under the worn arch of an ancient monument with evident satisfaction, convinced that now she could secure her prize if Margaret would only come to her assistance.

"Sister, sister," repeated she, eagerly, "come ! if we do not take it, it will surely become the prey of some weazel or wild cub-fox before morning."

Margaret slowly passed the stile.

"One would think you were pacing to a funeral," said Rose pettishly. "If you will do nothing else, stand there at least, and—now I have it !" exclaimed she joyously ; "its little heart pants—poor thing ! I wonder how it got injured !"

"Stop," replied her sister, in a low, agitated voice ; "you forget—yet how can you forget ?—who it is that rests here ; who—" She placed her hand upon a plain stone pedestal, but strong and increasing emotion prevented her finishing the sentence.

"My dear Margaret forgive me ! it is ever thus ; I am fated to be your misery. I am sure I never thought—"

"Think now, then, Rose, if it be but for a moment ; think, that only one little year has passed since he was with us ; since his voice, so wise, and yet so sweet, was the music of our cottage ; his kindness, the oil and honey of our existence. Though the arrow had entered into his soul, it festered not, for no corruption was there. When he was reviled, he reviled not again ; and though his heart was broken, his last words were, 'Lord, thy will be done.' My dear, dear father," she continued, sinking at the same moment upon her knees, and clasping her hands in devout agony, "teach me to be like thee."—"Say *me*, rather," ejaculated the sobbing Rose, whose grief now was as vivid as her exultation had been : "say, teach Rose to be like thee ; you are like our father ; but I am nothing ! anything ! Oh, Margaret, can you forgive me ? There, I'll let the hare go this moment ; I'll do anything you wish ; indeed I will."

"Do not let it go," replied Margaret Sunderland, who had quickly recovered her self-possession ; "it would be ill done to permit any suffering near his grave." After a brief pause she rose from her knees,

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and passing her arm through her sister's, left the churchyard to its moonlight solitude.

The silence was soon broken by the younger, who observed,

"Sister, I forgot to tell you that I met Lady Louisa Calcraft this morning at the Library, and she took no notice of me."

"The ban is upon you, and upon us all, Rose," replied Margaret, turning her pale but beautiful countenance towards her sister—"The ban

— of buried hopes  
And prospects faded.

Would to God that that were all ; that any sacrifice on my part could pay the debts my poor father in his honest, but wild speculations, incurred. The Calcrafts in Lincoln !—but they are everywhere. I could ill have borne a scornful look from one of them."

"They are friends of Ernest Heathwood's, are they not ?"

A deep and glowing crimson, which luckily the obscurity of the night preserved from observation, mantled the cheeks of Margaret Sunderland, while she replied—

"Yes, I believe so ; but, dear Rose, you might have spared me the mention of his name."

"I am ever doing wrong," murmured poor Rose, as her sister withdrew her arm from within hers.

Margaret and Rose Sunderland were the daughters of a ruined merchant—of one, indeed, who had been a prince yesterday, and a beggar to-day—of one whose argosies had gone forth, but returned no more—whose name one year would have guaranteed millions—yet who died the next, wanting a shilling. Maurice Sunderland had cheerfully surrendered all to his creditors, yet that all was insufficient to satisfy anything like the claims made, and justly made, upon him. House, plate, jewels, servants, had all been sacrificed. Not a vestige of their former prosperity lingered ; and they who had revelled in superfluities, now wanted the most common necessities. A small jointure alone remained ; and in that his wife had only a life interest.

Mrs. Sunderland was vain, weak, selfish ; a woman who knew not what it was to grow old gracefully, and who haunted youthful pleasures with a wrinkled brow, a flaxen wig, and a painted cheek ; her mind was inconceivably small. She wept more for the loss of her diamonds and Dresden than for her husband's misfortunes.

Pecuniary difficulties were only the commencement of Margaret's trials. The family removed to Lincoln, as one or two relatives lived there, who could forward the plans Miss Sunderland had formed for their support. Her affection for her father would not permit her to leave him to the care of a giddy, childish sister, and her almost idiotic mother ; particularly as his health was visibly sinking, and nature appeared unable to repair the inroads of disease. She therefore accepted, most joyfully, the charge of the education of four little girls, her cousins. Her father raised no obstacle to this plan ; though his withered cheek flushed, and his hand trembled the first day that he saw his beautiful Margaret quietly arranging and superintending her élèves in the back parlor of their cottage ; but her mother's caprice and spirit of contradiction were constant sources of mortification, although they tended still more to draw forth her daughter's virtues ; she was never satisfied ; always regretting their past splendor, always reproaching poor Margaret with having degraded her family, by conde-

scending to become a "School Mistress;" and yet thoughtlessly squandering her hard earnings on selfish enjoyments. This was not all—no one who has only read of "The delightful task of teaching the young idea how to shoot," can form any estimate of the self-denial, the self-abasement which must be the portion of an instructress; particularly if she be conscientious in the discharge of her duty. All influences, to be useful, must be exercised with discretion; and alas! it is but a short step from dominion to tyranny. Margaret was obliged to practise as well as preach; and indeed, the one without the other is always unavailing: she had to watch not only herself, but others; so that her maxims might be really useful to those she sought to improve. She wished to make them not only accomplished, but informed; and "her new system," as it was called, was subject to many animadversions, both from her relatives and their friends, who, as usual on such occasions, quite forgot what Miss Sunderland *had been*, in what she was; treated her merely as "the governess," and admitted her only as such into their houses. At one of those visits, which she continually shrank from, and only endured as an occasional penance, she met the very Ernest Heathwood, whom Rose so unwittingly alluded to during their evening's walk. The eldest son of a Baronet, who, with his new honors, had changed, it was understood, a mercantile for a somewhat Aristocratic name, was a likely person to attract the attention, and win the civilities of all within his sphere; and he was welcomed to the mansion of one of Miss Sunderland's relatives with extraordinary courtesy. Margaret, always collected, always dignified, neither sought nor avoided his attentions; but silently suffered all the little manoeuvres of second-rate country-town society to take their course. The anxiety that some mothers evinced, to crowd a tribe of ill-dressed daughters to a tuneless piano, and there show off their skill in the various departments of first, second, and third harmony; while others contented themselves with exhibiting the more quiet, and consequently more endurable litter of card drawings and Poonah painting, could only excite a feeling of pity in such a mind as Margaret's. Pity, that woman should so thoroughly mistake the end and aim of her creation, as to descend to be the mistress of a puppet-show—and something more severe than pity, towards the other sex, who outwardly encourage, while they inwardly despise such petty traps of slavery! "An age," reflected Margaret, "which values itself on caricature, parody, or burlesque, can produce little that is sublime, either in genius or virtue. Yet those qualities, and the display of imperfect, and, in nine cases out of ten, most senseless accomplishments, amuse; and we live in an age that must be *amused*, though our best and noblest feelings pay the forfeiture;" and she employed her slender fingers with tenfold care to build up the card castle which her little pupil, Cicely, had thrown down.

"It is abominable," whispered her sister, "to hear such bad music, while *you* could give us so much that is good." A quiet motion of her sister's finger to her lips prevented farther observation; and the card castle bade fair to mount three stories high, when suddenly Ernest Heathwood turned round, and, addressing himself to the fair architect, asked if now she would favor them, for he was sure she could. "Oh, yes," observed one of the Dowagers, "of course Miss Sunderland *can* and *will*; she *teaches* so well, that she must be a proficient." Some feeling of pride, perhaps, for it will linger, despite our better judgment,

called so exquisite a blush to Margaret's cheek ; and young Heathwood gazed on her with such respectful, yet visible admiration, that, were she not "only a governess," the entire female sex, likely to be married, or given in marriage, would have thrown up the game as hopeless ; but the eldest son of a rich baronet would never think of the daughter of a broken merchant—and a governess ! the thing was impossible—quite.

What Ernest Heathwood did think while Margaret commenced that sweet ballad of Moore's, "All that's bright must fade," it is impossible to say ; but a thrill, amounting to anguish, was felt by every one in the room, by the peculiar manner in which she pronounced the following lines,

Who would seek or prize  
Delights that end in aching ?  
Who would trust to ties  
That every hour are breaking.

Then it was that Ernest Heathwood saw into her very soul ; and felt that she must indeed have known change and misfortune. Music is dangerous from lips of beauty ; but more dangerous from those of feeling : the union of both was too much for Ernest's philosophy, and he was, it must be confessed, somewhat bewildered during the remainder of the evening. She inspired him not only with interest, but admiration ; and he experienced more anxiety than he cared to express, when her history was truly, though it appeared to him coldly communicated by her relative, the next day, with the additional intelligence, that her father had been seized only that morning with paralysis ; and little hopes were entertained of his recovery ! He called constantly at the cottage ; but it was not until some time after the bereavement which Margaret, above all, lamented, that he saw the being who had more interest for him than ever. There are peculiar circumstances, which train our susceptibilities to receive impressions ; and misfortune either softens or hardens the heart. The incapacity of her mother, the volatility of her sister, rendered them both unfit companions for the high-minded Margaret ; and she might well be pardoned for anticipating the evening that now invariably brought Ernest to the cottage, as the time, when, freed from toil and restraint, she would meet the sympathy and tenderness, without which a woman's heart must be indeed sad and unsatisfied : she was not, like many other wise and prudent people, at all aware of the danger of her position. She had no idea that while seeking to alleviate and dispel her sorrows, by what she termed friendly converse, a deep and lasting sentiment was silently, but surely, implanting itself in her bosom ; and that time and opportunity were fostering it, either for her happiness or misery. Her girlhood had passed away without any of what we call the frillery of love : how she had escaped the contagion of flirtation, heaven knows ! perhaps it might be attributed to a certain reserve of manner, which served as a beacon to fools and puppies, to warn them off the rocks and sands of female intellect, whenever it was their fortune to encounter Margaret Sunderland.

Amongst the wealthy citizens, many had sought her hand ; but she was not to be courted in a golden shower ; and after her father's failure, none remembered the beautiful daughter of the unfortunate merchant ; it was therefore not to be wondered at, that she valued

him who valued her for herself, and herself only ; and dreamt the dream that can be dreamt but once.

Many evenings were spent in that full and perfect trustfulness, which pure and virtuous hearts alone experience. So certain, indeed, appeared the prospect of her happiness, that she sometimes doubted its reality : and when a doubt as to the future did arise, it pressed so heavily, so very heavily upon her heart, that, with a gasping eagerness, which excited her own astonishment, she cast it from her, as a burden too much for her to bear.

She had known and loved Ernest for some months, when, one morning, their only servant interrupted her little school, by saying that a gentleman in the parlor wished to speak to her. On entering the room, a short dark elderly man returned her graceful salutation, with an uncouth effort at ease and self-possession.

"Miss Sunderland, I presume."

She bowed ;—a long pause succeeded, which neither seemed willing to interrupt, and when Margaret raised her eyes to his, there was something—she could hardly tell what, that made her think him the bearer of evil tidings. Yet was the countenance not displeasing to look upon—the expanded and somewhat elevated brow—the round full eye that had rather a benign than stern expression, would have betokened a kind and even gentle being, had not the lower portion of the face boded meanness and severity—the mouth was thin and compressed—the chin lean and short—the nose looked as if nature had intended at first to mould it according to the most approved of Grecian features, but suddenly changing her plan, left it stubbed and stunted at the end, a rude piece of unfinished workmanship.

"Madam," he at last commenced, "you are, I believe, acquainted with my son."

"Sir !"

"My son, Mr. Ernest Heathwood."

Again Margaret replied by bowing.

"I have resided many years abroad, but if your father was living he would know me well."

The word "Father" was ever a talisman to poor Margaret, and she looked into his face, as if imploring him to state how he had known her parent ; he evidently did not understand the appeal, and continued in a constrained manner, his lips compressed, so as scarcely to permit egress to his words, and his eyes bent on the carpet, unwilling to meet her now fixed and anxious gaze.

"I have every respect for you, Miss Sunderland ; and yet I feel it but right to mention in time, that a union between you and my son is what I never could—never will agree to. The title," (and the new baronet drew up his little person with much dignity,) "I cannot prevent his having, but a shilling of my money goes not with it, unless he marries with my perfect consent ; forgive me, young lady, I esteem your character, I—I—" he raised his eyes, and the death-like hue of Margaret's features seemed, for the first time, to give him the idea that he spoke to a being endowed with feeling : "Good God, Miss Sunderland, I was not prepared for this—I had hoped matters had not gone so far—I—then you really loved Ernest."

"Whatever my sentiments, Sir, may be towards your son," she replied, all the proud woman roused within her, "I would never entail beggary on him."



"Well spoken, 'faith ; and I am sure, Miss Sunderland, that—had you—in short you must be aware this is a very delicate subject,—but had you fortune equal to my hopes for Ernest, I would prefer you, upon my soul I would, though I never saw you till this moment, to any woman in England. You see," he persisted, assuming the tone of low-bred confidence, "I have, as a mercantile man, had many losses, perhaps you know that ?" he paused for a reply which Margaret could not give. "These losses must be repaired, and there is only one way to do so : if I had not the station to support which I have, it would not signify ; but as a man of title, the truth is, I require, and must have ten or twenty thousand pounds within a very little time ; there is but one way to obtain it ; you would not—" (and here the man of rank forgot himself in the husband and father,) "you would not, I am sure, by persisting in this love affair, entail ruin upon me and mine. Ernest has two sisters and a mother, Miss Sunderland."

Margaret's breath came short and thick, the room reeled round, and, as she endeavored to move to the open window, she must have fallen, but for the support which Sir Thomas Heathwood afforded her.

"I will never bring ruin on any one," she said, at last : "what is it you require of me ?"

"To write and reject, fully and entirely, my son's addresses, and never, never, see him more."

"This, Sir, I cannot do ; I will see him once more for the last time, this evening. I will practise no deceit, but I will tell him what is necessary : there, Sir, you have my word, and may the Almighty ever preserve you and yours from the bitter sin of poverty !"

Well might the old Baronet dread the effects of another interview between Margaret and his son, when he himself experienced such a sensation of awe and love towards this self-denying girl ; yet such was the holy truth of her resolve, that he had not power to dispute it, and he left the cottage, after various awkward attempts to give utterance to his contending feelings.

The evening of that eventful day was clear and balmy ; the flowers of early spring disseminated their fragrance over every little weed and blade of grass, till they were all impregnated with a most sweet odor ; the few insects which the April sun calls into existence, clung wearily to the young tendrils for support, and the oak leaves of the past Autumn still rustled beneath the tread of the creeping hedge-hog, or swift-footed hare. It was a tranquil hour, and Margaret Sunderland repined at its tranquillity. "I could have better parted from him in storm and tempest, than amid such a scene as this," she said, as she leaned against the gnarled trunk of a withered beech tree for support ; the next moment, Ernest was at her side.

"And thus, to please the avarice of my father, Margaret, you cast me off forever : you turn me adrift, you consent to my union with another, though you have often said, that a union unhallowed by affection was indeed unholy : is this consistency ?"

"I came not here to reason, but to part from you ; to say, Ernest Heathwood, what I never said before, that so true is my affection for you, that I will kneel to my Maker, and fervently and earnestly implore him to bless you, to bless your bride, to multiply happiness and prosperity to your house, and to increase exceedingly your riches and good name."

"Riches!" repeated her lover, (like all lovers,) contemptuously; "with you, I should not need them."

"But your family; you can save them from the misery of poverty, from the plague spot which marks, and blights, and curses, all whom it approaches. I should have remembered," she added with unwonted asperity, "that it rested upon us, and not have suffered you to be contaminated by its influence."

Many were the arguments he used, and the reasons he adopted, to shake what he called her mad resolve; he appealed to her affections, but they were too strongly enlisted on the side of duty to heed his arguments, and after some reproaches on the score of caprice and inconsistency, which she bore with more patience than women so circumstanced generally possess, he left her under feelings of strong excitement and displeasure. He had not given himself time to consider the sacrifice she made; he felt as if she deserted him from a feeling of overstrained pride, and bitterly hinted, (though he knew it to be untrue at the time,) that it might be she had suddenly formed some other attachment. When she found herself indeed alone in the dim twilight, at their old trysting spot, though while he was present she had repelled the last charge with true womanly contempt; yet she would fain have recalled him to reiterate her blessing, and assure him that though her resolve was unchangeable, she loved him with a pure and unsullied faith. Had he turned on his path, he would have seen her waving him back; and the tears which deluged her pale cheeks would have told him but too truly of the suppressed agony she had endured.

A few days only had elapsed, and she had outwardly recovered her tranquillity, though but ill fitted to go through her daily labors as before, when Rose so unexpectedly mentioned his name. When the two girls entered the little cottage, it was evident that something was necessary to dispel Mrs. Sunderland's ill temper.

"Yes, it's a pretty little thing; what loves of eyes it has, and such nice long ears! but really, Margaret, you must not go out and leave me at home without a sixpence; there was no silver in your purse, and the post-boy came here, and refused to leave a London letter without the money; how impudent these fellows are—so—"

Margaret interrupted her mother, by saying, that she left ten or twelve shillings in her purse.

"Ay, very true, so you did, but a woman called with such an assortment of sweet collars, and it is so seldom I have an opportunity now of treating myself to any little article of dress, that I used them. It was so cheap, only eleven and sixpence, and so lovely a borderly double-hem stitch, and the corners worked in the most delicate bunches of fusia—here it is!"

"And did the letter really go back, mother?"

"I wish you would not call me *mother*; it is so vulgar! every one says *mamma*, even married women. No, it did not go back; I sent Mary into the little grocer's to borrow half-a-crown. You need not get so red, child: I said you were out,—had my purse,—and would repay it to-morrow morning."

Degradation on degradation, thought poor Margaret, as she took the letter, and withdrew to her chamber. "I cannot repay it to-morrow; that was the last silver in the house;—I know not where to get a shilling till next week."

"Rose," said Margaret, a short time after, as the former entered their bed-room, "come hither : sit here, and look over the communication I received this night from London."

"What a vulgar looking letter !—such coarse paper and such a scribbly-scribbly hand !" Whatever the hand or paper might be, after she had fairly commenced she did not again speak until she had finished the perusal from beginning to end, and then, with one loud cry of joy, she threw herself into her sister's arms. "Margaret, dear Margaret, to think of your taking this so quietly, when I—My dear sister, I shall certainly lose my senses. We shall be rich,—more rich than ever, and you can marry Ernest—dear, kind Ernest,—and we can live in London, and keep our carriage, and, Oh, Margaret, I am so happy ! let us tell our mother,—*mamma*,—I beg her pardon ; and you shall give up your pupils :—dear, beautiful letter !—let me read it again !" and the second perusal threw her into greater raptures than the first.

"It is better *not* to mention this to our mother, I think," said Margaret, when her sister's ecstasies had in some degree subsided : "and yet she is our parent, and has therefore a right to our confidence, though I know she will endeavor to thwart my resolves—yet—"

"Thwart your resolves !" repeated Rose in astonishment : "why what resolves can you have, except to marry Ernest, and be as happy as the day is long ?"

"I shall never marry Ernest Heathwood," replied her sister in a trembling voice, "though I certainly shall be more happy than I ever anticipated in this world."

"I cannot pretend to understand you," said Rose ; "but do let me go and make *mamma* acquainted with our unlooked-for prosperity ; and she accordingly explained that a brother of her father's, one who had ever been on decidedly bad terms with all his relatives, and their family more particularly, had died lately in Calcutta, bequeathing by will a very large sum to his eldest niece Margaret, who, in the words of this singular testament, "had never offended him by word or deed, and must ever be considered a credit to her sex." There is no necessity to recapitulate the ecstasies and arrangements which succeeded, and in which Margaret took no part.

The next morning she granted her pupils a holiday, and when her mother went out, doubtless for the purpose of spreading the account of their good fortune, Margaret told her sister that she wished to be alone for some time to arrange her plans. She had been so occupied for about two hours, when Rose Sunderland, accompanied again a gentleman, passed the beechen tree where Margaret and her never had last met.

"I am sure she will not be angry,—it will be an agreeable surprise, —and *mamma* won't be home for a long time," said Rose : "I will open the parlor door, and—"

"There I shall find her forming plans for future happiness, in which, perhaps, I am not included," interrupted Ernest Heathwood.

"You are unjust, Sir," replied her sister, as they entered the cottage ; and in another instant Margaret, with a flushed cheek and a burning brow, had returned the salutation of him she loved. There was more coldness in her manner than he deemed necessary, and with the impetuosity of a high and ardent spirit, he asked her "if she attributed his visit to interested motives." "No," she replied, "not so ; I

hold myself incapable of such feelings, and why should I attribute them to you ! I tell you now, as I told you when last we met, that my constant prayer is that God might exceedingly bless you and yours, and save you from poverty, which, in the world's eyes, is the perfection of sin."

"But, Margaret," interrupted Rose, as was her wont, "there is no fear of poverty now ; and Sir Thomas himself said that with even a moderate fortune he should prefer you to all other women."

"I have not even a moderate fortune," replied the noble-minded girl, rising from her seat, and at the same time laying her hand on a pile of account-books which she had been examining ; "you, Mr. Heathwood, will understand me if I say that when I first breathed the air of existence, I became a partaker of my family's fortunes, as they might be, for good or evil."

"And you shared in both, Margaret, and supported both with dignity," said Ernest eagerly.

"I believe you think so, and I thank you," she replied, while the flush of gratified feeling passed over her fine features. "And now bear with me for a little, while I explain my future intentions. My poor father's unfortunate failure worked misery for many who trusted in him with a confidence which he deserved, and yet betrayed,—I meant not that," she added hastily ; "he did not betray ;—but the waves, the winds, and the misfortunes or ill principles of others, conspired against him, and he fell, overwhelmed in his own and others' ruin. Lips that before had blessed, now cursed him they had so fatally trusted, and every curse seemed to accumulate sufferings which only I was witness to. To the very uttermost,—even the ring from his finger,—he gave cheerfully to his creditors : there was no reserve on his part,—all, all was sacrificed. Yet, like the daughters of the Horse-leech, the cry was still 'give ! give !' and," she added, with a trembling voice, "at last he *did* give—even his existence !—And I, who knew so well the honor of his noble nature, at the very time when his cold corpse lingered in the house, because I lacked the means of decent burial, was doomed to receive letters, and hear complaints of his injustice.

"In the silent hour of night, I at last knelt by his coffin—decay had been merciful ; it had spared his features to the last—and I could count and kiss the furrows which disappointment and the scornings of a selfish world had graven on his brow—but, oh God ! how perfectly did I feel in that melancholy hour, that his spirit was indeed departed, and that my lips rested on nought but cold and senseless clay ; yet I clung with almost childish infatuation to the dwelling it had so sweetly inhabited for such a length of years. The hours rolled on, and the grey mist of morning found me in the same spot ; it was then, as the light mingled with, and overcame the departing darkness, that I entered into a compact with the living spirit of my dead father, that as long as I possessed power to think or act, I would entirely devote my exertions to the fulfilment of those engagements, which his necessities compelled him to leave unsatisfied. I am ashamed to say, I nearly forgot my promise, and though a portion of my hard earnings was regularly devoted to the darling prospect of winning back for my father his unspotted reputation, yet I *did* form plans of happiness in which his memory had no share.

"Ernest, for this I have suffered—and must suffer more.—I have

gone over these books, and find, that after devoting the entire of the many, many thousands now my own, to the cherished object, only a few hundreds will remain at my disposal. This is enough—again, I say, may you be happy with your dowered bride, and remember that the one consolation—the only one that can support me under this separation—is, that I have done my duty.” Strange as it may appear, young Heathwood did not seem as much distressed at this resolution, as Rose, or, to say the truth, as Margaret thought he would have been. No matter how heroic, how disinterested the feeling which compels a woman to resign her lover, she naturally expects that the lover will evince a proper quantity of despair at the circumstance. Ernest, after a pause of a few minutes, during which time he seemed more affected by Margaret’s noble-mindedness than his own bereavement, entered cordially into her views, and praised the sacrifice (if, with her feelings, so it might be called) with an energy, which left no room to doubt its sincerity.

After his departure, she pondered these things in her heart; and poor Rose, who in so little time had been twice disappointed—in her hopes both of a fortune, and a wedding, was reproved with some asperity for conducting Ernest Heathwood under any circumstances to their cottage. It is needless to add, that her mother’s tears and remonstrances had no effect upon Margaret’s purpose; her lawyer received instructions to remit forthwith to all the creditors of the late Maurice Sunderland, the full amount of their demands, with the interest due thereon from the day of his failure!

It required all her firmness to bear up against her mother’s complainings: and above all, against the painful truth established in her mind, that Ernest had ceased to regard her with anything bordering on affection.—Strange! that at the very moment we are endeavoring to repress the unavailing passion of the one we love, we secretly—unknowingly, it may be—hope for its continuance! Not that Margaret would have ever swerved from her noble purpose, but she could not support the idea, that she was no longer thought of. And *he* had left her too, without the sort of farewell she felt she had deserved.

All “business affairs” were arranged according to her desire; but she was fast sinking under the outward tranquillity which, under such circumstances, is more fatal than exertion. Listlessly she wandered amidst the flowers which Rose loved to cultivate, when the unusual sound of carriage-wheels roused her attention, and with no ordinary emotion she saw Sir Thomas and Ernest Heathwood enter the wicket-gate and take the path leading to the cottage.

“I told you, Miss Sunderland,” commenced the old gentleman, with more agitation, but less embarrassment than he had shown at their former interview, “that I had need of twenty thousand pounds to support my credit, and save my family from distress. I told you, that I wished my son to marry a lady possessed of that sum, and I now come to claim you as his bride.”

“Sir!”

“Yes, Madam, I was your father’s largest creditor; and though I had no fraud, nothing dishonorable to allege against him, yet I did not, I confess it, like the idea of my son’s being united to his daughter. He was always speculative and imaginative, and I feared that you might be the same. The sum you have so nobly repaid me, I looked upon as lost, and you must therefore suffer me to consider it a mar-

riage portion ; it has saved me from ruin, without the sacrifice of my son's happiness."

"How is this ?" exclaimed Margaret, fearful of trusting the evidence of her own senses, "I cannot understand—the name——"

"Our original name was Simmons," explained Ernest eagerly, "but knowing all the circumstances—I never told you—I knew how my father would feel at your disinterested conduct ; and now that your trials are passed, you will, I trust, no longer doubt me."

"Who said I doubted ?" inquired Margaret.

"Even the pretty Rose, and here she comes to answer for her apostacy."

"Nay, dearest sister," exclaimed the laughing girl, "it was only last evening that I saw Ernest, and I have kept out of your way ever since, lest I should discover my own secret. Without my frivolity, and the thoughtlessness of another, who for all that, is dear to us both, Margaret's virtues would never have shone with so dazzling yet steady a light."

"True, Rose, spoken like an angel ; I never thought you wise before ; it is to be hoped that when your sister changes her name, her mantle may descend upon you," said Ernest.

"I think she had better share it with you ; and I only hope that Margaret—She may want it for herself," she continued, archly ; "who knows but the most bitter trials of Margaret Sunderland may come after marriage ?"

Ernest did not reply to the unjust suspicion, for he had not heard it ; his sense, his thought, his heart, were fixed only upon her, who had thrown so bright and cheering a lustre over that truth, usually so dark, even in its grandeur—"The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired."

## BYRON AND NAPOLEON: OR, THEY MET IN HEAVEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CORN-LAW RHYMES.

[NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

THROUGH realms of ice my journey lay, beneath

The wafture of two pinions black and vast,

That shook o'er boundless snows the dust of death,

While over head, thick, starless Midnight cast

Gloom on sad forms, that ever onward pass'd.

But whither pass'd they ? Oh, Eternity,

Thou answerest not ! Yet still thy sable wings,

Silently, silently, how silently !

Are sweeping worlds away, with all their Kings !—

And still I wander'd with forgotten things,

In pilgrimage with Death, an age-long day,

A year of anxious ages—so methought—

Till rose a living world in morning grey,

And light seem'd born of darkness—light, which brought

Before my soul the coasts of land remote.

"Hail, holy light, offspring of heaven, first-born,

Or of the eternal, co-eternal beam !"



Through worlds of darkness led, and travel-worn,  
 Again I felt thy glowing, brightening gleam,  
 Again I greeted thine ethereal stream,  
 And bless'd the fountain whence thy glories flow.

I waked not then, methought, but wander'd slow,  
 Where dwell the great, whom death hath freed from pain.  
 Trembling, I gazed on Hampden's thoughtful brow,  
 While Strafford smiled upon me in disdain,  
 And turn'd away from Hutchison and Vane.  
 There, some whom criminals disdain'd ; and all  
 Who, battling for the right, had nobly died ;  
 And some whom justest men deem'd criminal,  
 Wond'ring, I saw ! the flatter'd, the belied !  
 And Muir, and Saville, walking side by side !  
 They wept—even Strafford melted, when I told  
 Of Britain's woes—of toil that earn'd not bread,  
 And hands that found not work ; but Fairfax scowl'd,  
 While Cromwell laugh'd, and Russell's cheek grew red,  
 When, pale, I spake of satraps breadtax-fed.  
 Lo ! as I ceased, from earth a Stranger came,  
 With hurried step—a presence heavenly fair !  
 Yet grief, and anger, pride, contempt, and shame,  
 Were strangely mingled in his troubled stare !  
 And thus he spoke, with timid, haughty air,  
 To Russell, Fairfax, in tones low but sweet :  
 “ I too am noble. England's magnates rank  
 Me with themselves ; and when, beneath their feet  
 Fate's low-born despot, hope-deserted, sank—  
 When torrid noon his sweat of horror drank—  
 I join'd his name forever with my own ! ”

Him then to answer, one who sate alone,  
 Like a maim'd lion, mateless in his lair,  
 Rose from his savage couch of barren stone,  
 His Kingly features wither'd by despair,  
 And heart-worn till the tortured nerve was bare.  
 With looks that seem'd to scorn even scorn of less  
 Than demigods, the Army-Scatterer came ;  
 An awful shadow of the mightiness  
 That once was his ; the gloom, but not the flame  
 Of waning storms, when winds and seas grow tame.  
 The stranger, shrinking from the warrior's eye,  
 On his own hands his beauteous visage bow'd,  
 Sobbing ; but soon he raised it mournfully,  
 And met th' accusing look, and on the crowd  
 Smiled, while the stern accuser spake aloud.

“ Yet, Lordling—though ‘ but yesterday a King,  
 Throneless I died,’—yet nations sobb'd my knell !  
 And still I live, and reign, no nameless thing !  
 I fell, 'tis true—I fail'd ; and thou canst tell  
 That any wretch alive may say I fell.  
 Of worth convicted, and the glorious sin



That wreck'd the angels, now I owe and pay,  
 To wealth and power's pretended Jacobin,  
 Scorn for thy glory, laughter for the lay  
 That won the flatteries of an abject day.  
 When Meanness taught her helots to be proud,  
 Because the breaker of their bonds was gone ;  
 Didst thou, too, join, magnanimous and loud,  
 The yell of millions o'er the prostrate one ?  
 What cat out-mew'd the Cat of Helicon ?  
 Yes, thou didst soothe my sorrows with an ode,  
 When stunn'd I lay beneath Destruction's wing,  
 And realms embattled o'er their conqueror rode.  
 Yes, when a world combined with fate to fling  
 A cruel sunshine on each vulgar King ;  
 When fallen, deserted, blasted, and alone,  
 Silent he press'd his bed of burning stone,  
 What caitiff aim'd at greatness in despair,  
 Th' immortal shaft that pierced Prometheus there ?  
 Cat, and not vulture ! couldst not thou refrain,  
 The laureate vile of viler things to be ?  
 When ' Timour's Captive's ' cage was rock and main,  
 What was ' proud Austria's mournful flower ' to thee,  
 Thou soulless torturer of Captivity ?  
 And what to thee, mean Homager of Thrones,  
 The sleepless pangs that stung him till he died ?  
 Tortured, he perish'd—but who heard his groans ?  
 Chain'd through the soul, the ' throneless homicide,'  
 Mantled his agony in stoic pride.  
 While souls guilt-clotted watch'd, with others' eyes,  
 And from afar, with others' feet, repair'd  
 To count, and weigh, and quaff his agonies—  
 Like Phidian marble he endured, and dared  
 The Universe to shake what Fate had spared.  
 How fare the lands he loved, and fought to save ?  
 Oh, Hun and Goth ! your new-born hope is gone !  
 Thou, Italy, art glory's spacious grave,  
 Through which the stream of my renown flows on,  
 Like thine Euphrates, ruin'd Babylon !  
 What gain'd my gaolers by my wrongs and fall ?  
 Laws, praised in hell—not Draco's laws, but worse ;  
 A mournful page, which history writes in gall ;  
 A table without food—an empty purse :  
 A name, become a byword and a curse,  
 O'er every sea, to warn all nations, borne ! ”

Was it the brightening gleam of heavenly morn,  
 Beneath the shadow of his godlike brow ?  
 Or, did a tear of grief, and rage, and scorn,  
 Down his sad cheek of pride and trouble, flow ?  
 He felt upon his cheek th' indignant glow,  
 But shed no tear, not even a burning tear.  
 The fire of sorrow in his bosom pent,

He gazed on Milton, with an eye severe,  
 On tranquil Pym a look of sternness bent,  
 Then, smiling on the humbled stranger, went  
 To laugh with Cæsar tasking Hannibal.

### THE VICTIM.\*

A TRUE STORY. BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

[*NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*].—Some years ago, myself and a fellow-student went to Dawlish for the summer months. An accident, which I need not narrate, and which was followed by a severe attack of the pleurisy, chained me a prisoner to my room for several weeks. My companion, whose name was St. Clare, was a young man of high spirits and lively temper; and though naturally kind and affectionate, escaped, as often as he could, from the restraint of a sick room. In one of his walks, he chanced to encounter a young lady, whom he fell in love with, as the phrase is, at first sight, and whose beauty he dwelt upon with a warmth of enthusiasm not a little tantalizing to one, like myself, who could not even behold it. The lady, however, quitted Dawlish very suddenly, and left my friend in ignorance of every other particular concerning her than that her name was Smith, and her residence in London. So vague a direction he, however, resolved to follow up. We returned to town sooner than we otherwise should have done, in order that the lover might commence his inquiries. My friend was worthy of the romantic name that he bore, Melville St. Clare—a name that was the delight of all his boarding-school cousins, and the jest of all his acquaintance in the schools.

He was the sole son of Thomas St. Clare, of Clare Hall, in the county of —, No. —, in Hanover square, and Banker, No. —, Lombard street. An eccentric man did the world account him. "Very odd," remarked the heads of houses for wholesale brides, "that the old man should insist upon his son studying medicine and surgery, when every one knows that he will inherit at least ten thousand a year."—"Nothing to do with it," was the argument of the father; "who can tell what is to happen to funded, or even landed property, in England? The empire of disease takes in the world; and in all its quarters, medical knowledge may be made the key to competency and wealth."

While quietly discussing in my own mind the various relative merits between two modes of operation for popliteal aneurism, at my lodgings in town, some three weeks after our return from the country of hills and rain, (some ungallantly add, of thick ancles also,) my studies were broken in upon by a messenger, who demanded my immediate compliance with the terms of a note he held in his hand. It ran thus:—

"Let me pray you to set off instantly with the bearer in my carriage to your distressed friend—  
 M. ST. CLARE."

\* We insert this story, in the hope that any little impression it may create, will serve to swell the general desire for an immediate reform, similar to that which the more enlightened policy of the State of Massachusetts has recently effected in regard to her anatomy laws, and which, in England, is most fearfully and urgently demanded.

On reaching the house, the blinds were down and the shutters closed ; while the knocker muffled, bespoke a note of ominous preparation. "How are you ?" I inquired, somewhat relieved by seeing my friend up ; and though looking wan, bearing no marks of severe illness. "I hope nothing has happened ?"

"Yes, the deadliest arrow in Fortune's quiver has been shot—and found its mark. At three, this morning, my father's valet called me up, to say his master was in convulsions. Suspecting it to be a return of apoplexy, I despatched him off for Abercrombie,\* and on reaching his room, I found my fears verified. Abercrombie arrived ; he opened the temporal artery, and sense returned, when my unfortunate parent insisted on informing me what arrangements he had made in my favor respecting the property ; and on my suggesting that his books might previously require to be looked over, he interrupted me by saying it was useless. 'You are the son of a ruined man.' I started. 'Yes, such have I been for the last twenty years ! I have secured to you a *thousand pounds*, to finish your education—and that is all that calamity has left in my power to bestow.' For some moments I was led to doubt his sanity.

"What, then, can be contained within those two massive chests, so carefully secured ?"—'Old parchment copies of my mortgages. Your fortune has only changed in aspect ; before you were in existence, the author of your being was a *beggar* ! My credit alone has supported me. I have with difficulty been able to invest in the funds for your wants the paltry sum I mentioned. May you prosper better than your father, and the brightness of your day make up for the darkness of his closing scene. God's blessing——' His head sank on the pillow, and falling into a comatose state he slept for four or five hours, when his transition from time to eternity was as gentle as it was unnoticed.

"For my part, I merely remain here till the last offices are performed. All his affairs will be committed to his solicitors, when the fortune and residence which I looked forward to enjoying as my own must be left to others."

"Courage, my dear fellow," said I, "there is no space too great to allow of the sun's rays enlivening it—neither is that heart in existence which hope may not inhabit."

The funeral was over, the mansions of his father relinquished, and St. Clare himself duly forgotten by his *friends*. The profession, which he before looked on as optional in its pursuit, was now to become his means of existence ; and in order to pursue it with greater comfort to ourselves, we took spacious rooms, which enabled us to live together, in —— street, Borough, in the neighborhood of our hospital. One morning, it so happened that I had something to detain me at home, and St. Clare proceeded by himself to his studies. From the brilliant complexion and handsome countenance of a former day, his appearance had degenerated into the pale and consumptive look of one about to follow the friend for whom his "sable livery of woe was worn."

"Give me joy, Dudley ! Joy, I say, for life is bright once more !" exclaimed St. Clare, returning late in the evening, while his face was beaming with gladness.

"I rejoice to hear it," said I. "What has happened ?" I inquired. St. Clare explained. He had met his unforgotten mistress of Daw-

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\* Abercrombie is the chief surgical writer on diseases of the brain.

lish ; she had introduced him to her father, with whom she was walking, and whom he recognized as a Mr. Smith, an eccentric and wealthy acquaintance of his deceased parents. Mr. Smith invited him to dinner the next day. To cut short my story, St. Clare soon received permission to pay his addresses to the lady he had so long secretly loved ; and Mr. Smith, who had originally been in trade, and was at once saving and generous, promised 16,000*l.* to the young couple, on the condition that St. Clare should follow up his profession. The marriage was to be concluded immediately after St. Clare had passed the College of Surgeons, which he expected to do in six months.

"Dudley, I have an engagement to-day, and shall not be at home till the evening," said St. Clare, returning from the Hospital one morning ; "but as we must dissect the arteries of the neck somewhat more minutely before we go up for examination, I wish you would get a subject. I am told you can have one within two days, by applying to this man," giving me the card of an exhumator in the Borough.

"Very well," I returned, setting off.

"Which will you have, Sir ?" asked the trafficker in human clay, whose lineaments bespoke the total absence of every human feeling from his heart :—"a lady or a jemman ?"

"Whichever you can procure with least trouble," I replied. "When can you bring it to my lodgings ?"

"The day after to-morrow, Sir."

"Good ! What is your price ?"

"Why, Sir, the market's very high just now, as there's a terrible rout about those things ; so I must have twelve guineas."

"Well, then, at eleven, the evening after to-morrow, I shall expect you."

The night passed, no St. Clare appeared ;—the next, still he came not—and eleven on the following evening found him yet absent. Surrounded with books, bones, skulls, and other requisites for surgical study, midnight surprised me, when a gentle tap at the door put my reveries to flight.

"Two men in the street, Sir, wish to see you there."

"Very well," said I ; and recollecting the appointment, I descended, and found the exhumator and another.

"We called you down, Sir, to get the woman out of the way ; because, you know, these things don't do to gossip about. Shall we take it up-stairs ?"

"Yes, and I will follow behind. Make as little noise as possible."

"No, no, Sir, trust us for that—we're pretty well used to this sort of work. Jem, give the signal : " when the party addressed, stepping into the street, gave a low whistle on his fingers, and something advanced with a dull, rustling noise, which proved to be a wheelbarrow containing a sack. They had filled the gutter with straw, and over this driven the barrow. In an instant two of them seized the sack, and without making any more disturbance than if they had been simply walking up-stairs, they carried it into my apartment, and the vehicle it was brought in was rapidly wheeled off.

It is usual for students to carry on their dissections solely in the theatre to which they belong, but as there are many annoyances from the low and coarse set too often mixed up in these places, St. Clare and myself had determined to choose a lodging where we could pursue this necessary, but revolting, part of the profession in private. Within

my bedroom was a dressing-closet, which, as it was well lighted, we devoted to this purpose. Having carried in their burden and laid it down, they returned to the sitting-room, through which was the only communication with the other.

"Couldn't get ye a jemman, Sir; so we brought ye a lady this time," said the man.

"Very well. I hope the subject is a recent one, because I may not be able to make use of the body for a day or two."

"As to the time she has been buried, Sir, that's *none* to speak of;" while a grin of dark expression gathered round his mouth; and though ignorant of its meaning it made me recoil, from the air of additional horror it flung over features already so revolting in expression. I went into the closet to take a glance at the subject, fearing that they might attempt to deceive me. They had lain it on the table, and a linen cloth swathed round was the only covering. I drew aside the corner which concealed the face, and started, for never till that instant had I seen aught that came so near to my most ideal picture of female loveliness; even though the last touches had been painted by the hand of Death. As the light of the candle fell on the shrouded figure before me, it composed the very scene that Rembrandt would have loved to paint, and you, my reader, to have looked on. Her hair was loose and motionless, while its whole length, which had strayed over the neck and shoulders, nestled in a bosom white as snow, whose pure, warm tides were now at rest forever! One thing struck me as singular—her rich, dark tresses still held within them a thin, slight comb. An oath of impatience from the men I had left in the next room drew me from my survey.

"Where did you get the subject, my men?" I inquired, as I put the money into the man's hand.

"Oh, we hadn't it from a town churchyard, Sir. It came up from the country, didn't it, Jem?"

"Yes," replied the man addressed, and both moved quickly to depart; while I returned to gaze on the beauteous object I had left, and which afforded me a pleasure, so mixed up with all that was horrid, that I sincerely hope it will never fall to my lot to have a second experience of the same feeling.

To me she was as nothing, less than nothing; and though, from long habit, I had almost brought myself to meet with indifference the objects which are found on the dissecting-table, I could not gaze on one so young, so very fair, without feeling the springs of pity dissolve within me; and tears, fast and many, fell on lips I refrained not from kissing, notwithstanding Mortality had set its seal upon them; as yet—

Before decay's effacing fingers  
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers.

Her eyes were closed beneath the long lashes. I lifted one lid; the orb beneath was large and blue—but "soul was wanting there." So great was the impression her beauty made upon me, that, stepping into the next room, I took my materials, and made a drawing of the placid and unconscious form so hushed and still. I look upon it at this moment, and fancy recalls the deep and unaccountable emotions that shook me as I made it. It must have been an instinctive—. But, to proceed, I saw but one figure in my sleep—the lovely, but unburied dead. I awoke—what could it be that felt so moist and cold

against my face ?—where was I ?—what light was glimmering through the windows ?—it was the break of day. Worn with fatigue, I had fallen asleep over my drawing, while the candle had burnt out in the socket, and my head was resting on the inanimate breast, which had been deprived too soon of existence to know the pure joy of pillowing a fellow-heart it loved. I arose, and retired to a sleepless couch. In the evening, while over my modicum of coffee, in came St. Clare. He appeared haggard and wild, whilst every now and then his eye would gaze on vacancy, and closing, seem to shut out some unpleasant thought, that haunted him in ideal reality.

“Well, St. Clare, what has detained you ?”

“Death !” said he, solemnly. “The sole remaining relative to whom Nature has given any claim on my affections, is no more. A sudden despatch called me down to soothe the expiring hours of my mother’s sister, and not a soul is left me now on earth to love, save Emily and my friend. I feel most unaccountably oppressed—a dread sense of ill pervades me ; but let me hope that ill is past.”

“Well, think of it no more,” I replied, and changed the conversation. “I have procured a subject—female, beautiful and young ; but I feel more inclined to let it rest and rot amidst its fellow-clods of clay, than bare so fair a bosom to the knife. It is well that the living hold a pre-occupancy of my heart, or such a beauteous form of death——”

“This note has just been left for you, Sir, from Mr. Smith, who requests an immediate answer,” said my servant, entering. I read aloud its contents :—

“Though unknown to you, save by name and the mention of another, I call upon you, as the friend of one who was my friend, to assist me in unraveling this horrid mystery. On Tuesday, at two, my dearest Emily went out, with the intention of returning at four. Since that hour, I have been unable to obtain the slightest information respecting her. I have called in your absence for St. Clare twice ; he was unexpectedly out. Surely I have not mistaken *him* ! He cannot have filled up the measure of mankind’s deceit, and abused the trust reposed in him ! Let me pray you, for the love of Heaven ! to give me the least clue you are possessed of that may lead to her discovery.

“I know not what I have written, but you can understand its meaning. Yours, &c. JOHN SMITH.”

Starting from his seat with the air of a maniac, St. Clare abstractedly gazed on empty air, as if to wait conviction. Too soon it came, and seizing a light, he dashed towards the closet where he knew the body was to be. For the first time a dark suspicion flashed upon me, and taking the other candle I followed. The face had been again covered, and St. Clare, setting the light upon the table, stood transfixed,—just as we feel the pressure of some night-mare dream,—without the power of drawing his eyes away, or by dashing aside the veil, to end this suspense of agony, in the certainty of despair.

Every muscle of his body shook, while his pale lips could only mutter—“It must be so ! it must be so !” and his finger pointing to the shrouded corpse, silently bade me to disclose the truth : mute, motionless horror pervaded me throughout ; when, springing from his trance, he tore away the linen from the features it concealed. One glance sufficed ;—true, the last twenty-four hours had robbed them of much

that was lovely, but they were cast in a mould of such sweet expression that *once seen*, was to be *remembered forever*.

With indescribable wildness he flung himself upon the body, and embracing the pallid clay, seemed vainly trying to kiss it back to life. I watched his countenance till it became so pale, there was only one shade of difference between the two. In an instant, from the strained glare of his fixed glance, his eyes relaxed, and a lifeless, inanimate expression of nonentity succeeded their former tension, while with his hand still retaining the hair of the deceased in his grasp, he sunk upon the ground.

Assistance was called, and from a state of insensibility he passed into one of depression.

All our efforts to disentangle the locks he had so warmly loved from his fingers were all in vain; the locks were, therefore, cut off from the head. Through all the anguish of his soul he never spoke; the last words to which his lips gave utterance, were these—"It must be so, it must be so." For hours he would stare at one object, and his look was to me so full of horror and reproach, I could not meet it. Suddenly he would turn to the hair, and fastening his lips upon it, murmur some inarticulate sounds, and weep with all the bitterness of infantine sorrow.

The reader will remember it so chanced, that I never was introduced to the heroine of my tale; but all doubt was now removed as to the identity of the subject for dissection with the unfortunate Emily Smith. How she came by her death was a mystery that nothing seemed likely to unravel.

Not the slightest marks of violence could be found about her person; the arms were certainly in an unnatural position, being bent with the palms upward, as if to support a weight; and seemed to have been somewhat pressed, but this might be accounted for by the packing of the body. All beside wore the appearance of quiescent death.

She was opened, and not the slightest trace of poison presented itself. Immediate search had been made for the men; they had absconded, and all apparent means of inquiry seemed hushed with the victim of science in its grave.

Some years passed—St. Clare was dead—the father of the unfortunate Emily was no more. Fortune had thriven with me, and being independent of practice, I had settled in the West-end of London, and married the object of my choice. I was soon occupied with the employments of my profession, and amongst the rest that of surgeon to the ——— dispensary.

Seven years after my first commencement, I had to attend a poor man who was attacked with inflammation of the brain. The violence of the disease had been subdued, but some strange wanderings of delirium still haunted him. In a paroxysm of this sort he one day exclaimed to me, as I was feeling his pulse, "Cut it off! Cut it off! it says so: off with it!" Paying no attention to this, I replaced his arm within the coverlid, but dashing it out, he seized mine and demanded, "Does it not say if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off?" "Yes, my man, but yours is a useful member; take my advice and keep it on."

"I will not; it has offended me, ay, damned me to eternity. It is a murderous right hand!" But I will not drag the reader through the



incoherent ravings of guilty delirium ; it suffices to say, that after some considerable pains I elicited the following story from him.

"It's just ten years to-morrow (that's Tuesday) since I was discharged from four months imprisonment in the House of Correction. I was then just twenty. In the same place I met a gang of resurrection men, and they said what a jolly life they led, plenty of money, and all that, when one of 'em told the rest he knew a better way to get the rhino quickly than what they did, and if so be as they wouldn't split, he'd tell 'em. Well, after making me take an oath (I trembles now to think of it) that I wouldn't tell, they let me into it. This was to kidnap all the greenhorns, that didn't know their way about town, and carry them to a house the gang had in —— alley, near Blackfriars, where they were to be suffocated, and sold to you doctors for cutting up. Well, it took a long time to bring my mind to such a thing, but they persuaded me we were all *destined to go to heaven or hell*, before we were born, and that *our actions had nothing to do with it*. So I agreed, when the time came round, to enter the gang.

"On the day we were *let loose*, there were four of us loitering near the coach stand in —— street. A gentleman was walking up and down before an inn, looking at his watch every now and then, and casting his eyes round to see if a coach was coming which he seemed to expect. Presently he met some one who knowed 'un, and I saw him take a letter and read it, and then say to the other 'I can't come this instant, because I expect a friend in half an hour, and must wait for her ; but stay, I can write a note, and put her off,' when he stepped inside the inn, and came out in ten minutes, with a note in his hand. One of us had been servant in a cutting-up house in the Borough, and knowed him afore ; stepping up, he asked if he could carry the note for him ? The other was in a hurry, and said 'yes,' giving him half-a-crown to take it into the Borough, then got into the coach and drove off. Instead of going with it, he had larnt to read, and breaking the note open, found some lady was coming to meet the gentleman by half-past two. 'I tell ye what, my boys,' says he, 'here's a fish come to our net without looking for it, so we'll have her first.' Shortly after, up comes the coach with a lady in it ; meanwhile one of our gang had got another coach belonging to us *for the purpose*, which was in waiting ; so the villain tells her that the gentleman had been obliged to go somewhere else, but he was an old servant, and if she would get into his coach, he would drive her to the house where the gemman was waiting to receive her. She, never suspecting, got in, and was driven off to the *slaughter house*, as we called it. She entered by a back yard, and frightened by the dark, dirty way, and lonely-looking rooms, and not seeing him she expected, she attempted to run off, but that was of no use, and taking her to a room for the purpose, in the middle of the house, where no one could hear her screaming, she was locked up for the night. Well, I was uncommon struck with her beautiful looks, and begged very hard to let her go : they said it would not do, because as how they would all be found out. *So die she must, the next order they had for a corpse*. That very night came an order, and they swore I should have the killing of her, for being spooney enough to beg her life. I swore I would not do it ; but they said if I didn't they would send me instead, and, frightened at their threats, I agreed.

"In the room where she slept was a bed, with a sliding top to let down and smother the person who was lying beneath, while the chain

which let it down was fastened in the room above. They had given her a small lamp in order to look at her through a hole, that they might see what she was about. After locking the door inside, (for they left the key there to keep 'em *easy*, while it was bolted on the out,) and looking to see there was no one in the room, nor any other door, she knelt by the bed-side, said her prayers, and then laid down in her clothes. This was at ten—they watched her till twelve; she was sleeping soundly, but crying too, they said, when they took me up into the room above, and with a drawn knife at my throat, insisted on my letting go the chain which was to smother her beneath—I did it! Oh, I did it!—hark!” starting up, “don’t you hear that rustling of the clothes? a stifled cry? no, all is quiet! She is done for—take her and sell her!” and from that he fell into his old raving manner once more.

The next day he was again lucid, and pulling from his bosom an old purse, he said, “I managed to get these things without their knowledge.” It contained a ring with a locket engraven “E. S.” and the silver plate of a dog’s collar with the name of “Emily” on it; “that,” he remarked, “came from a little spaniel which we sold.”

I had made a finished miniature from the rough drawing taken on the first evening of my seeing Emily Smith. This had been set in the lid of a snuff-box, and anxious to see if he would recognise it, I brought it in my pocket. After looking an instant at the contents of the purse, I silently placed the snuff-box in his hand. His mind but barely took time to comprehend and know the face, when flinging it from him with a loud cry, his spirit took its flight to final judgment—and I vowed from that day a renunciation of the scalpel forever.

# ADIEU TO SCOTLAND.

[ENGLISHMAN’S MAGAZINE.]

LAND of my soul! what meet farewell

Shall trembling lips like mine address thee?

Such struggling thoughts my bosom swell

That words I scarce can find to bless thee!

Fame to thy sons of noble race!

Joy to thy maids of matchless grace!

Peace to my father’s dwelling place,

And health to all who love thee!

What child of thine may hope to find,

Amid the climes where Fate shall lead him,

The virtues that he leaves behind,

Thy truth, thy honor, and thy freedom?

They shun the blood-stain’d soil of France,

In Rome they sleep in death-like trance—

Helvetia’s mountains knew them once,

And for thy sake—I’ll love her!

Yet there, even there—thy heath-clad hill,

Thy clear brown streams—the woods that line them,

Thy fairy lakes, shall haunt me still,

And mock the lands that would outshine them.

In vain shall Alps invade the sky,  
 And rivers roll majestic by,  
 And mightier lakes expanded lie—  
 Like thine, I cannot love them !

Sounds too there are—as all have known,—  
 Upon the soul resistless stealing,  
 From voice of friends, the mingled tone  
 Of Scotia's music—mirth and feeling !  
 Oh Italy ! thy matchless art  
 A moment's rapture may impart ;  
 Like these, it ne'er can reach the heart  
 From infancy that loved them !

There is a spot, a darling spot,  
 Whose charms no other scene can borrow,  
 Whose smiles can cheer the darkest lot,  
 Can double joy, and lighten sorrow.  
 Through marble halls I'll coldly roam,  
 Unenvious of the princely dome,  
 And from their state, my lowly Home !  
 Still more I'll learn to love thee.

But for that friend who guides my way,  
 That tie which Death alone can sever ;  
 Unable or to go, or stay,  
 My heart would linger on forever.  
 But duty calls, the sail is set,  
 And eyes with friendly tears are wet—  
 Adieu, adieu ! Oh ! ne'er forget,  
 Till I return, to love me !

#### THE SORROWS OF A MUSICAL MONKEY.

[*ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.*].—I was born in the beautiful land of Guiana, whose rich and verdant forests yielded plenty and security to my forefathers. Our family had reason to be proud of their lineage. There was scarcely a Court in the world, scarcely a renowned beauty, that had not, at some period, possessed a scion of the antique stock of Simione. I came of a line of distinguished travelers ; would I had not added to the number ! Then, happy in my native woods, I had lived to a ripe old age, peopling the spreading branches with my progeny : now, an outcast, a—but let me not anticipate my story.

I have said the itch of traveling ran in the veins of the Simiones—the “Monkey that had seen the world” came of our stock. How could I hope to be exempt from the hereditary malady ! It was my fate to be a wanderer—I do but realize my destiny.

One beautiful evening I was gamboling in all the airiness of youthful blood from branch to branch of a mango tree, when, by chance, (accursed chance,) I cast my looks downwards, and beheld, reposing in the shade, a sleeping traveler. He was attired in a white sailor jacket, and white trousers ; a Spanish net was upon his head ; his feet were shoeless, and a fowling-piece lay by his side. Prompted by cu-

riosity, ("the badge of all our tribe,") I descended from my station, and, in a trice, was at the side of the sleeping adventurer. With a mixture of surprise and envy I examined every article of his dress. I even ventured to lift up his gun; whilst, however, in the act, I thought the sleeper stirred, and throwing down the weapon, its contents exploded, and really awakened its owner. The worst part remains to be told; a few slugs from the piece had entered my leg, and I was limping to my tree when I became the prisoner of my future master. From that moment I lost my freedom and became a wretch.

I traveled with my keeper for several months, and, at length, after many a perilous adventure, arrived with him at Rome. It appeared, that my master, incited by ambition and the love of wandering, had determined to quit his native city in quest of adventures, that he might afterwards give to the world the history of his rambles. The book was written; and many a day did its author sally forth, to gain, if possible, a Roman publisher. There was scarcely such an article in the Eternal City. At length, worn out by disappointment, preyed upon by poverty—alas! how I sighed for my oranges and citrons, hanging wherever I thrust my paw—the ambitious traveler dwindled into the mere pauper; his temper soured, his hopes blighted—he died of want and chagrin. One day his corse was exposed with a plate upon the breast, to receive the charitable donations of the benevolent; the next the student was tumbled into earth, and I straightway became the property of his landlord's son—a brown, black-eyed boy, about fourteen, who, with me and a barrel-organ, his stock in trade, was packed to England.—We arrived in London.

Men, who have hearts in your bosoms, let them dilate with sympathy for him who was once like you. Ladies, who have tears in your eyes, let them fall for a late wild young fellow, who, for the sins committed in his former days, has endured the most humiliating, the most agonizing, metempsychosis that ever Pythagoras imagined. Yes, I was once a man; what is worse, I was a musical amateur, nature had gifted me with the most susceptible of ears; they have been, and are, the cause of hourly torture.

Fancy the condition of even a monkey retaining, under his simial form, a highly cultivated taste for the concord of sweet sounds—possessing the most profound veneration for the pathos and simplicity of the elder masters—imagine his despair and agony, at being seated twelve hours *per diem* on a cracked barrel-organ, vibrating with such things as *Judy O'Callaghan*; *The King! God bless him*; *I'd be a Butterfly*; and *My own Blue Bell*. Is it not enough to make him dash his brains out against the instrument of his torture? Such an effect has the constancy of the punishment had upon me, that my mind has frequently sunk beneath the infliction. The most strange and afflicting vagaries have, at times, beset me; fancies, worthy of the attention of the profoundest metaphysicians. If I could be "the viewless spirit of a lovely sound," 'twould be well enough, but, unhappily, I am composed of bones, a little flesh, blood, skin, and muscle, all of which are hourly preyed upon by a flying army of quavers and semi-quavers. The gamut has sworn a deadly feud against me: as my prime persecutor turns the handle of my rack, I can feel each note enter my ears and course through every part of my body, my blood bubbling up, as though *ut, re, mi* were sparks of fire penetrating into my system. Thus I remain for a time a sentient embodiment of throbbing sound; the agony

is pushed to the extreme verge of feeling, and then I am apt to fly off into comparative insensibility, yet still retaining in my delirium some consciousness of the prevailing cause of my distraction. In these moments, if my nerves have been stretched on the wheel of *Judy O'Callaghan*, I incontinently fancy myself her sighing swain, the "charming Mister Brallaghan;" and then, in the paroxysm, commit all the extravagancies of an enamored swain. No gallant of Bedlam is then so mad as the *lazzarone's* monkey. I am the most galliard, the most smiling, simpering, fantastic of admirers; now enumerating all my worldly effects with the rapidity and precision of an auctioneer, ending with the bold, swaggering, insinuating appeal—

Only say,  
You'll love Mr. Brallaghan;  
Don't say nay,  
Charming Judy Callaghan!

This fit may, probably, last for a week. Sunday being a low diet day, and a time of rest for the organ—for the *lazzaroni* do not practise at home—by the return of Monday, I may, perhaps, attain to something like a state of horrible consciousness. Frightful reality! The Turk who puts a piece of opium into his mouth, squats down on the banks of the Bosphorus, and sees, in his heightened and delirious fancy, a fleet of ships steering for the port, to discharge their spicy cargoes, their silks, golden carpets, and rich drugs, within his air-built warehouses—his horror, when awakened from his dream to a handful of coarse rice, and, it may be, the bastinado, is nothing, compared to the terrible morbidity that attacks me, returned to a knowledge of my bondage and its hardships.

My anatomy must be of the most durable kind, or it never could survive the frequent assaults made upon it by the organ; it never could outlast the conflicting feeling of which I am hourly made the victim. For instance, some airs, as in the case of the aforesaid *Judy O'Callaghan*, are of a tolerably gay and sprightly movement; my spirits, by dint of continued persecution, take the cue, and go off at a full gallop. Now mark the violence of the contrast; whilst I am reveling in a kind of frenzied mirth, my executioner strikes up, and perhaps keeps at it for a whole afternoon, "*Oh, no! we never mention her!*" Is not the change beyond brute endurance? If, before, I was in a fever, I am now dipped deep in a cold stream; my blood retreats from my extremities, and my heart turns into a snowball. Everything changes before my eyes, the houses turn black, the geraniums wither, even the hackney-coachmen look serious. And then, for the effects of broken vows and divided sixpences, every fourth woman I look at seems as though she were either going for oxalic acid, to Sir Richard Birnie, with her father and the beadle, or to the Serpentine, with a prefatory scream. Though of a vivacious race, I am prone to the "melting mood." Judge what havoc a heart-breaking tune, ground for six hours into a naturally delicate and sympathising system, must effect! I declare, as I sit motionless upon the organ, with "the big tears coursing down my innocent nose," an indifferent spectator might take me for a statue, squatting over the source of a fountain ingeniously contrived to trickle out at my eyes! Whilst in this temperament, servant-maids may throw, from their pockets, warm halfpence, to reward my master, when I, washed in sorrow, my thoughts far away from dirty lucre, am thumped

down, with a bursting heart, to grope for the coin in the mud. It is these violent conflicts—the gay, the sentimental, and the mercenary,—that are hourly grinding me to dust.

I am now sore from the chastisement of my task-master. All last week he took it into his head to play nothing but “*I’d be a butterfly.*” My morbid imagination was soon at work, “wings at my shoulders seemed to play;” my grisly green hide was changed into a rich damask golden spotted; “roses and lilies” were springing from the top of the organ, and I was, in idea, “sipping all things that are pretty and sweet!” However, even this delusion was not unmixed with pain. I was exposed to all the dangers that await the race of winged caterpillars. Now I was in a cold sweat, at having, somewhat rashly, dived my proboscis and antennæ into a gilliflower, and, instead of meeting with honey, confronted the unsheathed sting of a tenant bee; I screeched, and raised my paw to my nose. But my master kept on playing, and I was still a butterfly, flitting near Primrose Hill, when two charity boys, of St. Patrick’s School—transplanted suckers of the seven millions—saw me, shouted, and gave chase! My master played on—I panted and fled—the boys followed—still my master played, and, in a trice, I was fluttering under the worsted cap of one of my pursuers! Science had touched even the babies of St. Patrick; they wished to preserve me, and to that end (my master played *con strepito*) began to insert a pin into my body. I could endure it no longer. I screamed, and (so vivid was my imagination) flew, tooth and nail, in the face of the organist, who left a bruise with every blow he returned, speedily awakening me from my papillineaceous phantasies.

There is this curse attending my fate—either the airs themselves, kneaded into my system, are of a lack-a-daisical and withering description, or if of a “bolder, livelier strain,” they throw me from my equilibrium, and I am made the plaything of my imagination. I encounter all kinds of blows and obloquy. Having heard “*A health to the King, God bless him*” turned out of the organ for three successive hours, how could I avoid fancying myself at the Freemason’s Tavern, seated near Messrs. Broadhurst, Fitzwilliam, and Jolly? I was, in fact, at a public dinner, the — of — in the chair! The plate glittered, the glass shone, the table cloths were white as (a good old simile) “unsunned snow,” the viands smoked, (a rare thing,) the waiters looked obliging (still rarer). Everything promised, as the reporters say, “the feast of reason and the flow of soul.” There was one drawback on the festivity; several of the parties, the chairman in particular, would speak; however, I continued to play with an olive and a few glasses of port, hearing as little as possible. All would have passed off beautifully. I became deliciously drunk, was heaved into a hackney-coach, moved towards my lodgings at the rate of at least a mile and a half an hour, and was put down—but no! I forbear to give the address, even the vagaries of my imagination shall not cast the shadow of slander over so respectable a neighborhood; let it suffice that I grasped the knocker of my proper door, the sleepy girl stood in the passage with the sleepy light, there in my chamber was my “plump bed, bearing up, and swelling like a cloud.” I was scrambling onward, when, a trifling circumstance, the coachman’s fare, called me back to the door-step. Having dined at the Freemason’s Tavern, I considered myself authorised, on the slightest provocation, to knock any man down, but most of all men hackney-coachmen. The char-

ioteer demanded sixpence above the Act of Parliament—down he went ; the New Police came up, and I was hurried to the black-hole of a neighboring watch-house, where I arrived just in time to see cut down a respectable hen-pecked tallow-chandler, who having been seized “talking to a woman,” and having the fear of his wife and the newspapers before his eyes, had determined to leave the world in his own neck-cloth. Into this dungeon I was thrust, for my landlord having been married but three days, drunk as I was, I had not the boldness to send for him to bail me. Here I fell asleep, but for how long I know not ; Sir Richard Birnie, like Queen Mab, ran through my brain, and I was just putting it to the gentlemanly feeling of a reporter not to publish my case, when I was awakened by a cut across the head, and saw my master ready to start, with cane in hand, and organ slung about him. I was again a mere monkey.

Were I to give all the adventures that have happened to me under these mental aberrations, I might fill three or (as printing goes) four very tolerable octavo volumes. This I forbear to do, trusting that the few instances of personal suffering cited in this paper, will be sufficient to awaken for me the sympathy of the truly benevolent. There is no kind of accident which I have not endured. At the period when the “*Blue Bonnets*” were the fashion, I was twice left for dead on the field, and once taken prisoner. Being at times martially inclined, (you may have often seen me in a red jacket, a cap and feather,) the stirring strain of “*March ! March ! Eltrick and Teviotdale !*” equipped me, *point device*, as a Highlander. Whilst this fit was on, I heard the pibroch, saw the bleak hills, trod the heather, met the foe, fought like a lion, and was left with three slashes in my valiant person on the field of glory.

I have been the victim of every popular tune for the last ten years. I have been beaten to a mummy for attempting to taste the “*Cherry Ripe*” of ladies’ lips—died three times a “*Valiant Troubadour*”—have “*Plucked the Fairest Flower*,” till flowers grew stale upon my hands—met fair ones “*By moonlight alone*,” till rheumatism is possessed of every joint of my body,—a malady rendered still more acute by “*Home ! sweet home !*” and “*Di tanti Palpiti !*”

As my master and I have approached the windows of the retired and studious, I have seen the people survey us with a look of horror and detestation. Alas ! what is half-an-hour’s application of the barrel-organ, compared to its incessant groans and shrieks for months ! I trust that, after a knowledge of my sufferings, these itinerant executioners will meet with less patronage ; the more especially, when it is known—a fact which I am ready to swear to—that their instruments are fitted up with machinery, by which they can at once play “*God save the King*,” and grind Mocha coffee. All these fellows are employed by wholesale grocers.

As nearly all the music of the present day is written to perish, it may yet be a matter of curiosity to future times to know what airs amused this tasteless age. Fortunately, I shall be enabled to shed this light upon posterity, to which end I make a solemn bequest of my body, after death, to the Royal Academy of Music. I am convinced—such an effect has the constant torment to which I have been, and am subjected, had upon my system—that in my anatomy will be found a correct score of all the street tunes of the past ten years. I am certain of the fact ; all my nerves are “properly arranged ;” the “*varia-*



tions," "figures," &c., will be found in beautiful preservation ; therefore all that will be necessary for the musical amateurs of the next centuries, will be to place my anatomy on the music desk, and play from it, as they would play from a pen and ink copy. The Germans—that fine imaginative people—have called architecture "a petrified religion ;" why may not the nervous system of a gamut-goaded monkey become petrified music ? That it will be found so in me, I have not the slightest doubt. In that certainty, I again repeat my self-devotion to the cause of harmonious science, and trust that the Sir G. Smarts of 2000 may find melody in "the mummy of a monkey !" In the mean time, let me, whilst a slave and a wanderer, enjoy the pity and regard of all who have "eyes to weep, and ears to hear."

#### TOO EARLY.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—People talk about this fallacy, and that fallacy ; but of all the fallacies in the world, there is not one that equals that prodigious prejudice that has for some hundreds of years been running in favor of getting up early. I could show by a thousand reasons, that instead of such a practice being praiseworthy, it rather gives token of a want of that syllogistical clearheadedness which enables a man to look thoroughly, and at once, to the bottom of a subject.—"And mind you get up early, my dear," cries Mrs. Tomkins to her eldest born, just as he is on the point of quitting his native village for the great world—"mind you get up early ; for it is so unwholesome to lie in bed of a morning."—Foolish matron ! never was so great a mistake pronounced with so grave a countenance.

"But why, sir—why ?" exclaims Mrs. Tomkins, or some one of my readers for her. Now, for my own part, I am very considerably the friend of a system, that is daily gaining strength in this admirable world, of making assertion not only stand in the place of, but actually take precedence of all argument ; and I would therefore protest with Shakspeare's fat knight against giving any reason "on compulsion ;" but that, in this case, the other side happens to have the start of me on the ground of assertion ; and I must, therefore, content myself with having the whole of the argument on mine.

So now for the "Why, sir,—why ?"

The "why" consists in these five reasons. It is unwholesome. It is unsafe. It is uncomfortable. It is impolitic. It is unwise.

1st. It is unwholesome.—I once had a great-grandfather—the last of our family that was ever so foolish as to indulge in what he used to call the luxury of early rising—and what was the consequence ?—That nature one day summoned him to pay for the luxury, by bestowing on him such an admixture of cold and catarrh as carried him in one week to his grave. And how could it be otherwise ? If, from your comfortable bed-room window you chance to observe some unfortunate wretch whose cruel destiny compels him to quit his wholesome couch for the crude morning air and its draggled dew, you first see him striving, as it were, to shrink within himself in the hopes of avoiding the raw atmosphere that salutes him on every side, and then—all escape, in spite of his ingenuity, proving fruitless—you next perceive him suddenly struck with a sort of ague-fit that dances him along, groaning and grumbling, at the rate of seven miles an hour, while his teeth chatter and jar

against each other at a still more rapid pace. And after all, what is his remedy? He has none, till the day has marched on, and the sun has nearly approached his highest elevation: then he feels himself a little relieved from the swamp in which he has been buried; and he begins to find out that his clothes hang about him damp and dreary, like a lady's handkerchief that has undergone the ordeal by water through a five-act tragedy in the dog days: he lifts up his leg, and resting it against a stile, surveys with rueful countenance the streamy drops that trickle from it, till a deep and dangerous puddle is formed beneath; while thus he gazes, he calls to mind how he has seen a washerwoman handle a sheet, and he longs to try and wring his leg, that he may have one limb dry at least: or "with curious busy eye" he carries his reflections yet further, and quitting the survey of his leg for that of his general condition, he sorrowfully petitions Heaven to send some Brobdingnadian housemaid that way, that she may take him up in her brawny arms, and twirl the moisture from him as an English wench twirleth her mop.—And this is what my poor great-grandfather used to call the luxury of early rising!—Well, well, he paid a dear penalty for his mistake; so let us hope that he is by this time in another and a better world, and never gets up till half-past nine.

2d. It is unsafe.—And here, again, let me refer to the example-giving career of my great-grandfather. Three times within the last two years of his early rising, the consequence of his being abroad at such unseasonable hours, was his being attacked by highwaymen:—the first time, he was sauntering along Hornsey lane long before any decent person (except himself) was stirring, when he suddenly perceived the muzzle of a horse-pistol immediately under his nose, while as suddenly he heard "Stand, and deliver!" growled in his ear by as rugged a descendant of Blackbeard as Hockley-in-the-Hole ever produced;—my great-grandfather, satisfied with one glance, ran for it, and, when he got home, had the satisfaction of finding that the bullet, which had been sent whizzing after him, had only carried off an inch and a half of his pigtail, and about a quarter of the collar of his coat:—the second occasion of his being attacked was in the neighborhood of Hounslow heath, and from that clerk of St. Nicholas he had the good luck to escape by plunging into a ditch, one part water and three parts mud, and vigorously kicking his way through slime and duckweed to the opposite bank:—his third adventure of this description was on the banks of the Lea river; but by this time my great-grandfather had learned prudence; and, therefore, instead of running, or swimming, or being shot, he peaceably resigned his valuables, "on demand," to the amount of three shillings and twopence-halfpenny of the current coin of the realm, an old tobacco-stopper, a silver toothpick, and a penknife with only half a blade to it. Let, then, the rising generation take warning by these mishaps that followed my great-grandfather's early hours, and particularly remember that of all highwaymen those that are in practice about five in the morning are the most dangerous,—and for this simple reason—that they have had bad luck through the night, and are beginning to get sulky.

3d. It is uncomfortable.—Are you a bachelor, my excellent reader? If you are, I grant you a pause \* \* \* \* just so much, to bring back to your recollection the mistake that you probably once in your life have made—not oftener, I can well believe you—of coming down to your snug apartment before your usual time.

Oh ! the powers of patience, what a reception there awaited you ! Chairs in threefold confusion—the sad remains of a foregone supper—the ashes of defunct cigars overlaying sofa, table, and floor—and the smoke of the aforesaid defunct still hanging like a heavy vapor in the atmosphere of the apartment !—Or, is the honest gentleman that is now honoring this paper with his perusal, happy enough to be married ? If so, I trust for his own sake, as well as that of his amiable lady, that he keeps good hours, both by morning as well as by night. —I trust, said I ?—Nay, I am sure !—and; therefore, the observation that I am now going to make is hypothetical—not practical—something thrown out for the abstract consideration of my married reader—not for his censure. Let us, for the sake of argument, suppose a wedded gentleman so in love with wrongheadedness as to forestal the household economy by quitting his bed when none but chimney-sweepers, milkmen, and house-maids have honest licence to be stirring. What does he take by his motion, as a lawyer would say ? He tries one apartment, from which he is driven by the cloud of dust that the busy broom is raising ; he seeks another, where he is greeted by the fire-iron-rattle of the scullery-maid, who hates to work—even at lighting a fire—without some sort of music as an accompaniment ; he attempts a third, which appears to offer a mock-repose, if that can be called even so much as mock-repose, where all the windows are set open to a mizzy north-easter, where all in the neighborhood of the fire-grate is vacuity and dreariness, but where the ear-drum is well nigh cracked at intervals—anything but “few and far between”—with shrill or blustering vociferations of that sundry assortment which classes under the general appellation of “London Cries.”

4th. It is impolitic.—This assertion is nearly self-evident, and hardly requires a word to be said in its support ; for all mankind, through all ages, have agreed that the really prudent man is he who steers the middle course, neither diverging too much to the right hand nor to the left, or, in this instance, neither going to bed too late, nor getting up too early. This is the judicious lie-a-bed's doctrine ;—nor only his doctrine, but his practice too ; and, like Green's “jolly church-parson,” he will never be found priding himself on holding that equable balance which bringeth the wise man's conclusion—

If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither—  
The first is in error, the last a deceiver :  
That our's is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,  
And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis*.

I never was more convinced of the truth of this principle than on hearing a ludicrous anecdote that some years ago happened to a friend of my own. Dick Lambert had but one hobby in the world—and that was angling :—winter, spring, summer, autumn,—hail, rain, blow, snow,—if Dick could but spare the time (and often, indeed, when he could not spare it), away he would trudge, with a walking-stick rod in his hand, and a large basket slung over his shoulder, in pursuit of his favorite pastime. At the time of which I am speaking, he had been obliged, on account of Mrs. Lambert's state of health, to take a cottage for her at the pretty village of Carshalton ; and, shortly after, he was fortunate enough so to arrange his own affairs in town, that he was able to promise himself a six weeks' residence at his new country abode. Every one who knows Carshalton knows that there is a de-

lightful little trout stream running through it as clear as crystal, and as richly stored with Dick's speckled prey as the heart of angler could desire; and it therefore need be no matter of wonder when I tell that every morning regularly, at four o'clock, Dick was stirring before the sun, and might be seen through the first break of the morning wending his way to the brook. Now if ever there was a simple-hearted fellow in this world, it was Dick Lambert; and, as the prejudice goes, if ever there was a simple sport in this world, it is angling. Yet, with all this simplicity on his side, Dick's bad (early) hours brought him into suspicion. Fortune so willed it that next door to Dick's cottage lived the very Paul Pry of the place. For the first week or two, when no one but sick Mrs. Lambert and her maid were the inmates of the newly-occupied cottage, Mr. Paul thought it rather odd that, with all his watchfulness, he could scarcely ever see any one come in or go out of the cottage; and, just as his curiosity began to be whetted by this circumstance, Dick's daily morning egress met his observant eye. Mr. Paul thought it very odd that, every morning before day-break, he should hear the cottage-door bang to; and when that circumstance primed him to quit his comfortable bed, and peep through the casement, he thought it still more odd that he should always see one solitary man stealing through the scarcely-dissipated gloom of the night. Mr. Paul, among his other amiable qualities, had those of invention and of tale-bearing; so that no sooner was a mystery at work in his brain, than he supplied all the links that were wanting, and then ran about the place whispering to all that would listen to him the prodigious results of his discoveries. Of course poor Dick did not escape; for, the very next morning after Mr. Paul had fully made up his mind as to what it all meant, Dick's gentle opening of the cottage-door was the signal for two constables and three excise officers to rush in.

"Pray, gentlemen," cried Dick, somewhat aghast, "what may this mean?"

"Come, come, my covey," said the leading exciseman—"no gammon!—'Twon't do, I tell e'e. You may as well show us the still, and gi' up the wash."

Dick, more aghast than ever at this elegant address, only opened his mouth, and said nothing.

"Vot, you von't then, my rum 'un?" said the exciseman; "then I'll tell e'e wot, as 'ow,—we must 'elp oursels."

"Nonsense!" cried my friend, somewhat roused at seeing the whole posse preparing to make their way towards the *sanctum sanctorum* of his wife:—"there is no private still here, and into that room you shall not go."

"Oh, my eye, von't ve tho'," said the exciseman.—"Bill, tip 'im your stave, if he's rusty.—Vy, 'ark'ye, mister, we 'as it from the first authority that your chimney is smoking all night."

"So it is," cried Dick; "but that is absolutely necessary, as my wife requires embrócations and warm drinks every two hours."

"Hum!" sulkily muttered the exciseman, as if puzzled at so ready an answer.—"But then, I say, mister, we hears as 'ow that only yesterday you had a large sack brought here, chock-full!—Varen't that 'ere malt for the still, now?"

"If you can make malt out of that," said Dick, pointing to a heap of bran that was lying in an open cupboard with the empty sack near

it—"if you can make malt out of that, you must be a tolerably clever fellow.—Did you never hear of bran used for ground bait?"

"Hum!" quoth the exciseman again, still more sulkily than before.—"But, if you please, sir, they says as 'ow you are to be seen every morning walking off before day-light with a basket over your shoulder, and there is a talk about a keg being inside the basket!"

"Then, perhaps," replied my friend, "you can find the keg in the basket now—for here it is:"—and he opened his wicker companion, and displayed it well filled with reels, lines, flies, ground bait, and gentles.

"Sir," cried the disappointed excise officer, "I 'umbly ax your pardon, and hope you'll not take offence at a poor fellow for being over-anxious to discharge his duty. Sheer off, you gawks, don't you see that you've no business here? And blow me tight, if I can but catch hold of Mr. Paul at the Greyhound to night, my name's not Snookley if I don't physic his ale."

From that day down to the present, honest Dick Lambert never goes fishing till the afternoon; and if you should ever meet him at Amwell Hill, or Carshalton Brook, or Dagenham Breach, it will go hard if he does not convince you that the fish bite much better in the evening than the morning.

5th. It is unwise. And in support of this assertion, it might be sufficient to refer to what has already been said under the first four heads, but that I have one little anecdote which will well enough illustrate the point without being at the pains to borrow from its neighbors. A somewhat economical friend of mine was on a visit at Canterbury some time ago, from which place he was suddenly recalled by urgent business demanding his presence in London; the hour at which he was required to be in town was four o'clock, and having a nicely-calculating head when it was a few shillings that were to be saved, he discovered that if he rose at six o'clock, he might safely walk as far as Sittingbourne—the first sixteen miles of the journey—and there avail himself of the earliest coach that should overtake him: he did this; but by being "too early" at Sittingbourne, it was his ill-luck to engage a seat on the top of a Faversham coach, which was the first that made its appearance; and the consequence was, that before he got to town he had the annoyance of seeing himself passed by three or four others that would have conveyed him to town half an hour earlier, if he had been half an hour later; the coach which he patronised being one of those which, aware of their own awful solemnity of motion, endeavor to make up for the passengers, which their slowness deprives them of, by being the first on the road to pick up the stragglers and the unwary.

These, then, are five arguments in support of five assertions on the impropriety of rising too early. But the mischief is not confined alone to the act of rising; for I have known men who seemed to be inflicted by their evil genius with a too-early mania in whatever they did—whether by night or by day. Such a one was Master Henry Purvis.

Purvis, who had been born and bred in some uncivilized place in the north of England, had so often had drilled into him the merit of "being in time," that when he came to town for a week's visit, and with a letter of introduction from his father to Lord Spanker, on the strength of two or three mortgages which he held on his lordship's estates, he resolved that if early hours could insure sight-seeing, he would be the

first to seize time by the forelock. Full of the pungency of this resolution, he took possession of the bed that he had secured for himself in the classic hotel of the Swan-with-two-necks, Lad Lane, with the determination of being up with the lark. So he was, sure enough ! and infinitely to the annoyance of a choleric West Indian, per the Bristol coach, who was ready to fall into an epileptic fit at the thought of rising before twelve, and who about four was favored by Purvis with an admirable opportunity of counting his stump—stump—stumps, as he stalked about over his head in the act of dressing. His toilette completed, and little dreaming of the anathemas that had been launched against him by his peppery fellow-lodger below, Master Henry Purvis bustled down stairs, delighted at the thought of taking a ramble all by himself “through Lunnon ;” but just as he was preparing to make his exit, he was stopped by the Boots, who had heard him come tramping down stairs, and was standing at the bottom of the flight in wonderment as to whom it might be.

“Beg your pardon, sir,” said the Boots, somewhat suspiciously inclined ; “are you going by any of the morning coaches ?”

“Not I,” quoth Purvis ; “I have just come by a night coach, and have had traveling enough for one while.”

“Oh,” cried Boots, with a prolongation to the interjection, as if to make it last while he was making up his mind as to what he had better do next.

O—h—h—h—h—h—h—h !

Now Master Henry Purvis was a thickset, brawny, lusty-looking Yorkshireman ; and though it could not be said of him as of Falstaff, that his waist was “two yards and more” about, yet had it a most respectable substantiality ; and as Mr. Boots eyed it with a growing suspicion, he muttered—“There was a gentleman here last week in a mighty hurry in the morning, so I let him out ; and presently after that down runs Sally, squalling that the sheets were gone from the gemman’s bed. Now, sir, I don’t mean any offence.”

“So I should guess,” quoth Purvis, somewhat drily ; “but as I admire plain-dealing, I am quite ready to wait here till you have been up to my room, No. 46, and satisfy yourself that your valuable sheets are quite safe.”

“Thank’ye, sir,” quoth Boots, mistaking his sarcasm for civility ; and away he hopped, two steps at a time, to survey the premises, No. 46.

But if he went up two at a time, down he came three, with a mouthful of apologies, superinduced by having perceived that No. 46 was the owner of one hair trunk and one large portmanteau. He wound up his apologetical oration, to which Purvis listened very good humoredly, with the remark—“And, after all, sir, what can gentlemen expect if they will be too early ?”

Upon this conclusion our hero walked away, somewhat startled at the new theory that had thus been opened to him ; for three minutes he attempted to take it into consideration, and then with a “Phoo, it only comes from Mr. Boots,” he dismissed it from his attention.

My record of the adventures of Mr. Henry Purvis does not inform me where he breakfasted that morning ; and indeed I lose all sight of him till nine o’clock, at which hour he was in Portman square, inquiring his way to Lord Spanker’s. The abode of one so eminent as my



lord, was, of course, easily discovered ; and at five minutes past nine Mr. Purvis knocked at the door.

A footman, in that easy undress which sits so gracefully on the genteel lacqueys of the present day, opened the door ; and after a superbly conclusive survey of the stranger, condescended—"Ha !—Oh !—What may you want ?—Ha !"

"Pray, is this Lord Spanker's ?" demanded Purvis.

"Ha !—Oh !—You may say that. But, ah, my lord's steward never pays nobody till the last of the month. Ha !"

"I did not ask for my lord's steward," quoth Purvis, "it is my lord I want to see."

"My lord—ha !" ejaculated the footman, with both his eyes very much open. "Phoo ! phoo !"

"Hark'ye, sir," cried our hero, a little nettled, "you will please to go to my lord directly, and tell him that Mr. Henry Purvis, of Beverley, would be glad to see him."

The lacquey, who had often heard the name of Mr. Purvis mentioned both by Lord Spanker and his steward as a gentleman deserving all possible respect, changed his cue in a twinkling—"Beg ten thousand pardons, sir," he cried, half whimpering ; "but, ah !—really had no idea—ah !—my lord, however, never rises till eleven ; and—ah !—perhaps you would not wish that he should be wakened on purpose for your name ?"

"Oh, certainly not," replied Purvis ; "I will take another opportunity of calling." And, so saying, he descended the steps of the mansion, while the footman pursued him with a thousand apologies, though he could not help muttering when he thought that Master Henry Purvis was out of hearing—"After all, what can gentlemen expect if they will be too early ?"

Either our hero had very sharp ears, or else Lord Spanker's lacquey had miscalculated his distance, for the remark reached the gentleman from Yorkshire, and he felt half inclined on the impulse of the moment to turn round and see whether it was not Mr. Boots who had followed him from the city to repeat his admonition. "Well," quoth he to himself, "I may have misjudged the time ; but, thank Heaven, the day now is wearing apace, so that for the next twelve hours there is no risk of my being too early ;" and he wandered on up one street and down another, staring at the shops, and blushing at the damsels, till his appetite, accustomed in Yorkshire to a meal at noon, warned him that it was time to cater for a dinner. "Pray, sir," asked he of a passenger, "how far may it be to Lad lane ?"—"About three miles and a half," was the reply—a much too distant prospect for a person whose appetite was fully primed ; so he resolved to venture on the first inn or tavern he might see for the purpose of supplying his wants. But a gentleman from Yorkshire, on his first visit to a large town, cannot be supposed to have attained any very nice powers of discrimination ; and it therefore naturally enough happened to Mr. Purvis that he was quite beyond the distinctive grades of an eating house, a chop house, a tavern, and hotel ; and that, on seeing invitingly written up on a door post, "Joints always ready," he came to the conclusion that "always ready" was the very thing to suit the immediateness of his appetite. Armed with this opinion, he soon found himself in the interior of this *semper paratus*, and no sooner had he duly deposited



himself in one of the boxes, all of which presented a general vacancy to his hasty glance, than the waiter presented himself.

"What joints have you got ready?" quoth Purvis.

"Cold boiled beef—cold roast beef (very good cut)—cold roast pork—cold mutton—cold veal and ham—half a cold duck—and a cold pig's head!"

"All cold, I declare!—Have you got nothing hot?" asked he with the appetite.

The waiter shook his head, as he replied in the same rapid, unvarying tone as before—"Cold boiled beef—cold roast beef (very good cut)—cold roast pork—cold mutton—cold veal and ham—half a cold duck—and a cold pig's head!"

Our Yorkshire friend, finding that all hopes of hot meat were vain, resolved to content himself with some cold mutton, which was accordingly brought him in the most approved eating-house style. But the first mouthful was quite sufficient to enable him to make up his mind as to the merits of the place; and as chloruret of lime had not at that time come into fashion, he had no remedy for it but to leave the provender that had been set before him, in spite of the keenness of his appetite.

When he called the waiter to know what he had to pay, the latter gravely remarked—"I am afraid, Sir, that you have not enjoyed your dinner."

"No," replied Purvis, "that I certainly have not; it requires a pretty strong stomach to enjoy meat that is tainted."

"Ah, sir," returned the waiter, "there is no getting meat to keep this hot weather longer than one day. But, after all, what can gentlemen expect if they will come too early for the hot joints?"

Poor Purvis thought that Monsieur Tonson was come again, and not choosing, after three rebukes of the same nature in the same day, to attempt to retaliate, he moved off, as soon as he had discharged his reckoning, without uttering a syllable, and took refuge in a pastry cook's shop, for the purpose of allaying his hunger, wisely assuming that, as he saw all the tarts, and buns, and jellies, ready displayed in the window, he should not be too early, this time at least, in venturing to make an attack upon them.

On his again reaching his Lad-lane inn, he found that Lord Spanker had done the civil thing by sending him a note, lamenting that he should not have been up when honored by his call in the morning, and requesting the favor of his company to a *tête-à-tête* dinner that day, as an *amende*. The note ended with an apology for fixing so early an hour as five for dinner, but attributed it to the circumstance that a division was expected that evening in the Lords, at which it was absolutely necessary for his lordship to be present, as the ministerial tactics rested on so nice a point that a prepared proxy would not do.

Purvis, who thought that he was beginning to grow wise on the point of being too early, had some misgivings as to the proper minute for him to again present himself at his lordship's house. Of all things in the world, he was least desirous of being too early, after the lesson that he had received there that morning; but then, on the other hand, he felt how cruel it would be for him to detain his lordship a moment by being too late, when the affairs of the nation actually required his presence in Parliament. After duly weighing the pro and con with the best judgment that he was able to give to the subject, he resolved to reach

Portman square precisely at a quarter to five, by which he thought that he should be adopting that judicious medium which would be most acceptable to his noble friend, and which would best redound to his own character for discrimination.

At a quarter to five, therefore, he punctually executed his rap with the knocker; and whatever sensations the footman (who happened to be the same as in the morning) might have had on seeing him present himself, ready for dinner, at that hour, he took especial care to conceal them during the time that he was ushering the guest into his lordship's library.

The room was vacant. "My lord," quoth the valet, "has not come home yet, sir; but we expect him every minute; and I will acquaint him with your arrival."

"Not come home!" repeated Purvis to himself. "Egad, I am afraid that this is another of my too early adventures; but—live and learn—live and learn!"—and in this pious resolution he sat himself down, and endeavored to console himself with the racing calendar till his lordship should arrive.

At about half-past five that happy event took place.—"God bless me!" exclaimed my Lord Spanker—"you are punctual indeed! Who would have thought of your being here so very early!"—and then, before he had time to go through the usual compliments and ceremonies, a servant entered, and presented his master with a note.

"Deuce take it!" exclaimed Lord Spanker, after having read it—"how unfortunate! This billet is from the ministerial whipper-in, and he says that I am wanted at the House without a moment's delay, as the division is expected to come on directly.—How very unfortunate!"

"Pray don't stand on any ceremony with me," quoth Purvis.

"How very good you are!" said my lord—"just like your respected father!—But, at all events, I can do something for you. My carriage is at the door; can I set you down any where?"

"No where, thank your lordship; I have—ahem!—I have several friends in this neighborhood; so I will not detain your lordship another moment."

And then, after a thousand flowery excuses, his lordship allowed his guest to withdraw—dinnerless—and more and more convinced of the evil of being "too early."

But, still, there was the evening to be got rid of. What should he do with it? Ha! a lucky thought! He would go to the theatre—whither, indeed, he had predestined himself when his lordship's invitation was found by him at the Swan-with-two-necks.

As he trudged down Oxford street, he stopped at his old ally—a pastry cook's; and while they were putting half-a-dozen bath buns into paper for him, he took an opportunity of reading the play-bills—"Doors open at half-past six—performance to begin at seven."

"Very well," cried he to himself; "now in this there can be no mistake—for I have often read of the house being crowded with the first rush, and of people waiting for hours before the doors opened: so, egad, I will hurry there with my best speed, that I may secure a good place."

By dint of a smart, Yorkshire, rattling pace, he contrived to arrive at Drury Lane by six o'clock; and, as he had heard that it was to the pit that all the critics and good judges went, he resolved to go there too, in the hope of picking up some valuable remarks to go hand in

hand with the play. But when he arrived at the pit door, there was scarcely a soul to be seen that appeared to be waiting for admission.—There was something very odd in this ! He had expected to see hundreds, and there was not a score. What could it all mean ? It was certainly the pit door, for he saw the words written up ; it was certainly Drury Lane, for he had made his acquaintance with it in the morning, as a prelude to his visit in the evening. Then what could the present desertion portend ? The play of “Pizarro,” and the afterpiece of the “Miller and his Men,” ought in his opinion to have attracted half London : they must be popular, for he had heard of both of them nearly as long as he could remember. What, then, could it all mean ? He looked about for some congenial face that might win him into addressing a stranger, for the purpose of obtaining an explanation ; but he saw none that looked sufficiently promising : there was no one there on the lines of whose countenance seemed to be written, “I can pity and feel for the ignorance of a Yorkshireman.” While he was in this state of hesitation, a beautifully-dressed young gentleman of amazingly insinuating address approached him.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said the new comer—“you seem to be a stranger ; perhaps you have lost your party.”

“No, sir,” quoth Purvis, “I have no party to lose : but, perhaps, you will be so good as to inform me——”

His further utterance was interrupted by the stranger jolting suddenly against him in such a manner as to bring the sharp point of his elbow full into the pit of the Yorkshireman’s stomach, the natural result of which was so sudden a dismissal of the vital air from his interior, that his speech of inquiry came to a conclusion perforce ; and he stood, gasping like a fish when, in lieu of water, it has nothing but the thin atmosphere to draw in ; while his new acquaintance hastily pronounced, “Ten thousand pardons, sir ; this infernal piece of orange peel nearly threw me off my legs.—Ah ! egad, there goes Will !—Will Smith ! Will Smith !—Pray excuse me—a particular friend. I must follow him !”—and away shot Mr. Purvis’s new acquaintance with a rapidity that was really delectable to behold.

While this quiet little scene had been passing between these two, the pit-lobby had been gradually filling ; and, a moment after the disappearance of Will Smith’s friend, Purvis heard a gruff voice at no great distance from him exclaim, “Take care of your pockets, ladies and gentlemen !”

“Good heavens !—Pockets !—My watch !” quoth the Yorkshire gentleman ; and, as he spoke, he pressed his hand on his fob. Alas ! it was all “flat and unprofitable.” Will Smith’s particular friend had ejected the timepiece at the same moment that he had ejected the breath from master Henry Purvis’s body.

But there might yet be time to save it ; and, at the thought, Mr. Purvis rushed forth, to the infinite detriment of an old lady and gentleman who were just entering the door ; and as he ran along, hardly knowing which way he went, he bellowed “Stop thief !” at the loudest height of his stentorian lungs.

The cry of “stop thief” once raised in London, and no man shall tell where it may end. A thousand echoes seemed to rise in answer to Mr. Purvis’s shout. Drury lane, Russell street, Vinegar yard, Bridges street, Covent garden market, Bow street, and Broad court, all rang in unison, and nothing was heard but “Stop thief ! stop thief !

stop thief!"—while scores, guilty and guiltless, were to be seen running in every direction. As to our hero, he followed the direction of his genius at the height of his speed; and, just as he turned into Hart street, he began to think that he caught a glimpse of the gentleman who had absconded with his watch. Desirable thought!—and at its coming again, he roared most lustily, "Stop thief!"—Yes, it certainly was the runaway whom he had in sight:—he presses on him—he nearly reaches him: the pursued turns abruptly into a narrow court: Mr. Purvis turns after him, confident that at length he has caught him;—when, lo! he finds himself caught full in a policeman's arms.

After puffing half a minute for breath enough to speak—"There he goes!" quoth Mr. Purvis.

"Never mind him, my lively," said the policeman; "I have caught you, and that is something: so just please to walk yourself along with me to the station house."

"But I haven't got the watch," puffed Mr. Purvis.

"That remains to be seen," replied the man in blue, with 131 on his collar: "so just come along, will you?"

"What, without the thief?"

"Come, come, master," quoth the officer, "this won't do. I don't think any one that looks in your face will say that we are without the thief."

Mr. Purvis, finding that all remonstrance was vain, accompanied his *custos* to the station house, where he was treated with a detail of his own loss before he was allowed to say a word for himself. At length, when there seemed to be a slight cessation in the plot, he managed to be heard thus far—"But it is I, gentlemen, that have lost the watch, after all."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the inspector—"that's pretty well, however. I'll tell you what, my fine fellow, if the tribe of pickpockets should ever elect a king, and impudence should be the qualification, you'll carry the day against the field—I'll pound it."

"Say what you will," exclaimed our hero, "it is I that have lost the watch; but as I see what sort of justice I am to have here, I beg to wish you good night."

"Not so fast—not so fast, my worthy," cried the inspector; "you've got to be searched yet; and, when that's over, we've a delightfully comfortable black-hole for you, where you may pass the night free, gratis, for nothing."

Master Henry Purvis was pretty nearly at the height of despair at this announcement, when his good star seemed for once to predominate. The constable, whose warning voice in the pit-lobby had reminded him to see whether his property was safe, just at this moment entered the station house, and confirmed his statement that he was the *robbee*—not the *robber*;—upon which Master Henry Purvis was graciously permitted to take his departure. He did not, however, go without vowing ten thousand vengeance for the scurrilous manner in which he had been treated.

"I wonder you should complain," said the constable who stood his friend.

"What!" cried Purvis, "have I not been taken up as the thief?"

"That shows our vigilance."

"Have I not been threatened with the black hole?"

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"That shows our determination."

"Was I not told that I looked like a thief?"

"That shows our penetration."

"And have I not been robbed of my watch?"

"Oh, sir, as to that," quoth the constable,—*"what can gentlemen expect if they will come too early to the theatre!"*

This last reply quite silenced Master Henry Purvis. He had been a day in town, and, quite satisfied with the experiment, he resolved to return to Yorkshire by the next morning's coach. Dinner-less, Lord-Spanker-less, watch-less, Drury-lane-less, the events of that single day gave occupation to his thoughts for many, many months; and, indeed, to the very end of his life it was one of his most constant resolutions—that nothing in the whole world should ever again tempt him to be "too early."

#### THE FOUR EVENINGS.—BY DELTA.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

##### MARCH.

EARTH seems to glow with renovated life—  
The ether with a softness is embued,  
Which melts the harden'd spirit to that mood,  
In which, to feel ourselves apart from strife,  
Is ecstasy :—with the green blading grass,  
The singing birds, and the translucent sky,  
On which the clouds in western glory lie,  
We own a bond of union, which, alas !  
Though latter years have weaken'd, comes at times  
To claim dominion o'er us, as in youth ;  
And, as the downcast spirit it sublimes,  
We turn from noisy revelries uncouth,  
And from the world's vain follies and its crimes,  
To ponder on the past, and sigh for Truth !

##### JUNE.

There breathes a balmy freshness in the air  
Of this June evening ; on the lake are given  
The hues of Earth, which seems the shade of Heaven ;  
And to the zenith all the skies are bare.  
Save the lark singing, so serenely still  
Reposes the green landscape far and near,  
That, 'mid its blossom'd water-flags, you hear  
The tiniest tinkling of the tiny rill.  
The life-diffusing sun, as 'twere God's eye,  
Shuts in the West—yet leaves us not despair—  
For lo ! a symbol of his blithe return  
With glory to empurple Morning's air,  
The Evening Star, within the southern sky,  
O'er yon far mountains bids his watch-tower burn.

##### SEPTEMBER.

How bright and beautiful the sun goes down  
O'er the autumnal forests ! The wide sky,

Cloudless, is flush'd with that purpureal dye  
Which gave the Tyrian loom such old renown.  
The radiance, falling on the distant town,  
Bathes all in mellowing light ; and, soften'd, come  
Through the lull'd air, the song of birds, the hum  
Of bees, and twitter of the martins brown ;  
All things call back the bosom to the beat  
Of childhood, and to youth's enchanted maze ;  
And hark the rail, amid the golden wheat,  
With its craik—craik ! Oh, sad it is, yet sweet,  
To look through Memory's mirror on the days  
Which shone like gold, yet melted down like haze !

## NOVEMBER.

Forever shuts the great eye of the World ?  
So seems it—for a grim and pallid hue  
Pervades the cheerless universe, a blue  
And death-like tint ; ascend the vapors curl'd  
From the low freezing mere : the sea-mew shrieks  
Down to the shore ; and, 'mid the forests bare,  
The lonely raven, through the dusky air,  
Her bleak unwarmed habitation seeks.  
Blow on, ye winds ! and lower, ye shades of Night,  
Around my path. As whirl the eddying leaves  
Redly beside me, and the flaky snow  
Melts in the turbid stream, with stern delight  
The thwarted spirit hears the wild winds blow,  
And feels a pensive pleasure, while it grieves !

## MY FIRST DUEL.

Snug lying here in the Abbey.—THE RIVALS.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]—There are some events in the life of a man that make an indelible impression on the mind ; events that, amid the varied scenes of love, of war, of ambition, are to the last hour of existence as forcibly impressed on the tablet of memory, as at the moment when they were first inscribed by the hand of fate. Of this nature is our first duel—the recollection of the first time that we stood on the boundary line that separates the civilization of the ancient and modern worlds. There are several kinds of courage, it has been a thousand times remarked—all of which, if we take the trouble of metaphysically analysing, we shall find are but the consciousness of our own force or skill. The squadron of steel-clad cuirassiers rides gallantly at the square of infantry, heedless of the bristling bayonets, of the kneeling front rank, or the murderous volley of the rear. The sailor, lashed to the helm, looks calmly on the raging tempest. The huntsman, in pursuit of game, springs fearlessly across the yawning chasm, or boldly attacks the lion in his lair. Habit, and a familiarity with danger, deadens the instinctive dread of death implanted in us by nature ; yet the cheek of the bravest man may blanch, and the life's blood curdle in the veins, when he finds himself opposed to an adversary, who, with-

out exaggeration, at twelve paces could wing a musquito. Such was my case when quite a raw and inexperienced youngster, exposed, at the age of sixteen, to one of the most slippery tricks that dame Fortune, in her most wayward humor, can play a man. Every one must recollect the rancorous animosity that subsisted between the British and Americans for several years after the termination of the war between the two countries. Time has now, in some degree, softened down this hostile feeling; but, in 1818, it blazed fiercely forth at Gibraltar, where a slight misunderstanding at one of the guard-houses led to a succession of bloody, and, in some instances, fatal rencontres, between the garrison and the officers of the American squadron, at that time in the bay. Similar scenes were enacted at Madeira, though with less fatal results; and, only a few months afterwards, when the United States corvette *Ontario*, and the British frigate *Hyperion*, were lying in the bay of Callao de Lima, to so rancorous a pitch had this feeling risen, that the commanders of the two ships came to an understanding to allow their officers to go on shore only on alternate days; and by this timely precaution they prevented a hostile collision, which would in all probability have deprived the services of both countries of some valuable and gallant officers. It was during the noon-tide heat of this rancorous feeling between the two nations, that I one evening entered a *Caf *, in one of the Brazilian outports, to meet, by appointment, a friend, from whom I was to receive some letters of introduction for the interior of the country, for which I was on the eve of my departure. The streets were silent and deserted; the only sound to be heard was the vesper hymn sweetly floating on the evening breeze. On entering the *Caf *, I found it tenanted by a group of savage-looking *Minheiros*, who were drinking and listening to a love-lay, sung with great sweetness to a guitar accompaniment, by a mulatto youth; and a party of four American officers, who were going home, invalided from their squadron, round the Horn. Forcibly as my attention was arrested by the picturesque costume of the Brazilian mountaineers—one of those dark satanic groups that the spirit of *Salvator* so reveled in delineating—it did not escape me that the subject of discourse with the American party was England, against whose institutions and people violent abuse and unmeasured invective were leveled, in that drawing, nasal tone that so particularly distinguishes our transatlantic brethren. No man, even of the most cosmopolitan composition, can digest violent strictures on the country of his birth; the language of the Americans jarred violently on my ear, but though it stirred up the ill blood of my nature, I did not exactly think myself called upon to play the *Don Quixotte*, and to run a tilt against all those who should choose to asperse the majesty of England. By the young and ardent this feeling, I am aware, may be stigmatized as ignoble; but those whose passions have been mellowed by time and experience will, I think, own the prudence of the line of conduct I pursued.

I therefore took my seat, lighted a *segar*, and listened attentively to the beautiful *modinha* sung by the mulatto; there was a plaintive softness in the air, and an exquisite simplicity in the words of the ditty, that told the pangs of unrequited love—

Despois que Martillo partio,  
Partio comelle o prazer—  
Amor que pode, na  quer valer  
Na ha remedio sena  inorer,



that had well nigh allayed the angry feelings that were struggling for mastery in my bosom ; when the strictures of the Americans, which had hitherto been leveled at Old England in general, were directed to me personally, and left me but one—one honorable alternative. "When a man openly insults you," says my Lord Chesterfield, "knock him down." If I did not on this occasion follow his lordship's advice *à la lettre*, I did something which, among *honorable men*, is deemed tantamount to it, and which produced a challenge from one of the party—a demand for immediate satisfaction on the following morning, on the plea that their departure was fixed for the succeeding day. "Gentlemen," said I, "willing as I shall be to give you the satisfaction you require, I doubt my ability to do so at the early hour you have named ; for I am a stranger here, and may experience some difficulty in finding a second among my countrymen, who are quite strangers to me ; and are, moreover, established in a country, where the laws against dueling are severe—banishment to the shores of Africa—I must, therefore, defer the *rencontre* till the evening, not doubting in the mean time to find some one to do me the office I stand in need of."

A provoking sneer played round the lips of three of the party, and an exclamation of withering contempt was on the point of escaping them, when the fourth, who had hitherto been quietly sipping his *sangarée*, rose from his chair, and addressed me with great politeness of manner :—"I cannot conceal from myself," were his words, "that this quarrel has been forced upon you, and I regret, from the turn it has taken, that there remains nothing but the last appeal ; but if, as you say, you are a stranger here, and are to experience any difficulty in finding a second, I will most willingly do you that office : for I can conceive no situation so forlorn, so desolate, as that of a man, in the solitary loneliness of a foreign land, without a friend to stand by him in an honorable quarrel."

The hearty pressure of my outstretched hand must have told him better than words could do, how deeply sensible I was of the service he was about to render me. We separated. The sun had scarcely gilded the balconies of the east when I arose, hurried on my clothes, and having given a few directions to my servant, hastened towards the spot where, on the preceding evening, I had parted from my new friend. It was a beautiful morning, the sun had risen in all the splendor of a tropical clime, and as I moved on through the silent streets, methought the fair face of nature had never looked so beautiful—not a sound was heard, save the solemn peal of the *matin* bell, or the rustling of the silk mantilla of some fair beata, as she glided past me to pour forth her morning orisons at the shrine of her patron saint. I at length reached the palace square, and observed my American friend slowly pacing the esplanade of the church St. Maria. He was tall and bony ; his blue frock and ample white trowsers hung about him with republican negligence of manner ; he wore his shirt collar open ; and his long matted dark hair was shadowed by a broad-brimmed hat of Chilian straw, white in comparison to the sallow hue of his complexion ; his countenance I can never forget : it wore not the open frankness and gallant bearing of the soldier, but there was an expression of enthusiasm of a cool, determined cast, a stern intrepidity ; and, as he stretched out his hand to welcome me, and fixed his large black

eye on me with a concentrated gaze that seemed to read my thoughts, it struck me that I beheld the very beau ideal of a duelist.

We moved on, each of us wrapped up in his own meditations, when, on clearing the city, he at length broke the silence that had prevailed, by asking me if I had ever been out before? On my answering the question in a negative, "I supposed as much," he continued. "At your age one has seldom drawn a trigger, but on a hare or partridge; remember, therefore, to follow implicitly the instructions I shall give you in placing you on the ground; and take this segar," he added, handing me one from his case: "it is a powerful stimulant, and quickens the circulation of the blood."

We had by this time reached the field of action, and discovered my adversary, his second, and a medical attendant, smoking their segars beneath the shade of a cluster of cocoa-nut trees, that stood in loneliness in the middle of the valley. They arose on our approach, saluted me sternly, and interchanged friendly greetings with my companion. "You will, of course," observed my adversary's friend, "have no objection to sixteen paces."—"As the challenged party, we have the right of choosing our own distance," rejoined my second; "say, therefore, twelve paces instead of sixteen, *and the firing down.*"—"Twelve paces," I repeated to myself; "can he be playing me false?" But I did him injustice, for to this arrangement I owe to all human certainty my life.

The ground was measured. My second placed me with my back to the sun—a disposition that brought his rays right on my opponent's line of sight. The seconds retired to load. The ramming down of the balls grated with portentous effect upon my ear. All being ready, my second, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, bound one end of it tightly round my right hand, and measuring the length of my arm, which he marked by a knot, brought it across the back over the left shoulder, where the knot was tightly grasped by the left hand. "Now, then," he said, on putting the pistol into my hand, "be cool! When the signal is given, let your arm steadily fall, till you find it brought up by the handkerchief, and then fire!" The appointed signal was given; both fired at as nearly the same moment as possible, but with unequal success. My adversary's bullet passed through my hat; mine was more unerring in its aim—he reeled, and fell. My first impulse was to rush towards him, but I was arrested in my course by my second, who stood close beside me. "Remain where you are, Sir," said he; "he may yet stand another shot." This was not, however, the case—the ball had entered the shoulder; and as the wounded man lay weltering in his blood, he said, with a look of reproach to my companion—"B——n, this is all your doing." We conveyed him to a neighboring hut, till the shades of evening allowed us to convey him on board his ship. As we walked off the ground, my companion said to me, "You doubtless wondered why I rather placed you at twelve than sixteen paces. Know, then, that, at the latter distance, your adversary was a dead shot. At twelve, it occurred to me that he might by chance fire over you, that, unaccustomed to that distance, he might not correctly allow for the parabola described by the ball on leaving the pistol—the result," he added, with a smile, "has proved that my calculation was correct. Had you, too," he added, "allowed your arm to have fallen with greater force, the shot would have taken effect

lower, and might" (this was said very coolly) "have proved fatal. But I must not find fault with you, as it was your first essay."

On the following morning my generous friend—my preserver, in fact—my wounded adversary, and his friends, sailed for the States. I have never seen them since, or even heard of them, save a few short lines sent me by a vessel they spoke at sea, to inform me that the wounded man was doing well.

I have often reflected since on the high-toned, generous feeling that entered so deeply into the peculiarity of my situation; the high resolve that, once pledged, sternly devoted itself to carry me through, indifferent to the ties of country or friendship. That my friend was a duelist, his conduct on the ground warrants me in supposing. I am ignorant if he yet walks this earth. But this I know, had I gone into the field with any one else, I should now be sleeping beneath the white walls of the English cemetery at R—.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.—By BARRY CORNWALL.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]

"MOTHER, do not mourn for me!  
Better 'tis I leave thee:  
Should I stay, and, day by day,  
Sigh my very soul away?  
I would never grieve thee,  
Mother, tender! mother, dear!  
But do not bid me linger here!

"In some other happier clime  
I may lose my sorrow;  
Other brighter days may rise—  
Though, to-day, my spirit sighs,  
It may smile to-morrow;  
And hope again may gaily burn;  
And, mother, *then* I will return.

"I would not leave thee, in thine age,  
To care of any stranger,—  
It is but *for a time* I go;  
And to your arms, ere long, you know  
You'll welcome your sea-ranger;  
And many a stone and treasure gay  
I'll bring you from lands far away."

"Peace, Gerald!" thus the mother said;  
"Speak not to me of treasure,  
Of foreign clime and precious stone;  
Dost think a mother left alone,  
To weep for thee, hath leisure  
To dream of aught beneath the sky?  
Alas! she can but grieve and die!

"Know, Gerald, that the mother's heart  
No second hope can cherish;

If he, whom she has fed from birth,  
Should leave her lonely on the earth—  
Poor heart!—she soon must perish!  
A day of tears—a night of sighs—  
And so the childless mother dies!"

# CONVENT SKETCHES.—NO. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830."

[METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.]—Attracted by the extreme beauty of the country around Orihuela, I resolved to remain a few days. Here there is a constant succession of summers and springs;—winter never approaches. It was the 15th of December when I arrived at Orihuela from Murcia, and yet the morning was milder and more lovely than an August morning in England. The fertility of the vale, or Huerta of Orihuela, has indeed grown into a proverb:—*Llueva, o no llueva, trigo en Orihuela*—"Whether it rains or not, there is always corn in Orihuela." But it is not corn only that covers the Huerta of Orihuela; it is rich in every production that is congenial to that far southern climate, and is beautifully diversified with orange groves, and with extensive plantations of date trees. These are sometimes mingled; and it was to a plantation of this kind, about half a league from Orihuela on the road to Elche, that I usually directed my steps every evening. The house of the proprietor stood at one corner of the enclosure; and, one afternoon, a sudden fall of rain that descended like a deluge, forced me to take refuge in it. Besides the master and mistress of the house, there was only one other inmate—a female, apparently about twenty-eight or thirty, habited like a nun. Her countenance bore the remains of more beauty than usually falls to the lot of Spanish women; and the mental suffering that was visible in her face, had not been able altogether to quench the lustre of her full dark eyes. When I left the house, the *Senhor de Casa* accompanied me through his plantation, and I took the opportunity of inquiring whether the lady I had seen was one of his family? "Her history," said he, "is a remarkable one. She is called Sister Isabel. She was a nun in the Convent of Santa Monica in Murcia, and was one of the few who took advantage of the privilege offered by the Constitution, in 1820, of returning to the world. She afterwards obtained a dispensation, and married her cousin, who is now dead; and she is likely soon to follow him."

At that time I asked no further question; but I returned again and again to the house, and, the season for gathering the dates having begun, I generally found Sister Isabel alone. Her reserve gradually wore off; I led the conversation to the monastic life, and mentioned that I had seen the sister of a friend in Madrid take the veil. "How old was she?" asked Sister Isabel. "Seventeen only!" I replied. "She may live to repent it," said she: and, *poco a poco*, I brought her to speak of herself. "You know that I once professed?" said she. "I have heard so," I replied. "I must not have you to think very ill of me," said she; "if you will listen to me, I will tell you why I did not live and die in the Convent of Santa Monica." I need scarcely say that I did listen; and although the relation I am about to

give is from memory, I think it does not deviate materially from the narrative of Sister Isabel :—

"My grandfather was the Conde de V—— H——, and my father, one of his sons, held a commission in the Guards. I had several brothers and sisters younger than myself, but, from very early childhood, I lived in the house of my grandfather in Murcia. The most remote object of my recollection is my dying grandmother, who told me mine was a blessed lot, for that I was destined to serve God all my days. I was then about ten years of age ; and when I was two years older, my father came to visit me, and told me that the sisters in the Convent of Santa Monica would, by-and-bye, receive me as a novice. The confessor to the family, a Dominican friar, often expatiated upon the blessed lot of those who devote themselves to God, and spoke of heaven as only to be attained by a religious profession. For my own part, as the time approached when I should begin my noviciate, I became elated at the prospect of novelty. At home, there was little variety. I was not permitted to mix in society, partly because I was too young, and partly because I was destined for a religious life ; and, with the exception of servants, my grandfather and myself were the only inmates of the house. The night previous to the commencement of my noviciate, the confessor spent some hours with me : he told me that my noviciate in no respect bound me to the choice of a monastic life,—that I must look upon it only as a change of scene—and that, at the expiration of two years, my adoption or rejection of the profession should be left entirely to my own unbiassed will.

"I entered upon my noviciate joyfully : I believe there is no novice who does not ; for all who enter upon their noviciate when children, must feel as I felt, because the world has shown them none of its allurements, and because they believe that, at the termination of their noviciate, they will possess as much the power of rejecting a monastic life, as before its commencement. I found my change of life anything but disagreeable ; my duties were not irksome—the sisters were kind—I had a taste for music, and was encouraged to cultivate it—I was permitted to pass several hours in the garden every day, and to gather at pleasure the most delicious fruits—and I was seldom allowed to be alone. Meanwhile, the kindness and affection of the sisters gained upon my heart ; and before the first year of my noviciate expired, I wished that the term were arrived when I might bind myself forever to so agreeable a mode of life. But at this time a circumstance occurred, which laid the foundation of all that misery that has subsequently been my portion.

"On my fifteenth birth-day, I received permission to spend one day in my parental home ; and, upon that day, I was for the first time made known to my cousins, Donna Isabella de M——, and her brother the young Conde de M——. He was then scarcely twenty ; his sister was seventeen. It is a cruel and a dangerous kindness to permit her who has once entered a convent walls, to catch a glimpse of that world which is all but renounced forever. Would to God it had been refused to me ! My cousin, Donna Isabella, told me she was soon to be married—'You can never marry,' added she. I was grave for a moment—I repeated her words to myself. I had never thought of marriage—I scarcely understood its meaning ; and although the conviction that I could never marry, brought with it no uneasiness, yet I continued to think of what my cousin had said. When I raised

my eyes, they met those of the young Conde, and a sudden glow mounted into my cheek. I felt uneasy, and even unhappy ; and when evening came, I joyfully returned to the Convent.

"The sisters were inquisitive, as you probably know to be the case in every convent. They asked me if I had been happy ; and when I answered 'Yes,' I knew that I spoke falsely. I told them that I had seen my cousin Donna Isabella, but I did not mention her brother. I felt that the omission was sinful, though I could not tell why ; and I accused myself of it to the confessor. He saw deeper than I did—he saw more in the confession than the mere avowal of an omission—he trembled for the claims of the Convent upon its novice ; for although, at that time, he wisely took no notice of the confession, he secretly forbade that, at the expiration of the novitiate, I should be permitted the usual indulgence of passing some days at home. When I resumed my occupations, the event I have mentioned faded from my memory ; the words of my cousin, and the glance of the Conde, were forgotten ; and I felt as happy and as tranquil as before. As the term at which my novitiate should expire approached, the kindness of the sisters increased ; I was the spoilt child of the Convent. The sisters, the priests, the confessor, all spoke of my approaching profession as a praiseworthy act—as a choice that sealed my heavenly destiny—that secured me against sin and sorrow. Alas ! it has sealed me over to both, and shut out from me the prospect of heaven.

"The day arrived, and, along with it, an unusual elevation of spirits. All had been preparation in the Convent, and I was the cause of it. I felt a new importance ; there was an *éclat* in the event that could not be otherwise than flattering to a youthful mind. The families of the Intendente and the Captain-General, and the other principal families of Murcia, had consented to assist in the ceremony ; and I accompanied the Abbess to the chapel with as much joy, and with far more pride and exultation, than ever filled the heart of a bride who goes to meet a human bridegroom. What was there to regret ? I was renouncing a world of whose allurements I was ignorant—whose pleasures I had never tasted or even imagined—whose freedom I had never felt ; a world, too, that all told me was full of danger and sorrow. I was about to adopt a life to which I was already accustomed, and for which, if I felt no enthusiasm, I was unconscious of any aversion. I was binding myself to the society of those kind beings whom I preferred to all others ; and as for the vows, what were they to me ? Poverty, obedience and chastity ! I had never possessed anything, and what, then, was the vow of poverty ? Obedience to one I loved, and to rules to which I had become habituated, was a vow willingly rendered ; and, in vowing chastity, I only knew that I promised to serve God.

"The vows were past, the habit of a novice was exchanged for that of a sister, the hood was drawn over my face, and the girdle clasped me round ; the solemn service was chaunted, the nuns and the visitors had embraced the new-made sister, and I approached the grating\* to receive the sacrament, with a heart only so touched with the solemnity

\* In most of the convents of Spain, the ceremony called in England "taking the veil," is performed in an apartment separated from the convent-church by a wide grating, in the centre of which there is a little window that falls back. The officiating priest is without the grating, in the church ; and at this window he administers the sacrament, after the previous ceremonies have concluded.

of the ceremonies as rendered it more accessible to other impressions. I raised my eyes to look at the officiating priest, who sat at one side of the grated window, but they fell upon the countenance of my cousin the Conde, who stood directly opposite, beyond the grating, among the other visitors who were always attracted by a profession. I will not say that, at this moment, I regretted the vows I had newly uttered—no ! but the uneasy feelings I had experienced a year ago, returned with more force ; pleasure, as well as pain, mingled with them—I felt a deep glow suffuse my cheek and neck—and I was only recalled to a consciousness of the present, by the silver salver and the consecrated wafer being presented to me.

“ You are aware, no doubt, of the practice in some convents, of which Santa Monica is one, that after a sister has professed, the visitors who have attended the ceremony, and even some of those who have witnessed it from beyond the grating, are permitted to walk over every part of the convent.\* The practice is injudicious ; for it effaces the solemn impression of the past scene ; and, at the moment of renouncing the world forever, she who has renounced it is compelled to mingle with it. When I retreated from the grating, and when all the ceremonies were concluded, I walked into the garden, and was surprised to feel myself less happy than I expected. The pomp was over ; the *éclat* was past. I glanced at my habit, and recollected the fixed gaze of my cousin. The garden now began to be traversed by visitors, and I entered an orange-bower, and sat down. Presently, glancing through the leaves, I saw my cousin approach : I felt violently agitated, and would have retired, but that, in doing so, I must have met him. The next moment he stood at the entrance. ‘ Isabel,’ said he, with a grave and earnest look, ‘ I congratulate you ; may you be happy !’ and, turning away, I saw him no more.

“ I felt strangely—strangely moved ; and, for the first time, conscience whispered to me that my feelings were sinful. I kissed my crucifix, repeated an *Ave*, and returned to the Convent. ‘ Where hast thou been, Isabel ?’ said the Abbess. ‘ In the garden,’ I replied ; but my unusual agitation was no doubt visible ; and the Abbess, with a searching look, said, ‘ Go to thy chamber, child.’ There the words and the look of the Conde pursued me. A chaplet of flowers lay upon my pillow, and sweet lilies and gilliflowers were strewn upon my bed. I sat down upon it ; I took from my head the crown which I had placed there with so much pride, and laid it down beside me. A new bright metal lamp, upon the opposite wall, reflected my own figure and my religious habit : the youthfulness of my countenance and the sombreness of my dress forcibly struck me, and I burst into tears. When I recovered from this paroxysm, I began to reflect upon the vow I had taken, the life to which I had dedicated myself, and the impiety of indulging in wayward thoughts when I had newly devoted myself, in life and in death, to God : and in this frame of mind I was called to the performance of some religious duty.

“ A convent life is barren of events. I could only present you with a record of feelings, were I to speak of the two years that followed my

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\* This custom is peculiar only to a few of the convents ; and when the writer of this article was in Spain, it was understood that the Archbishop of Toledo had, a short time before, held a consultation with the heads of some of the orders respecting the propriety of abolishing it.



profession. Impressed in favor of a monastic life during my noviciate,—not from religious feeling, but from affection for the sisterhood and from false views of the world,—my zeal in the performance of religious duties after my profession was always languid. Nevertheless, the constant necessity for external devotion, a hatred of hypocrisy, and a recollection of my vows and sacred calling, produced their effect upon the mind, and led, if not to enthusiasm in religion, at least to a more settled conviction of the sacredness of obligations, and the sin and danger of apostacy. But it is a strange truth, that along with these feelings, a dream of untasted felicity in the world became more distinct, and, in proportion to the distinctness of that vision, was the intensity of my devotion. Sinful thoughts and religious feeling grew into strength together : I paid my adorations with ardor ; but retired to my chamber to be intruded upon by flitting, vague, yet strong and ever-recurring, visions of what might have been.

“The spring of 1820 arrived ; and, one day in the month of April, we were startled even within our Convent walls by the roar of cannon and loud acclamations. I ventured to inquire of the Abbess what these things meant. At this moment the officiating priest of the Convent entered, pale and agitated. ‘The government is overthrown,’ said he ; ‘the Constitution has just been proclaimed in Murcia, and it is expected that one of its first acts will be the suppression of the convents, and the confiscation of their revenues. The Abbess trembled from head to foot, and the sisters called upon the Virgin to protect them. I joined in the prayer, but a secret joy lurked in my heart. The prediction of the friar was partly, and speedily, accomplished. A week had scarcely elapsed, when it was announced by him that an Act had passed, by which every convent gate throughout Spain was thrown open for those who were inclined to return to the world ; and declaring, that all vows entered into before the age of sixteen required no Papal dispensation, but were void.

“The same evening, at the hour of recreation, I strolled into the garden, my mind occupied with the intelligence I had heard—I felt a strange flutter at my heart. Never was religious feeling so languid,—never so vivid the recollections that I knew to be sinful. I returned to the Convent, and sought my chamber. At this moment I was startled by a strange noise below, and by new and strong voices ; and, soon after, a bell summoned me to the hall. Judge of my surprise and agitation when I saw my cousin the Conde and two strangers, and the Abbess seated beside them. ‘Isabel,’ said the Abbess, ‘I dare not resist the order which authorises this gentleman to see every sister, and to offer her freedom from the restraints of a convent. I need not tell you that the Act of the Sovereign Pontiff only can release from vows. The Conde de M—— may set open the Convent gate, but he cannot make a doorway for conscience ; vows registered in heaven cannot be annulled by any earthly tribunal. Isabel, the sisters are all faithful to their vows. You are agitated, child !—it is not wonderful : go into the garden and breathe the air.’ As I left the hall, I heard the Abbess say, ‘You pass not that way, Sir !’ I paused a moment, and heard the Conde reply, ‘Recall her, then ; I am ordered to ask the pleasure of every sister.’ ‘I will not recall her,’ said the Abbess. The altercation increased, and I fled into the garden. I heard the steps of the Conde, and I had scarcely entered the bower, when he was at my side. ‘Cousin Isabel,’ said he, ‘I offer you freedom ! your

vows are void without a dispensation, for they were taken the day before you were sixteen ; but I have interest to obtain one. A monastic life was not your choice. I offer you freedom—Isabel, dear Isabel !—I offer you love !’ My brain swam, my limbs trembled ; I fell into my cousin’s arms, and was carried from the Convent : but I remember the words of the Abbess, as she stood within the gate—‘ Unhappy girl !’ said she, ‘ thou wilt live to repent.’

“ My grandfather refused to receive me, and my cousin pressed my immediate union with him ; but this I refused, unless a Papal dispensation could be obtained, for I was not satisfied with the Act of the Constitution. I resided, in the meanwhile, with Donna Isabella, who was now married ; and, four months afterwards, my cousin brought me a dispensation, and we were immediately united. I loved the Conde, and for some time I was happy ; although, even then, sudden doubts would rise in my mind as to the efficiency of even a Papal dispensation, to absolve from vows voluntarily taken, and ratified in heaven ; and my mind reverted to the holy exercises that once almost filled up the hours, and to the affectionate sisterhood, and the parting words of the Abbess. These were, alas ! destined to be too fearfully verified. A year after I had become the bride of the Conde, he fell sick ; and, on his death bed, he implored me to forgive a fraud that love had taught him to practise. ‘ Isabel,’ said he, ‘ I saw that you had one prejudice which stood in the way of our mutual happiness : I was unable to obtain a dispensation, and that which I brought to you was fictitious. Do not be alarmed, Isabel ; you have been guilty of no crime. If any error has been committed, you are innocent ; I alone am guilty.’ These were almost the last words my husband spoke.

“ From that moment I was the prey of remorse. I knew that I was still the affianced, but the polluted, bride of heaven ; my vows were uncanceled—my marriage had been impiety and sin. I sunk into deep melancholy ; and, although I reasoned with myself, and endeavored to drown the voice of conscience by pleading my ignorance of the fraud that had ruined me, and by calling to memory the tender age at which my noviciate began, and the delusions that were practised upon my unripe understanding, I could not silence the secret whispers of conscience, I could not sweep from my recollection the vows that I had uttered, nor awaken within my breast hopes of pardon and of heaven.

“ The reign of freedom passed away, and, with the re-establishment of the old government, my condition became more pitiable. Donna Isabella died ; my grandfather spurned me ; my father had perished in battle ; and even the convents rejected me. I have lived in this house eight years. My grandfather, who died some years ago, left a small fund to support me ; and here I wait tranquilly for death. Tell me, now that you have heard my history, if you think I may hope for pardon.”

I need scarcely say that I exerted myself to the uttermost, to raise the spirits and dispel the delusion of Sister Isabel. I endeavored to persuade her that the monastic life could not be acceptable to heaven—that her profession was made at a time when she was incapable of understanding its meaning—that vows, the result of delusions, and which were not understood, could not be binding—and that, at all events, her breach of the vow was involuntary, since she believed in the genuineness of the Pope’s dispensation. I plainly saw that she had never met with a friend before. She listened eagerly to all that I

said, wrung my hand, shed some tears, and said I had lighted hope in her breast. I saw her once more before leaving Orihuela, and her health seemed to be improved. She gave me an affectionate blessing; and I feel little doubt that she is, ere this, restored to health and happiness—at all events, to tranquillity.

#### THE ROWING MATCH.

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—Summer is come and gone! and bright, genial, and seductive, as have proved, this year, the smiles of that privileged enchantress, many are the thousands she has wooed from homes, either cheerless with solitude, or haunted by recollections, to tempt the fickle main in quest of yet more uncertain enjoyment, or to dream away luxurious hours of sunny listlessness, lulled by its treacherous whispers on some rock-girt shore—to explore with rapid and unsated glances the witching scenery of foreign lands—or, happier far and rarer, in these days of ebbing patriotism, to gaze with raptured eye and swelling heart on the green fields, bright streams, and waving oaks of merry England! Thanks be to the incidents (albeit in themselves little akin to pleasure) which sent me forth, after long stagnation amid the weeds and shallows of the secure but ignoble haven in which fate had stranded me, once more on the broad current of human fortunes and human feelings—not bold as the novice who launches in fearless exultation a frail bark which summer gales suffice to shiver; but wary as the sea-worn pilot, who reads in the scarce visible cloud the tempest's legible warning, and trims his oft-rent sail in duteous subservience to the mightier elements above him.

It is a strange thing, and a spirit-stirring, to exchange the lounge's daily saunter across fields whose every blade of grass and tuft of fern is grown painfully (though not perhaps the less fondly) familiar, for the traveler's unfettered progress, with cities, and counties, and kingdoms, flitting before his eye in rapid succession, till the world seems one gay, animated, peristrepic panorama! The transition to such excitement, from the almost monastic stillness of a bachelor's home, is at first bewildering; but the power of novelty—that vivid and wonder-working spell by which alone Nature successfully combats the impress of "vanity and vexation" stamped upon all her gorgeous forms—wakes by degrees every latent energy in the torpid soul. We seem to live anew—skies brighter and purer than those we left behind smile on our onward path—fields greener and more luxuriant open on our view—and every breath of the rapidly shifting breeze seems redolent of health and vigor.

Who that has traveled, and traveled after long, joyless repose, has not felt his bosom bound as distant ranges of blue and unknown mountains rose upon the far horizon—at first scarce distinguishable from their kindred clouds, but gaining on nearer approach in individual majesty and towering grandeur, till their overhanging peaks seem closing on his path—revealing then, within their rugged breasts, spots of sunny and sequestered loveliness—and casting, perchance, at length, their sweetly softened image upon lakes of tranquil beauty? Who ever gazed on such reflected glories, pillowed in noontide's unruffled slumber on seas of molten silver—the green unwavering forest pictured in the green un murmuring wave, and nought in motion but some tiny cloud

careering across the untarnished mirror like a fairy pinnacle—without sharing for a moment the sea-boy's feverish calenture, and longing to plunge beneath and find unearthly rest?

But it is not inanimate nature, even in these her noblest features, that wakes the most potent echo in a British wayfarer's bosom. The oaks of merry Sherwood wave the greener for the memory of her hardy archer band—with Warwick's graceful cedars still twine the blood-stained rival roses—the mouldering towers of Kenilworth are peopled with fancy's revelers—and the very quaint antiquity of Stratford is in harmony with the spirit of her gifted truant! The cities of England, with their Gothic spires and venerable minsters—her villages, within whose cheerful hearths the ever-open door gives joyous glimpses—her lordly mansions, buried in ancestral woods—even her tasteful villas, sacred to happy mediocrity,—these, with all their past and present tide of associations, swell once more with human sympathies the heart of him who beholds them after years of estrangement and seclusion.

It was a moment of strangely mingled feelings which revealed to eyes that half dreaded, while they longed to behold them, on the clear moonlight horizon, the venerable towers of Oxford, and the gigantic shadows of their almost contemporary Christ Church Elms! A return to college, when life has fallen "into the sere and yellow leaf," without one of the buoyant hopes and bounding pulses that made former returns synonymous with youthful pleasure or honorable ambition! Oxford! once dear and familiar Oxford! no longer my maternal home; but a moral desert, a human wilderness, in which no well-known face probably existed to recall my former, or reflect my present altered self! The kind, but awful dignitary—the too indulgent tutor—the stern, inexorable proctor,—all, all gathered to their fathers by the mere tranquil exhaustion of life's unshaken hour-glass; and my own once gay and blooming brotherhood (those on whom the early grave closed not) scattered along the world's widely diverging paths, like leaves long severed from their parent tree! Such were the thoughts which bade me gaze with swimming eyes on buildings, not one gray lineament of which it would have been in the power of Lethe to obliterate!

London may be forgotten, even by those whom she nurses in her giant lap—nay, can she be otherwise remembered than as some vast and monstrous exhalation, whose form and dimensions, ever changing and enlarging, mock alike the bodily and mental eye? Edinburgh may be forgotten, all queenlike though she be—her haughty crest, coroneted with natural bulwarks, and fretted like some barbarian fortalice with strange fantastic tracery—for she too changes, and spreads silently her dazzling flanks over once rural scenes, to bathe them at length in her mighty river, beguiling her own long-exiled sons into momentary forgetfulness.

But Oxford! calm, immutable, primeval Oxford! how shouldst thou be forgotten? when, as every stone of thy time-hallowed fabrics which yields to the gentle touch of centuries, is replaced by thy sons with superstitious reverence, so do thy majestic features remain indelibly impressed upon their heart of hearts! And if thou art dear—dearer than he perhaps well knows, till he brings his own young scions to plant them in thy hallowed mould—to the gay son of affluence, deep in the world's turmoil, and surrounded by the world's pleasures—if dearer still to the calm, quiet pastor, pausing amid the prattle of his domestic hearth, to hear in fancy thy well-remembered chimes,—what must thou

be to the solitary recluse, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," for whom the lonely taper burns in some joyless hermitage, whence he looks back on thy days of serene yet social companionship, as the mariner stranded on some isolated rock recalls the verdure, the shade, and rural sympathies of his far-distant home.

I had left Oxford thirty years before, an eager votary of fame, "seeking the bubble reputation," not "in the cannon's mouth," but in the scarce less stormy paths of litigation. I grasped, but to relinquish, my youthful idol. She to whom I could without a sigh have sacrificed ambition, died, unconscious that with her expired my earthly aspirations. One warm sphere of filial love and duty bounded long my calm though clouded horizon. The star of maternal love faded into the dawn of a purer and brighter day; and I was left alone, with nought to live on, but memory—or to live for, but reunion. From the vast blank which, like a shoreless sea, has settled on my uneventful life, the scenes and reminiscences of youth start now and then into vivid illumination, like sunlight on a distant sail, or beacon kindling into sudden blaze.

Then was it when the towers of Oxford first burst upon my view; and, as if to lend reality to my fanciful simile, it was not by the pale moonlight alone that they were sadly and solemnly disclosed. It seemed almost a mockery to my painful musings, when the brief, bright flash of several sky rockets was accompanied by peals of vociferous exultation, rarely heard amid the academic stillness of Alma Mater.

The post-boy turned round to me with sympathetic exultation. "Oxford has won, sir!" exclaimed he, joyfully; "that's why they're shouting so." "Won!" echoed I, not much wiser for the postilion's burst of classical enthusiasm—"won what?"—"Why, sure, your honor, the great boat-race at Henley; and the Cambridge men thought themselves mighty certain of winning, and that makes our young gentlemen so uproarious."

"The boat-race at Henley!" What a throng of "sweet and bitter fancies" came trooping to my memory at the once familiar sound! Many, nay most of them, would be enigmas, save at Oxford, and now, alas! obsolete even there. But—during the long, sleepless night which I passed in considering for whom, among former associates, I might venture in the morning to inquire without a pang,—one little college tale, (which, after all, has perhaps only simplicity to recommend it,) connected with the Henley boat-race, haunted my pillow, and I will give it here.

It was a happier, perchance, if less wealthy, time for England, when her mothers, instead of purchasing with broken hearts the hard-won privilege of sending sons to fill a foreign grave, earned, with unfelt privations, the precious boon of storing their minds with lore for time and for eternity—when every return of the mild, studious candidate for college honors was an era of unmixed pride and rejoicing; and when at length some humble vicarage, or still more unostentatious curacy, sheltered the declining years of the mother who procured, and crowned the bounded wishes of the son who deserved it.

It was with feelings and anticipations such as these, that the widow of a curate in the west of England, left with an only son and daughter, dedicated (reserving scarcely the means of subsistence for herself and

her little girl) three-fourths of her slender provision to the education of her Richard for his father's sacred profession.

While this devoted parent lived, her little pittance and rare economy sufficed to maintain both, especially as by teaching a village school she managed to increase her means, and forward her only daughter's simple education. But this laudable exertion proved one to which she was unequal; her health sunk under confinement, and she died somewhat unexpectedly, leaving Lucy, at the critical age of sixteen, to the sole guardianship of a brother not many years older, and with no earthly provision save what she might share with him from the scanty endowment to which, by his own assiduity and good conduct, he had earned a title, for the prosecution of his college studies.

The orphans clung to each other with the instinct of desolation. Lucy, in the innocence of her heart, saw no obstacle to accompanying Richard to Oxford; and Richard, who knew that her only alternative would be servitude among strangers, had not the heart to undeceive her. He only recalled to her mind and his own their mother's thousand anxious warnings and invaluable counsels. "Lucy," said he, "you are too young and pretty to be seen in Oxford. If you go there with me, you must be content to live like a little bird in a cage, with no one but your brother to sing to, or to take notice of you. I fear it will be a dull life for you, Lucy; and a strange, to lose the green fields, and merry rambles among them with your young companions, to be cooped up in a dismal lodging with me and my musty books. Don't you think so, Lucy, my darling?" But Lucy would throw her arms round her dear Richard's neck, and say that a prison, with him to visit and console her, would be better than a palace away from him. So, in spite of shrugs and whispers from neighbors too sage not to give advice, though too poor or too selfish to give anything else, the orphans set off together for the University, at the commencement of the third year of Richard's academical career.

Permission to live beyond walls had been easily obtained by a lad of Richard's tried steadiness; and in the outskirts of the town a lodging was found, combining indispensable economy with strict privacy, and somewhat of fresh air *within* doors at least, for Lucy. Arrangements were made with an old woman, too blind and deaf to see or hear more than was convenient, for supplying the orphans' few wants, and performing the drudgery of their simple *ménage*; and Lucy, who never stirred from the plain work with which college sempstresses are amply furnished, except in the dusk, under her brother's protection, lived contented, nay cheerful, on the joy of his daily return to their humble fireside, and the rare hope of a twilight ramble with him in the nightingale-haunted depths of B—— wood.

Richard, engrossed as he was by all the energies of laudable industry and successful competition, sometimes actually started to behold, on returning home, the daily increasing loveliness of his gentle sister, whose flush of youthful and rustic beauty had received from months of thoughtful confinement a shade of almost superhuman delicacy and interest. Over a cheek which the winds of heaven, even in their gentlest mood, rarely visited, flitted flushes like rosy clouds across some glassy lake. Her soft eyes had exchanged the joyous glance of girlhood for the soul-reaching expression of early thoughtfulness; and her figure, almost too light and evanescent for health, was but the more perfect in grace and symmetry. Even the purblind old charwo-



man muttered ejaculations of mingled pity and admiration ; and Richard trembled as he gazed on the flower, which he privately resolved, at whatever sacrifice, to remove the following year to a less perilous atmosphere.

The dangers of the present season were, he flattered himself, nearly over. The term was drawing to a close, and not a tuft in Oxford so much as suspected the existence of Lucy Austin. Her brother had ever been too obscure to have many associates, and too shy to make friends among strangers ; and now, when rendered almost morose by fear of possible danger to Lucy, the haunts of the unsocial bookworm afforded few temptations to visitors even of his own unprivileged class.

An incident, however, occurred which at once disconcerted the prudential and meritorious sacrifices of Richard's whole academic campaign. A few weeks previous to the close of the term, the usual rowing match between Oxford and Cambridge was to take place at Henley. None, perhaps, but an Oxonian or a Cantab, knows what a joke are all subliminary competitions to a University boat-race ; no individual, perhaps, had ever more reason to cry, " a plague on both your houses ! " than poor Richard Austin.

His quiet and retiring habits, and studious avoidance of all display and expense, would have made him the last to embark in a contest requiring the utmost energies of purse and person ; but rowing (which he had practised from infancy on his native Exe) was his solitary recreation at college, and his unrivaled excellence in the art was universally known. It so happened, that the day before the match, a picked man of the Oxford crew was summoned to attend a dying parent ; and so inferior were those from among whom a substitute might be selected, that the aquatic reputation of Alma Mater began to totter to its very centre.

To no one was this impending discomfiture more grievous than to the young Earl of D—, the grand patron and champion of the contest, and one of the best-tempered and best-beloved youths ever educated at Oxford. He and his comrades were sunk in all the depressing anticipations of inevitable defeat, when some one suggested Dick Austin, of Queen's, as the best rower in Oxford, if his pride and poverty would allow him to come forward and take a part in a public exhibition.

" Hang his poverty ! " cried all the rowers at once ; " it shan't cost him a shilling ! " " I like his pride," said Lord D—, " but I'll do my best to get over it ; " and the good-natured, frank-hearted young nobleman soon made the humble poor scholar feel (as he really was) the party conferring a great obligation, by exerting his matchless skill in the anxiously contested race. Richard at first shrunk back from what he supposed condescension ; but put at his ease by the cordial manners of the peer, and flattered, in spite of himself, by the importance attached to his compliance, he consented, with a good grace, to restore the balance of power to, at least, its former equilibrium.

When Lucy heard of the rowing match, her mind misgave her. She knew colds were often caught there, and exertions made not soon got over ; and she could have cried, she scarce knew why, when, with a friendly billet from Lord D—, arrived the gay fancy dress provided for the absent member of the club, with a request that Richard would wear it, for the sake of uniformity. " I do not love you in that fantastic disguise, Richard," said she ; " and yet it is rich and handsome, and becomes you well ; but it neither befits your birth nor your



profession. What would my dear mother have said to see you masquerading so ? ”

Richard echoed these forebodings with a responsive sigh : but his honor was engaged, and his motive an amiable one ; and he set off, determined to do his very best. He did so effectually, poor fellow ! for all but himself and Lucy. The race, the most narrowly-contested one ever known, was on the brink of being lost, when, by a superhuman exertion of mingled strength and skill, he retrieved it ; but fell the next moment, with the shout of triumph yet ringing in his ear, back in the arms of Lord D——, whose gay attire was soon deluged with the life-blood of poor Richard. A blood-vessel on the lungs had burst from intense exertion ; and the surgeon, who was summoned with the speed of lightning by the best-mounted of the by-standers, could give at first but a vague hope, contradicted by his grave and anxious countenance.

To say that this event saddened many a young heart, and cast a damp over a scene of triumph, were superfluous ; but while hundreds exclaimed, and wondered, and lamented, Lord D—— acted under the influence of the amiable feelings which made him the idol of his college. He supported, tired as he was, the head of poor Richard in one unvarying position, during the long weary pull up stream (deemed safer than a carriage) to Oxford, accompanied him to his distant lodging, entreated the surgeon, with all the eloquence of despair, to save him, and poured his amply-stored purse into the lap of the old woman (whom he believed Richard's only attendant), to purchase comforts for his sick room.

“ Good God ! his sister ! ” exclaimed the old creature, herself overwhelmed with the sight of Richard, stretched pale as a corpse, and apparently lifeless, on a mattress, to be conveyed up stairs. Her shriek, and the unwonted bustle near the quiet dwelling, roused Lucy from a light slumber, into which, wearied with watching for her absent brother, she had fallen. Her mind full of conquest and victory, she at first supposed them to be bringing him home in triumph, and thought only of her own escape from so alarming an invasion ; when a second look down on the assembled crowd in the pale moonlight showed her Richard, her sole friend and sole protector, stretched forth lifeless on a bier ! She would have flown down stairs, but her tottering limbs refused to sustain her. She had sunk on a chair, motionless and senseless as her poor brother, when—all others being peremptorily excluded by the surgeon—he and Lord D—— laid him once more upon his humble pallet.

“ Another patient ! ” exclaimed the doctor, as he turned from Richard's pallid countenance to the statue-like aspect of poor Lucy, into whose cheeks the “ eloquent blood ” soon rushed, under the influence of his stimulants, though only to ebb once more, and leave them paler than ever. “ Richard ! my own dear Richard ! ” sobbed she, at length, totally regardless of the presence of others ; “ I always said it would come to this. They have murdered you in their idle sport ; and what will become of poor Lucy ! ”

“ He is not dead, young woman,” said the doctor, more moved than his very eccentric manner indicated ; “ nor, I hope, like to die, provided you do exactly as I mean to teach you, in this critical and hazardous case. I shall sit up the first night myself, and I might tell you to go to-bed, but I know it would be useless, and, besides, you must

take a lesson. I am sure, by your face, you will be an excellent nurse ; that is, when you have done crying. As for this young gentleman here, the sooner he goes back to his college, after such a night's work, the better. I never saw a young man worth a farthing in a sick room, particularly if he happened to care for the patient. So good night, my lord ; you shall hear all about us in the morning."

From the moment that Lord D. saw Lucy, pity and remorse had been almost swallowed up in astonishment. That such a being should exist in Oxford, unknown and unworshiped, when girls of the most ordinary pretensions had each their host of devoted admirers ! That he, too, should be the fortunate man—lucky in his very misfortune—to bring to light, to win, and perhaps wear, this rare and matchless flower ! All was, for a few brief, selfish moments, surprise, and flutter, and exultation ; till a noisy troop of the more heartless victors, reeling home from celebrating their triumph, turned the upbraidings of an amiable mind against itself. "Now," reasoned the honest, upright Lord D. "I think these lads cold and callous, because they can make merry while the life of a fellow-creature is at stake ; and yet I can think of his pretty sister when he is lying—and all to please me—on what may prove a death-bed : too bad, really !"

I have neither time nor skill to weave a romance—even a *true one*. What I would forever commemorate is the simple integrity and native purity, which taught the inexperienced Lucy to throw over hours of forced but daily intercourse with an impassioned young man, the sacredness, not merely of innocence, but lofty principle. One plain self-evident proposition stood her in stead of a host of more refined and abstract motives, for a line of conduct which she never swerved from, even in thought. She knew she was not, in birth and station, a fitting wife for Lord D. ; and as she told herself this, even oftener than he assured her of the contrary, she never became entangled in the sophistries so fatal to the peace of many a low-born maiden. True, she did not yet love him, either with his own frantic and impetuous passion, or even with all the chastened energies of a heart naturally warm and tender. But could he come daily, hourly, and cheer with his sunny face and unwearied kindness the lonely abode of sickness and sorrow, and wake no interest in a bosom of eighteen ?

It was impossible ; and that he did so, only made that heroism which might otherwise have been styled insensibility. Lucy strove early to put an end to intercourse so fraught with peril to both ; but to leave her brother in his precarious state, for many moments together, was long out of the question, and as he lived but on the daily visits of his noble friend, Lucy felt reluctant to deprive him of an indulgence, the motive for withdrawing which, it would have been, in his weak state, death for him to hear. Had his mind, indeed, not participated deeply in his body's debility, he would have been tremblingly alive to the impending danger ; but hovering as he was for weeks between life and death, the united presence of his darling sister and his penitent comrade seemed to lull him into a blissful security, from which, but for the supernatural firmness of a mere child, he might have awoke to despair.

Lord D., with the frank and delightful temper which endeared him to all around—and wherefore not to poor Lucy ?—united somewhat of the waywardness of one unused to opposition. "Lucy," he would often say, in whispers of ardent genuine affection, as they watched together during her brother's slumbers, "in two years I shall be of

age : no mortal being will then have power to control my honest inclinations. In choosing you for my wife, I only show that beauty and goodness have more weight with me than idle pomp. I might marry, it is true, more wealthily or more showily—”

“ You may marry more *suitably*, my lord,” said Lucy ; “ and that, my poor mother used to say, was everything. If I was your equal in birth and education, want of money should never part us ; but I am an untutored village girl, unfit as well as unworthy to be the wife of one like you. Were I to be over-persuaded to such a rash step, I should be miserable, encumbered with a station I could not fill, and distracted with duties I had never dreamed of. But this I could bear, as the earthly alloy of too fair a lot ; the scorn of your relations, though it might kill, would not deter me. It is from yourself—your altered, repentant self—that I shrink affrighted. You would wake from your dream of boyish love, and look round in vain for a partner fit to stand with you on your proud pinnacle of rank and greatness, and look down, ere long, in contempt on the poor maiden, who, like the silly moth, let herself be dazzled by their lustre.”

Such, in every varied form of simple and touching expression, was the invariable answer of a girl of eighteen to the eloquence of love and the whispers of ambition.

The conflict became at length, however, too arduous ; and strength, undermined by anxiety and confinement, was no longer equal to resist or even endure the impetuosity of a mind unused to control. After exhausting the simple means her scanty experience suggested, of absenting herself uniformly during his frequent visits, and returning unopened his innumerable letters, she was at length driven to the desperate expedient of an appeal to his mother, one of the proudest and most formidable of women ; the bare idea of addressing whom would, under less pressing circumstances, have made her die of alarm.

A letter to a countess ! and containing, moreover, the unpleasant news of her son's idle attachment, cost poor Lucy days of unsuccessful cogitation ; and it was not till she had burned half a score of elaborate epistles, that, giving herself up in despair to nature's dictation, she wrote as follows :

“ May it please your ladyship,

“ It is now about two months since I had the misfortune to become acquainted with young Lord D. your son, in consequence of an ugly accident which befel my dear brother, while rowing for his lordship at the great Henley match. Poor Richard burst a blood-vessel, and was brought home for dead, and has ever since been in a very dangerous way ; so that I dare not tell him anything to vex or agitate him. My lord was very, very kind to him, and let him want for nothing ; but, unluckily, I could not help his seeing me when he came to sit with Richard ; and for many weeks past, madam, he has been speaking to me as if I had been—as, alas ! I am not—his equal in birth and station. He wants, poor dear young man ! to make me promise to marry him when he is of age ; as if I did not know that a poor curate's daughter is no match for a noble earl. But indeed, madam, I do ; and so I have told him a thousand times. You need not be afraid of my consenting, though it is hard to seem ungrateful to so kind a gentleman ; but as I am a poor lone girl, my only brother being weak in mind and body, and not in a state to be fretted about

anything, it would be a great kindness if your ladyship would come, or send for your son, and talk him out of his foolish fancy, much better than I can do. Till this is the case I shall never have peace; and I am not well or strong since Richard's accident, else I should not have troubled you with my poor affairs. Wishing your ladyship health and prosperity, and all the happiness he so well deserves to your kind, generous son,

I remain, madam,

"Your dutiful, humble servant, LUCY AUSTIN.

"P. S. I wish it might suit your ladyship to come quickly, as I had rather, if you please, not see my lord much longer."

Lady D. was, in truth, a proud, high-tempered woman, but her head and heart were both excellent; and this letter was exactly calculated to make her doat on the writer, in any capacity but that of her only son's wife. She lost not a moment in setting out for Oxford, and exchanging at the last stage her splendid equipage for a post-chaise, drove to the end of the street in which Lucy lived, and proceeded on foot, to avoid all unnecessary *éclat*, to the humble abode of her son's upright rejectress.

It had been the countess's intention, by all this skilful manœuvre, and the assumption of a plainness of attire widely different from that of persons of rank at the period, to see and judge of Lucy in the character of a mere emissary. But the instinct of mingled affection and alarm was not to be deceived. Lucy traced the son's mild features even though his haughty mother's totally differing expression; and had lived of late too familiarly with birth and breeding, to mistake their involuntary indications.

She was at the countess's feet the first moment they exchanged glances, and the next cordially folded in her arms. "Lionel may be forgiven," was the exclamation which followed the mother's keen and embarrassing scrutiny of the fair trembler before her, "for fancying such a creature would become a coronet; but not for forgetting that, if mad enough to bestow it, it could not make her happy. To be a countess is no sinecure, my pretty maiden, even to one born to its arduous duties;—to be a despised and broken-hearted one were too sad a fate for one so innocent and upright as yourself! To avert it, and avoid scenes, which are always bad things, I mean to send you and your brother immediately to Devonshire, where his native air and the care of my housekeeper at D— will do more for him than all the faculty. It would only flurry him to see me at present; so I leave you to tell him that his waste of time and health in my son's service shall be no loss to him, and that the first living he is of age to hold shall be his—no bad specific, I imagine, in a nervous case. His sister's share in his advancement he shall hear from me, when we meet, as I hope we shall all do, by and by. Good Mrs. Jekyll, who is in the chaise a few doors off, will superintend the removal of your invalid to the next stage, whence you will send my carriage and servants to me immediately. A more critical task awaits me: but where there is good sense and good feeling to work upon, a mother may do much."

Amid the reviving breezes and tranquil seclusion of D— castle, the orphans found health, and security, and peace! and when Lord D—, some years after, came to congratulate Richard Austin on his instalment in the best living on the estate, Lucy was able to look on his handsome though altered countenance with meek composure—nay, to





Yes we  
H. Broun

THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES."

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hear his noble lady and beautiful children named without one throb of rebellious regret. But, oh ! the immeasurable disparity between the love of man and woman ! Though Lord D—, at the high flood of his youthful passion, by the extravagance of his grief and indignation, almost terrified his stern mother from her purpose—while Lucy, self-immolated at the shrine of duty, followed its proud priestess like an unresisting lamb—he, not three short years after, had sought and won a titled bride—while *she*, the gentle, passive village maiden, had ever steadily rejected all proposals. To have been beloved by Lord D— was too bright an incident of her history to allow it to be eclipsed by life's vulgar realities—to live single for his sake, worth all the commonplaces of ordinary wedlock !

I have seen, since her story was revived in my mind, its unpretending heroine. She retains, in advancing life, the almost saint-like simplicity of her early expression ; while one loves to imagine that it is to the aristocracy of her affections she must owe a dignity and refinement of manners not otherwise easily accounted for.

Lord D— and she are now excellent friends. He hands her out of church sometimes, not the less respectfully, perhaps, that she once saved him from handing her into it ; and I question whether she would ever have been half as happy beneath the splendid *dais* of Castle D—, as presiding in the rectory parlor over a game at blindman's buff between the motherless children of her dear Richard, and the yet dearer offspring of her early lover.

The old countess, after years of steady friendship, left her independent. The young one, though a little jealous still, loves and admires her. Richard looks up to her as the foundress of his fortunes ; her mother from heaven smiles approval of her upright conduct. Children of romance and ambition—go ye and do likewise !

## LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS.—NO. VI.

THE LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX. (WITH A PORTRAIT.)

[FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]—It is a common panegyric among a certain coterie, upon any person whom they wish to honor as being fit for statesmanship, that he is a man who is equal to the times, or before the times ; but in the case of the illustrious individual whose portrait graces the opposing page, although he is in the head and front of the movement, and at the top and bottom of the law,\* it is very generally supposed that he is the man *behind* the *Times* ; or, to drop mystification of all kinds, that his is the hand from which are discharged those articles, that atone by their lightning for the general heaviness of the thundering of Printing House Square.

The limits of our monthly page would not suffice to describe the multifarious avocations of the Journalist-Chancellor. On the wool-sack, leaping through cases, as Harlequin does through a hoop, without touching them, wonderful in agility and most dexterous in despatch, exciting the astonishment of the audience, and winning the tribute of a clap from the upper gallery of the press ; in the House of

\* It is a fact, that the highest situation of the law, *i. e.* of Lord Chancellor, and the lowest which a gentleman can hold, that of Serjeant-at-Arms to the Court of Exchequer, are held at the same time by Lord Brougham.

Lords as droll as Punchinello, and about as dignified ; in the *Edinburgh Review*, as airy as Jeffrey, and as deep as Mackintosh ; in the *Times*, as oracular as a Stock Exchange reporter on the evening before settling day ; at the Beefsteak Club as comical as he is in the House of Lords—great over a bottle, over a case, over a debate, over an article, it is impossible to say in which he is greatest ; but truth compels us to lament that he had not originally turned his talents to the stage, for he certainly would have beaten Mathews out of the field in the versatility of the characters he could perform, and driven Yates into despair by the rapidity with which he altered his dresses.

Our artist has taken him in the act of writing a leading article. He has, as it were, caught him in the *maner*. The hour is three—just in time for the latest touch for the morning,—the subject, in all probability, some abuse of Lord Grey (a favorite topic), under cover of a seeming panegyric. Perhaps it may be some of that simulated censure of himself, which is intended to throw a doubt upon the authorship ; but when we look upon the eager eye, the relaxed wig, the flung-aside gown, the whole air full of grimace and grog, it strikes us that abuse of the venerable senior, as he calls him, who is now nepotising at the head of affairs, is the staple commodity which is flowing full and fast from his nimble and caustic pen.

And why should he not despise the imbecile congregation of idiots, on whose shoulders he pranced into Chancery, firmly holding the animals whose backs he bestrode by their elongated ears ? They are his property—his own natural prey—and he is free to make *game* of them, especially since the new bill has put an end to the sin of poaching. We cannot conceive Brougham rattling. He may leave the set to whom he is now attached, but it will be much more in the character of a cat than a rat—he will not depart without showing that he possesses talons, which can turn upon the hand that patted him, and under whose smoothing pressure he had so long purred in hypocritical murmurings. The time is, we imagine, not far distant, when his bounce is to be taken, and his colleagues find themselves unable to keep him by the tail.

He has declared himself born in St. Andrew Square, in Edinburgh ; others assign him an humbler birth-place in the Cowgate. To us, who consider all parts of Edinburgh perfectly equal in respectability, the controversy is of the smallest possible importance ; but it is of more moment to decide what are his merits as a Chancellor and a statesman. The bar are rather hostile to his pretensions in the former character ; but commend us to the cautious observation of the gentleman in parliament, who said that he would answer that question categorically, if he were asked, at the end of fifty years,—but not before. His despatch, at all events, is undoubted. We may imitate the epigram on More, and say that such a brooming out of suits in Chancery is not to be expected “till a Brougham comes there again”—whether it is a *clean sweeping*, is a different question.

As a statesman,—but we fear the opinion of *Fraser's Magazine* on that point would be listened to with suspicion. So we leave him to his leader.

## BLANCHE MANTLE.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—The red August sun was going down over the broad heaths of Moray, and threw its last beams across the yellow woods of Culmonai, and the dark blue pines which skirt the forest of Tarnaway. The evening was still and serene as a dream of infancy, not a fleck hung in the clear blue sky, nor a sound, nor a figure stirred upon the green banks, except the light tinkle of the sheep-bells, and the solitary figure of the shepherd, who lay upon the turf at the brow of the Dunduff, and watched the scattered flock browsing in the long shadows of the wood.

As his idle gaze followed the shifting specks, his attention was suddenly fixed by the appearance of a tall grey figure moving in the sunshine along the opposite brae. Its indistinct shadow wore the shape of a female figure as it passed, dilated by the misty light, and the shepherd watched with astonishment its gigantic stature and rapid stride. He followed it with his sight, as it advanced along the little path which leads from the moor of Lethan to the rail-bridge of Ranach, till suddenly it descended into the shadow of the hill, and for some moments was almost lost among the yellow whin bushes. In a short time it again emerged into the sunshine, and the shepherd now distinguished in the apparent female drapery the short blue gown of a traveling minstrel, partially covered by a broad white mantle, which had "*Hugh of Toddy-holes*" been a traveler, would have reminded him of the *blanche capote* worn by the Greek sailors.

He advanced with a powerful pace till he came to the brow of the eminence, when suddenly he stopped, and gazed upon the glen, as if arrested by the noble prospect which burst before him. Though his garb was so simple, there was something in his look which made the eye of the shepherd examine him with a modest gaze. He appeared not yet turned of thirty. His dark-brown cheek was burnt by the sun to the color of the hazel staff which he bore in his hand. His long black hair and curling beard gave a stronger brightness to his calm deep eagle eye; and there was a "*tall*" noble air in his athletic stature, which in that military age was regarded as almost physically confined to the order of chivalry. Hugh looked involuntarily to the neck and heels of the stranger, but neither collar of gold nor gilt spur peeped from under the chequesail of his mandilion, or the green fern about his feet. The light harp which hung on his shoulder was his only object of decoration, but this might have cast some doubt upon the modesty of the bearer; for as the level rays of the sun glanced on its ebony shaft and ivory head, they glistened with colored light, like the gems of dew upon the morning grass. The vanity, however, with which the minstrels were accustomed to decorate their harps with crystals and carving was so familiar, even to Hugh, that though he admired the high-wrought ebony as the finest piece of *bog oak*, which he had ever seen, yet his eye passed over the emeralds, the garnets, and the turquoises with no more admiration than if they had been the cairngorms and pebbles which studded the harp of old Highland Ronald, the earl's minstrel in Tarnaway.\* Hugh was not, however, devoid of his idea of ornament, for he noticed with displeasure the "*bright bone*

\* The seat of the Earls of Moray.

and "*blinking beads*," tied about with a faded blue ribbon, from which the sun and rain had almost bleached the remains of color. "*I dinna think my Meggie wad tie her shoon wi't,*" thought he.

While he thus criticised the person of the minstrel, the stranger gazed with deeper regard upon the romantic glen and woods below, as if he marked every hillock and slivered pine which caught the last rays of the sun, and traced the deep blue gorge of the river, now sunk into profound shadow : for a while he looked—as one might look upon the long deserted scene of childhood, and seemed to listen, as none but a minstrel's ear might listen, as the light breeze came through the shaking aspen, and brought the roar of the river from its rocky channel : suddenly the faint sound of a distant pipe mixed in the murmur ; and as the gale swelled past, a cadence of "*The bonnie braes o' Moray*" came distinctly up the hill. The notes struck the cords of the minstrel's heart, for a few moments his dark cheek grew paler, and his brow gathered, till suddenly he turned away toward the west, and continued looking upon the dim broad glimmering expanse of sunny shadows, where wood, and heath, and moor, stretched away to the low blue outline of Bean-Drinachan.

At length he turned, and approaching the shepherd, "Good friend," said he, in a tone that seemed of foreign accent, "know you any hospitable house, or manor, where a minstrel may barter a rondel for a night's lodging ?"

The modest eye of the shepherd brightened with something like pride—"I hope ye'll no think to want yon in the *laich* o' Moray," replied he, and pointing to the blue smoke which rose from the opposite wood—"yonder is the house o' Relugas, and up the water o' Divie the castle o' Dunphail, and a piecie east the Baron o' Altyre—ye'll may be hae sat in the king's presence o' Holyrood, but ye'd no find gentler welcome nor merrier cheer."

"And the house of Logie," said the stranger, "is there not a house of Logie ?—Logie Orwal ?"

"There's a house, but nae a *ha'*," replied the shepherd, "ye'll just better keep the broad road, sir minstrel."

"I thought—I heard there was one Sir Avenel d'Orwal lived there," replied the stranger,—“as I heard say, a brave knight, and a hospitable—”

"There *was*," answered the shepherd with a sigh.

"And is he dead ?" asked the minstrel.

The shepherd raised himself on his arm. "Ten years sinsine," said he, "yon was the blythest house under the braes o' Moray. Ye'll see the grey tour east yonder among the tall ash-trees. The laird was as *large* o's hand as King Robert—no a maiden was married, nor a puir man carried to the kirk, but his pipe was at the bridal, and his candle at the lykwake. When the snaw was deep, and the ploughs could na gang, ye'd see the white plaids and kirches as thrang about e ha' door as the abbot's gate at Kinloss—but och-hon ! when the laird died 'twas kent that his great spending had brought himsel poorteth, and there was a wadset on the lands weel nigh as mickle's e manor o' Logie. I'm thinking for your tongue ye're may be nae it to our Scottish feuds, but if ye hae the like in your country ye'll n what it is to hae the right hand o' your bairn unchristened, and no tiend o' your kith and kin die in their beds like the burger bodies : Logies and the Calders o' Calder had been at the pursuit o' blood.

Ou !—since the time o' 'Fin Mac-Coul,' and when auld Sir Richard of Logie died, knight Calder bought the wadset that he might brak the hail name out o' Moray. 'Twas no lang but he got the decreet and entry, and cam down frae Edinbruch with the king's seal—we'd nae minded the king nor the shirra o' Morra, ye ken—but the yearl that was *our laird* \* to Calder was in his aid wi' three hundred broadswords and mair—and the noble young knight was put out o' Logie wi' a' the best o's bluid and following."

"And what became of him?" asked the minstrel.

"As we heard," replied the shepherd, "he took the cross wi' the heart of Robert the Bruce, and was killed in Spain under the king's banner, like monie o' his forebears that are gone."

The eye of the stranger lighted up for a moment, but suddenly it returned to its deep calm. "He is a proud knight to whom God sends such noble ending," said he.

The shepherd looked down to the gray tower, which stood silent and lonely without a smoke, while the little black roof of each cotter's hut sent up its white curling spire on the still air. "Ou aye," said he, "for the *nobility*—but I'm thinking he'd no just minded to keep anither har'st in Logie, and after, lie at his grandfather's shouter under the mickle stane in Edenkelie."

The minstrel turned away—it might be the sun shone on his eyes—but he lifted his sleeve to his brow, and as he looked again, "I would that I was laird of Logie for thy sake," said he, "for I have known to want the heart of a true vassal."

The shepherd shook his head as he replied, with the coldness of one habituated to a hopeless wish, "And ye were Laird *Orwal* ye had never wanted one in Logie."

The stranger stood for some moments without reply; but suddenly he bade "Good even" to the shepherd in a voice of "gentillesse," little customary from one of his proud calling to a peasant, and again resuming his journey, hastily descended the hill, and was lost in the birch wood below.

He had entered the little path, which, partly beaten by deer, partly kept by men, leads down, through the skirt of the forest, to the foot-bridge of Ranach. Though his foreign tongue and habit could give little probability that he had ever trod that way before, he passed each turn, and cross track, without hesitation, and continued to thread the intricate mazes of the deer-paths, as if he had been old Hubert the earl's forester himself. It was not long before the deep increasing roar of the Findhorn indicated the near approach of the river, and suddenly the path emerged from the trees upon the rock above the little bridge, which haugs over that deep, tremendous chasm, called in the ancient language of the country† the "*Rathad Cuinge N'Fhearn*."

The minstrel stopped an instant to gaze upon the dangerous pass.—It was a narrow footing of three or four planks, guarded by a white hand-rail, which stretched like a spider's thread over the roaring water. On either side the rock rose a black precipice of fifty feet above the stream, and on the summit, a mossy seat, surrounded by white wood-roses, offered its rest and fragrance beside the path: the pilgrim stopped and looked upon the flowers, and glanced around, as if for the

\* Superior lord.

† The narrow way of the Findhorn. The name is pronounced *Rat-Cungk*.

hands by which they had been planted, and the little white slender figures which at evening were sometimes seen flitting like the "*Blanche Ladies*" of the wood, about their fairy mound. One moment more he stopped to pluck a rose-bud, and fixing it in his bonnet, glanced a backward look, and again resumed his way along the path. Having crossed the "brae of Relugas," and forded the shallow stream of the Divie, he turned short into the path which followed its bank, and as the evening light declined, looked often to the red glow which glistened through the trees, and quickened his pace with every step.

The twilight was fast closing as he entered that wild deep hollow, which leads up from the river to the moor, and from the tragic event, of which it was once the scene, has been named the "Hollow of the Heads." It is a dark solitary gulf, winding like a deserted bed of the neighboring river, between high precipitous rocks, overhung by tall elms and weeping birches, which even at noon diffuse a cool and solemn twilight through the chasm. The masses of stone which have rolled together on the bottom, are covered by a velvet coat of vivid moss, and creepers, scarcely marked by the unfrequented path; under which is heard at intervals the subterranean sound of rilling water. It is a scene, in which Salvator Rosa had delighted to paint the fearful incident from whence it has been named; and for the memory of which, few of the neighboring peasants would cross its gloomy shadow after sunset. As the minstrel passed under the vast elm which overhangs its gorge, his eye glanced quickly into the dim hollow before him, but it was rather the look of impatience than of fear, and he passed lightly over the moss-grown stones, which scarce whispered his step along the breathless silence of the rocks.

He had reached the deepest recesses of the hollow, when suddenly he turned aside, and parting the spreading hazels, which half hid the gray precipice, climbed by the natural steps of the rock to a little mossy buttress which jutted up amidst the trembling tops of the birch-trees, rooted forty feet below. The eye of the minstrel glanced upward to the craig, and immediately fixed on a little rustic cross which stood above in a chink of the rock. It was but two wands of hazel, spliced together by a knife, like the work of some idle hunter, who might have sheltered from a shower under the craig; but it was now almost cemented together by the lichen and moss, which had grown over the decayed bark, and which evinced the length of time which it had remained undisturbed, perhaps untouched, since, by the hand which placed it. The stranger crossed his breast, and bent his knee; and for a moment continued with his eyes fixed upon the simple rood, then rising hastily, he looked on the little mossy pillow at the foot of the rock. The deep soft velvet was impressed, as\* by the lair of some small wood-game, but the keen eye of the minstrel immediately discerned that it was neither the bed of the fox, nor the badger, nor where the martin sits to watch at twilight; with an eager look he glanced round into the den,\* then half loosing his harp, struck three cords of a wild peculiar melody.

The unusual sound had scarce died away in the solitary echo, when at the foot of one of the rocks below, the bonnet and face of a man rose slowly out of a small chasm, and for a moment the dark eyes glanced

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\* "*Den*," in the Aberdeen dialect, is used, and very expressively, for a certain character of hollows and small valleys, for which no English term is descriptive.



cautiously round the den, but as they caught the tall figure of the minstrel on the craig above, a half-suppressed exclamation of joy whispered from the rock, and a young man in the green bonnet and kirtle of a Franklin's groom, sprung from the cavern, and hastened towards the stranger. For a few moments there was such meeting as might be between a "gentle master" and "true man," after long and dangerous absence: but suddenly, "All is well!" exclaimed the minstrel, "the cross is on the rock—the seat is still visited—have you seen *her*?"

The groom's bright look suddenly fell—"No," replied he, hesitating, "I could not speed so far, but I saw May Margaret, the lady's *damoiselle*."

"And what tidings?" said the stranger, with breathless impatience.

"The Lady of Dunphail is wondrous well," answered the groom, "and the young esquires, her nephews, and the old Laird Bisset is haler than he was ever wont—"

"I care nothing for the old laird, and his *hale-hood*," interrupted the minstrel, "*Rose*—the young lady, what of her?"

"The worst that may be told to a true knight," replied the groom.

"How, is she ill?" exclaimed the minstrel.

"Not as you should say ill in body," answered the groom, "but grievously pained in mind—loath I am to say it—but on St. Laurence, she shall be married to Sir Riginald Calder."

The minstrel's eye flashed like a lion, "What, *Calder of Calder*!—the wolf of Drinachan!"

The groom remained silent; and as the minstrel looked on his face, he remained for some moments without asking another question. At length, "And with her own consent?" said he in a voice of unnatural calmness.

"Oh no—no—" exclaimed the groom, "St. Mary forbid!—but the false traitor of Calder has shown a letter to the abbot of Kinloss, bearing the name and seal of the prior of St. John in Seville, and giving tidings that *you* were '*honorably*,' slain with the Douglass in the great battle against the Saracens—the lady that is like to die of grief, has no will nor joy left, and the baron who was ever the son of an unchristened Jew, bade her say '*Yes*,' and she has no strength to say '*Nay*.'"

The minstrel sat down on the rock, and for a while remained with his head leaned upon his clenched hand, and his eyes fixed immoveably on a faint ray of light which quivered upon the moss—at length he arose suddenly, "Norman," said he, "return straight to Kilravock—say to my good brother Sir Hugh, that before the sun shines on St. Laurence, the heiress of Dunphail will be at his castle-gate; beseech him for our kith sake, and old fellowship, to send instant warning to Rait Inchhaugh Brodie, and all who are in his band, to keep true aid against what may fall out from the Bissets, and the Calders. To-morrow at midnight, be thou at the bridge of Divie before the castle, with our horses, the laird's great hosting-steed, and twenty of the best *Roses* who may put mail on their backs."

After a few brief words, Norman drew a bore of his belt, and "scrogging" his bonnet, bounded down the path, and was instantly lost in the obscurity of the den. As he disappeared the minstrel pursued the steep ascent of the chasm, and in a few moments reached the open chase upon the heath above.

The night had closed when he arrived at the gorge of the deep natural moat, which, formed by an ancient channel of the Divie,

isolates the steep green hill on the summit of which stands the fortalice of Dunphail : he stopped under the old oak, at the turn of the path, and looked to the dark towers which rose, blank silent shadows, against the sky : one red light shone faintly in an upper casement, but no sound came from the walls, except the heavy chide of the bloodhound, which bayed within the court. The stranger hastily untied the ribbon from his harp, and folding it in a slip of parchment, placed it carefully in his almoniere, and proceeding up the path, soon arrived at the little terrace surrounding the castle. For a moment he stood before the gate, and signed his breast, and dropped a bead of his chaplet, then loosing his harp, sat down on the bench under the ash tree, and lightly running his fingers over the cords, began the celebrated rondel, by which Blondel discovered the prison of King Richard.

He had not finished the first stanza, when a light appeared in the shot-hole over the gate, and glimmered successively at the loops below, till suddenly the melody of the harp was interrupted by the clash of bolts and chains, and a gleam of light beaming through the unclosing wicket shone upon the grizzled beard and wide gray kirtle of the old warder : for a moment he stood on the threshold, and held forward the lamp in his hand, but a brief inquiry and ready welcome immediately stopped short the music of the minstrel, and lifting his cithar under his arm, he followed a serving lad, whom the warder summoned to conduct him to the hall.

The "little groom" paced before him down a dark narrow passage, through which a confused din of music and tumult increased as they advanced, till stopping at a small door it suddenly opened the sight of a low narrow hall, resounding with the merry dance, which of old closed the day in every Scottish household. A large iron lamp, hung from the vaulted roof, shed a red dusky light through the "stour," raised by the feet of the dancers, and as their shifting figures passed below, showed indistinctly the motley groups of esquires, yeomen, and *damoiseaux*, whose green mantles, blue coats and tartan kirtles, fluttered, crossed, and reeled with incredible velocity to the measure of a villainous cruit, almost drowned by the bounding feet which beat the floor—here and there a solemn blue bonnet jigged, and ducked to the auxiliary notation of a finger and thumb, which cracked like a castanet, and the close white kirch of some immortal old wife bobbed, spun, and trilled through the dark wave of snoods, and shock heads, like the nodules of foam in the eddy of a whirlpool.

It was not without difficulty that the "little varlet" and his athletic follower pressed through the skirt of the vortex, but at length they made their way to the vast chimney before which sat the old knight Bisset, his green velvet bonnet cocked awry over the ear, which was turned up to the cruit, while his dim watery eye twinkled on the jolting heads before him, and his gray toothless beard mumped quickly to the measure of the reel. At the approach of the minstrel, he turned his face, and suddenly adjusting his bonnet, erected himself against the tall arras back of his seat, and welcomed the stranger with the dignity of "Earl Thomas" on the "*Black Chair*"\* of Tarnaway.

After a few questions of his road and tidings, he bade the stranger

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\* A heavy and very antique chair of carved oak is still preserved in the great hall of the castle of Tarnaway, and is said by the tradition of the country to have belonged to Thomas Randolph, first Earl of Moray.

to the carved oak settle beside him; and as he endeavored to raise his voice above the surrounding din—"Yonder loons," said he, "would not give over their *threesome* for the coming of '*Dan Orfeo*,' let alone Euridice, of the which sir minstrel you are greatly lacking,"—and the old knight laughed at his own wit, and literature, till the ready tears fell from his eyes.\*

The minstrel replied by such a smile as might have relaxed the features of Roland, after the treason of Angelica, or Sir Tristram de Li-  
ons, when he presented *la beale Isonde* to his rival King Mark—he was, however, spared an attempt at the repartee incumbent on minstrel humor, by the old knight leaning over the opposite arm of his chair, to whisper in the ear of the serving-boy, who still waited at his shoulder: this communication was presently explained by the appearance of a vast buck pasty, and a huge flagon of Rochelle, which was set before the minstrel, with an intimation that supper was preparing.

The stranger, however, ate with an appetite which promised little grace to the *livery*, and at every pause of the reel, or sound of the unclosing door, his eye scanned through the hall with impatient glance. At length, in an interval, while the blind Crowther rested his stiffened fingers on his knees, the stranger pushed away the wine-flagon, and reaching his harp made offer to give "the maidens a lilt on the cithar." The proposal was received with universal alacrity, and the dancers began to crowd to their places. The minstrel rested the harp on his knee, and for a few moments drew the strings, and ran his hand over the cords with a touch which made the bald eyes of old Malice fix towards his seat, and the countenances of the dancers light with animation; till suddenly he struck into a brilliant strathspey, and the bounding hall went off like electricity. If the dancers had shown vigor under the influence of blind Malice, they were now thrown into an ecstasy, which resembled an orgie of the Corybantes, by the rattling of dirks, the mill of feet, and the clapping of hands, animated by the short shrill cry, with which the Scottish reel-dancers excite each other. At length the minstrel ceased the magic music, and as he sat down the harp, the old knight held out his hand, and giving him a hard grasp—"By St. Rule!" exclaimed he, "an there were nae ither feet in the hall, ye'd mak the tykes and Meg Tabby loup on the floor like morris-men and May Marrion!"

In a few moments blind Malice began to twang and tune his cruit afresh, and the old knight winking aside to one of his nephews—"Now, man," said he to the minstrel, "ye'll tak a turn o' the game yoursel."

The keen eye of the stranger had already marked amidst the crowd the bright blue snood and *jimp* green kirtle of a little laughing maiden, who had just entered the hall, and stood among a group of *damoiseaux*, whispering and glancing her black eyes with an air which bespoke its familiarity with a lady's bower. The minstrel immediately accepted the invitation of his host, and putting off his white mantle, advanced to the fair bower maiden, who blushed with pleasure at his approach, and immediately accepted the hand which was offered to lead her to the

\* The "*Gentiles*" of chivalry indulged equally in laughing and weeping. In the "*Morte D'Arthur*" we are frequently told that the king, the knights, and Queen Guinever herself, "*laughed till they fell off their seats*," at sayings and doings which it requires the testimony of the author to discern had any relation to a jest.

floor. The bystanders gathered round the reel in which they were to dance, some curious to see the skill of so "gentle" a minstrel, and not a few, animated by the same wicked expectation as the knight, to witness the agonies of his ingenuity, under the torture of Malice's cruit : but the second tour was scarce finished, when the hall rung with clapping hands, and even the old laird started out of his arm-chair, and hobbled into the press, to see the object of universal eagerness. As soon as he distinguished the figure of the minstrel, he began to clap, and whoop, and snap his fingers in an ecstasy of admiration. Whether animated by this applause, the feet of the stranger seemed to beat the imperfect measure of the cruit, as if by inspiration, and not only followed every intricate vibration of the fling, with almost invisible rapidity, but at times introduced in spontaneous variety the grotesque and graceful steps of the hornpipe, the saraband, and the ring dances of the Greek Cypriots.

At length the reel ended amidst a tumult of applause, and as the gallants led back their partners, the old knight pushed through the throng, and thrusting aside the intermediate couples, saluted the minstrel with a violent slap on the shoulder. The stranger, who was in the act of bending his head to the glowing cheek of his proud little partner, startled suddenly round at this unwelcome interruption ; but the knight stretching out his hand—"Hey, man !" exclaimed he, "but had ye been yon Orfeo, I spoke of whiles—ye'd no been long to win your lady, and deil the clood in hell had come by ye, when aince ye'd gotten her."

For the first time the dark steady eye of the minstrel relaxed into a smile, and bending in silence to the compliment, he led forward his partner through the congratulations of the crowd. At length the commencement of another reel diverted the interest of the dancers, and watching a momentary opportunity, the minstrel slid into the hand of the *damoiselle* the little packet, containing the ribbon, which he had taken from his harp—"May Margaret," whispered he hastily, "bear this instantly to thy mistress—'tis a relic from the Holy Land, the which, if she present at *midnight* of *Lawrence* eve, on St. Mary's Shrine in the chapel, shall have virtue to deliver her from *all jeopardies*."

Margaret took the packet with a doubtful look, and suddenly turned a piercing glance upon the minstrel, but he had already mingled with the crowd ; and after a moment's hesitation she slipped the packet into her bosom, and glided from the hall.

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The great clock of the castle struck midnight, and as each stroke came half drowned through the storm, Norman glanced eagerly into the impenetrable gloom, but no step was on the road, nor could his eye distinguish any object but the dark rails of the bridge, and the white sheet of water which roared beneath. The troopers sat under the shelter of the trees, their cloaks muffled to their faces, and their drenched horses drooping their heads to the driving rain. The tempest increased at every moment : the wind blew down the narrow glen in violent gusts, which tossed the heads of the trees in whirling eddies, and at times seemed to sweep upward from the ground. The rain fell in sheets, which resembled the deluge of a waterspout, and at a little distance, a part of the hill-side had sunk into the valley, with all its trees and bushes, and left a wide, deep "*scaur*," from which burst a torrent of subterranean water.

The Divie—the preceding day a shallow gliding stream through which Norman had waded scarce wetting his chaucés—was now a furious cataract, which roared at the brim of its channel in white mountainous waves. A hollow rumbling concussion, like distant thunder, mixed with its roar, and seemed to roll under the water, which every moment sapped vast flakes of the bank, or brought down fragments of stone, that rebounding over the rocky bottom of the river, caused the extraordinary sound by which it was accompanied. The tallest trees shook like a bulrush in the stream; and as they fell went down unheard, almost unseen, amidst the roar of wind and water which swept over them.\*

As the clock ceased, Norman glanced anxiously to the pillar of the bridge, on which the bright foam rendered faintly visible the fearful height of the river—it had now risen almost to the keystone of the arch, and the rider remained with his eyes immoveably fixed upon the rushing line, which seemed almost sensibly to increase. In a few moments more the waves filled the arch, and suddenly a deep gush of water went over the whole platform, and left only the shivering hand-rail visible above the foam.

Again the terrific stream collapsed and sunk with a roaring suction under the cavity of the bridge, while the solid oak planks vibrated upon the conflicting waves like the leaf of a water-lily. In the next moment the bank began to sap on the opposite side, and the white trunks of trees, which shot like lightning through the arch, struck the pillars with a force that made the solid buttresses quiver like a hay-cock. "In ten minutes more it is gone!" exclaimed Norman.

The water continued at intervals, washing its angry surges over the whole footway—the esquire turned hastily to the troopers—"Let us pass," said he, "or they are cut off:" the horsemen made no reply, but advancing silently to the bridge, waited for the subsiding surge, and before the succeeding wave, spurred their snorting horses over the planks, and sought shelter under the opposite trees.

They had scarce taken post, when the sound of a step approached in the deep gravel, and suddenly a pale white figure appeared through the darkness. The men roused upon their horses, and immediately Norman recognised the dark shadow of his master covered only by his kirtle, and supporting a slender figure, closely muffled in his *blanche capote*. "Is all safe?" said the deep voice of the minstrel, as he stood before them.

"All but the storm, *Sir Avenel*," answered Norman. "But a moment more, and the bridge is gone."

"Bring white Soldan," said the knight; and as he spoke, one of the grooms led forward the horse, and throwing off the wide mantle by which he had been covered, the pale figure, and streaming mane of the noble Arabian, appeared suddenly in the darkness.

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\* A *lammas flood* is one of the most striking features of Scottish climate, and few seasons pass without some remarkable instance of its ravages. In August, 1530, the province of Moray was visited by a tempest, causing such a deluge on all the rivers, as there is every evidence to believe could not have occurred during the three centuries before. The above sketch, which may seem exaggerated, is but a feeble outline of the scenes witnessed on the Divie and the Findhorn.

An ample detail of the ravages upon all the rivers, with many remarkable circumstances of the danger, escapes, and losses of the devastated people, is given in Sir Thomas Dick Lander's interesting work, "The Account of the Great Floods in Moray."

Sir Avenel looked at the bridge. The furious water was now running like a mill stream over the vibrating planks. "Can you venture this?" said the knight, glancing despondingly to the white veiled figure which clung to his arm.

"If you are sure of the horse, I can sit," replied the gentle voice of Rose Bisset.

"He is my own glorious Soldan, which brought me from Palestine!" answered the knight.

Rose laid her slender hand on the shoulder of the horse, and offered her little white foot to the esquire, who always kneeled beside the stirrup. The knight lifted her to the saddle, and in a moment she fixed herself in the seat, and gathered up the reins—"I am ready," said her soft maiden voice, almost drowned in the wind.

Sir Avenel leaped on his horse, and taking the bridle of Soldan, led him towards the bridge. The noble steed snorted, paused, and drew back, as if conscious of the precious burden which he bore: "Soldan! ho, Soldan!" said the knight, patting his white neck—"Forward, good Soldan!"

At the deep sound of his master's voice, the horse suddenly raised his ears, and advanced cautiously on the bridge; at that moment a deeper surge of the flood swept through the hand rails a white whirling tumult of foam and wreck, and the horses rushed forward into the stream. In an instant the black figure of the knight was lost in the darkness, but the pale horse, and mantle of Rose, struggled, fluttered, dashed, thundering through the foam and tempest, like the white water-spirit of the storm.

"Soli Deo Gloria!" shouted the crusader, as he led forth the horse on the firm turf, and for a moment the splash of the troopers followed after through the roaring waves.

They gathered up in quick succession on the bank till all was silent but the storm.

"Are all here?" said Sir Avenel; and as the low voices answered out of the darkness, the knight spoke a few words to Norman, and the esquire leaning forward, the horsemen followed slowly up the narrow path which led from the glen.

In a few moments they wound above the trees which hid the bottom of the valley, and saw the windows of the castle glimmering faintly through the storm; the towers were wholly lost in the darkness, but quick shifting lights appeared, and vanished in the casements; and suddenly a number of red sparks moved along the air like gliding stars.

"The trackers are on the hill!" whispered Sir Avenel to the esquire—"ride on."

The dark line of horsemen pressed eagerly up the steep, till having gained the level down on its summit, they followed its winding edge at a rapid trot. The knight glanced back into the deep blank gulf of darkness below, but the lights had disappeared, and no sounds came from the glen but the roar of the river and the trees.

As they approached the parting of the paths, Norman turned back to the side of Sir Avenel, "There is no bridge left on the Findhorn, but the Rathad-Cuinge," said he.

Sir Avenel stopped suddenly, "The Rathad-Cuinge!" he repeated.

"I would not fear to take it," replied the esquire. "There never was a flood on Findhorn, which reached the planks, and if the lady



can venture to cross on foot, I would gage my fee to lead over *some* of the horses."

The knight paused for a moment ; then turning his bridle, "Lead on," said he, "you know the road."

They had scarce gone fifty paces, when an indistinct sound came down the wind.

"What was that !" exclaimed Sir Avenel, looking back.

"But the *weird* wind," replied Norman, "it yells and clamors to-night as if all the demons of the air shrieked in the blasts."

At this moment there fell one of those momentary lulls, which intervene amidst a storm.

"There, again !" said Sir Avenel ; and as he spoke, the deep-mouthed chide of a bloodhound came distinctly in the gust.

Rose had not spoken before—"Oh there is '*black Dulochan* !'" she exclaimed, closing to the side of Sir Avenel.

"No, no," answered he, "it is but some shepherd's dog on Tulledivie."

"'Tis *no shepherd's* dog," replied Rose, "I know his tongue—it is the black dog of Drinachan."

The bay of the hound came now distinctly on their track, and the loud clatter of arms and the trample of horses could be heard at intervals—"By holy St. John they have crossed the bridge !" exclaimed Norman.

Sir Avenel sat without a motion of his rein, and gave directions to his men, in a tone as calm and unhurried as if he had stood in the hall of Kilravoch. In a few moments they resumed their course as rapidly as they could ride for the darkness ; as they reached the hill of Re-lugas, the bay of the dog and the trample of the pursuit had receded far in the wind, and when they crossed the parks below, it was lost behind the hill. "Good fellows," said Sir Avenel, "another sixty roods the bridge is crossed, and broken, and no man on earth may follow." The riders spurred fiercely forward, and the pale white figure of Rose, and the Arab horse, shot like a flying shadow through the darkness.

As the little troop swept round the elbow of the glen, and approached the promontory, which forms the eastern buttress of the Rathad-Cuinge, every eye strained forward towards the river, and vainly endeavored to distinguish its course through the darkness ; but as they advanced, the terrific roar of the water gave fearful warning of its fury.

At length they came upon the rock above the bridge, and the whole party stopped appalled at the black half-visible tempest which rushed through the abyss. At the moment, a sudden flash of lightning illuminated the whole course of the river, and showed its white roaring battle of mountain waves running at the edge of a shelf, not a bow's length below the bridge. The fragile fabric shook like a spider's web over the sweeping tumult, and its bleached rail and trembling footway stretching indistinctly through the haze of spray, seemed to extend into immeasurable darkness like the visionary *Bridge of Dread*, over which the soul is said to pass the gulf of eternity.

The troopers looked appalled upon the fearful pass, but Sir Avenel leaped from his horse, and lifting Rose from the ground led her down the path towards the water ; the horsemen followed in silence, and as they approached, the deafening thunder of the cataract drowned even



the roaring of the trees, and the white spray drove in their faces like a sheet of snow.

The knight made no check before the bridge—"Now, lady," whispered he, "one prayer to the Virgin—a firm hand to the rail, and all is safe." Rose replied only by the close pressure of her cold hand; for a moment she trembled—paused—stopped—it was but while her slender finger moved upon her breast and forehead. In the next her white figure stood above the roaring flood, and glided—faded—vanished in the darkness as if it melted into air.

In the momentary pause which followed, the mail glove of Sir Avenel flew through the spray and clashed upon the rock at the foot of Norman. "They are safe!" he exclaimed, as he lifted the signal, and taking the rein of Soldan led him forward towards the bridge. For an instant the brave horse trembled, snorted, and stretched his wide nostrils to the gulf below. The esquire patted his white shoulder, and encouraged him by his voice; then loosing the rein upon his neck passed boldly on the bridge, and called him by his name.\* The brave and gentle animal immediately followed him upon the terrific footing, and proceeding step by step passed the trembling planks and gained the opposite bank in safety. The troopers could scarce suppress a shout of joy, and immediately led forward their horses towards the bridge, but none would approach the roar of the water, and each recoiled snorting and trembling with ungovernable fear. At this moment the clattering career of the pursuers approached full speed, and in an instant the horses were abandoned, and the riders rushed upon the bridge, but not half their number had passed when a furious clamor of armed men rushed down upon the pass.

For some minutes the clash of the blows, the yell of shouts, the dash of falling bodies, mixed with the roar of the tempest; but suddenly the tall black stature of a gigantic figure appeared upon the centre of the bridge. He was rushing forward, followed by the mixed rout, when he was met by Norman, and each grasping to the rail made desperate stand for the passage. Unable to join in the combat, and appalled by the shaking footway, the rest recoiled upon the rock, while the dark figures of the two combatants, the flash of swords, and the clang of mail, could be distinguished over the spray and roar of water. Suddenly they appeared to close together, but at the same moment a high swell † of water came down over the chasm, and men, bridge, and horses, swept overwhelmed into the gulf. As they went down, a wild thrilling shout mixed with the roar of the flood, and a terrific blaze of lightning illuminated the white roaring sheet of water. For a single instant the black heads of the combatants, the fold of a red mantle, the flash of a dirk, appeared amidst the foam, but in the next all was lost but the pale shooting light of the froth, and the rolling peal of thunder which burst over the river.

The yeomen of both sides stood stiff and appalled upon the brink, their hands fast clenched, and their eyes fixed upon the black abyss which roared between them. But suddenly the faint blast of a horn sounded in the forest, and as a second flash of lightning showed the

\* The Arab horses are accustomed to follow their masters without leading, even through fire.

† On the Findhorn, and other mountain rivers of the same character, these swells sometimes come down like a bank six feet "abreast."

northern bank it shone only upon the lone black rock, and the tall rent beech trees, tossing their white branches in the wind.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun rose bright and still and breathless upon the Findhorn, the slender birch trees scarce shook away the heavy drops from their boughs, and the blue harebells and cuckoo-cups hung surcharged over the dewy grass, in which the tears of the night glistened like crystal gems. None stirred but the red buck which stepped cautiously through the fern, and no sound came over the Ranach but the slow deep warble of the blackbird and the subdued hum of the river.

The yellow water now lipped gently on the margin of the meadow, but far above along the mossy banks, and amidst the tallest trees, long ridges of discolored froth and tangled wreck were left upon the turf, or hung suspended in the branches. At intervals in the hollows of the rocks, or on the shelves of sand, lay the half barked trunks of shattered trees, and here and there a broken wheel, an empty cradle, or the rafter of a cottage, tokened the desolation which had swept from the Monaidh-lia to the carse of Moi.

As the morning shone over the fishers' huts of Slui, one of the old men tottered out into the sun, and leaning on his staff above the pool, looked down for the cobble, which had been drawn up on the bank the night before. While he continued gazing on the "jetsome" of the river he observed the sun glisten upon a red heap, half covered by the sand and shaggy wreck. Thinking to find the contents of some broken *kist* he descended to the spot, but as he approached he discovered the shape of limbs beneath a scarlet mantle, and lifting the skirt with his salmon-hook, beheld the bodies of young Norman and Sir Hugh Calder, locked together in the death-gripe of their last struggle.

Their blue stiffened features were fixed in the glare of mortal defiance, and their limbs bore fearful marks of the conflict of torrent and rock, which could not separate their mangled bodies. The dirk of the esquire was still fast clenched in his right hand, and his left closed on the throat of his master's enemy, the deep wound in whose neck disclosed the death-stroke which had reached him in the water.

\* \* \* \* \*

The race of Orwal has become extinct in Moray: its ancient domain has passed to another family; not one of the inhabitants trace their lineage to its blood, and its name is only remembered in the appellation of three little hills near the house of Logie. Tradition has left no trace of when they failed, or who were the last of their race; but in the ruined chancel of Kinloss there is an altar-tomb, on which lie the figures of a knight and a lady in the surcoat and kirtle of the fourteenth century,—their hands joined, and the feet of the warrior crossed as the effigies of those who had fought in Holy Land. On the step below the tomb kneel the figures of three children, their hands uplifted, and their faces turned towards the forms above; in each compartment of the fretwork are two pointed escutcheons, partly broken, and discolored by the green damp mould; but if the moss is cleared away, a curious herald may discern the faint remains of color and gilding, and distinguish in the half obliterated figures the five crozlets of Orwal, and the three eastern crowns of the once powerful

house of Bisset. Round the upper moulding of the tomb appear the remains of a worn legend, but the characters are now defaced, and the eye can only trace the letters, " . . . Ave . . . l . . . . . B . ss . t . . . . et . . . . fillii sui ; " and below, the words

SANCTA MARIA ORA PRO NOBIS !

## REMINISCENCES.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO FRIENDS IN THE REGENT'S PARK, OR ANY OTHER QUIET PLACE.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—*A.* God bless me ! How do you do ? I have not seen you this age ; but I have often inquired after you.

*B.* No ; it's a long time since we last met. Something like five or six years, I think ?

*A.* Ay, that it is, at least. And how have you been, and where have you been, and what have you been about all that time ?

*B.* Oh, I don't know ; doing the best I could to keep things smooth and comfortable. But how has the world used *you* ?

*A.* Much as usual. I have had my ups and downs. But in the long run I have contrived to keep the right end of the rope, thank God.

*B.* That's all well. (*A pause.*)

*A.* This is fine weather.

*B.* Very. (*Another pause.*)

*A.* I don't think you are quite so stout as you were.

*B.* No, I am considerably thinner—(*pating himself,*) but *you* have picked up flesh a little—(*poking his friend.*)

*A.* Do you think so ? (*Another pause.*)

*B.* How are you all at home ?

*A.* Not so well as I could wish. Mrs. A. has been laid up with the influenza, for this last fortnight, and I am afraid the *babby* is going to have the cholera morbus.

*B.* Dear me ! I hope not. I see by the papers, by the by, the cholera has arrived at Sunderland, but I have not heard of its being in London.

*A.* God knows, we don't want it. We are bad enough without that.

*B.* Y—e—s. (*Another pause.*)

*A.* Well, I am glad to see you. Where do you live now ?

*B.* At Newington Butts. I wish you would call some day when you are passing. It is the third door on the right hand, after you get through the turnpike. You can't mistake it, for it is the only house in that row with a mahogany-colored door and a brass knocker.

*A.* I will ; and I hope you won't pass by No. 1 Short street, Finsbury square, without stopping to say how do you do ? Good morning. I am glad to see you looking so well.

*B.* Good morning. Remember me to Mrs. A., and I hope she will soon get better. (*They shake hands.*)

*A.* By the by, what has become of old Major Hewson ? The last I heard of him was about two years ago, when he was living somewhere near Colchester.

*B.* (*Shaking his head.*) Poor fellow—he is dead.

*A.* Indeed !

*B.* Yes ; he never held up his head after that affair of his son, George. I suppose you heard of it.

*A.* Not a word.

*B.* You surprise me. It was in all the papers at the time.

*A.* What was it ?

*B.* (*Making a sign under his left ear, and pointing upwards.*)

*A.* Good God ! Hung himself !

*B.* (*Shaking his head again.*) Worse than that. It was done for him.

*A.* What do you mean ?

*B.* You know George was always a gay young man, fond of expense and show, and (I am afraid) of women and the gaming table. The major's fortune would not permit of his allowing him enough to pay for all this ; and getting acquainted with a set of black-legs, they made a tool and a victim of him. He was taken up for forgery, and — it broke his father's heart.

*A.* Poor Major Hewson ! Poor fellow ! I remember he was particularly fond of George, and proud of him too ; but I confess I always thought him partial, for his brother Edward was every way superior to him—more the gentleman in his manners, and a much sounder head. Is he still managing his little farm at Reigate ?

*B.* I have not heard anything of Edward Hewson since that unfortunate affair of his wife.

*A.* His wife—his wife—(*musings.*) Now you mention it, I seem to have a sort of recollection of having heard something about Mrs. Hewson. She was thrown from her horse, I think, and broke her collar bone.

*B.* Oh, that was before they went to live at Reigate. No—what I allude to happened about the time of the major's death. She ran away with a young fellow whom she met at the assemblies at Margate, and who turned out to be nothing more than a linen-draper's foreman.

*A.* The devil ! She was a pretty little woman.

*B.* Yes, pretty enough—but a jade.

*A.* I forget whether you ever met Mr. Smith at my house ?

*B.* Oh yes, several times—a very lusty man, and wore powder.

*A.* No, that was James Smith, the cornfactor, in the Borough. *He* was upset in a boat the other day, going to Greenwich, to eat white-bait, and drowned. The Smith I mean, was short, thin, pale-faced, and had a remarkable cast in his eye.

*B.* To be sure, I have met him ; he played an excellent game of chess.

*A.* The same. Well, *his* wife served him the same trick as our friend Hewson's, only last week : eloped with an attorney's clerk in the Minories, took upwards of two hundred pounds, and set off for the continent. Mr. Smith traced them to Boulogne, but lost scent of them there, and gave up the pursuit.

*B.* Wasn't that Mr. Smith the brother-in-law of Frank Sowerby ?

*A.* Yes. Why do you ask ?

*B.* Because I see his name is in the *Gazette* of last night.

*A.* You don't say so !

*B.* Francis Sowerby, of Milk street, Cheapside, warehouseman—if it's the same.

*A.* (*Snapping his fingers.*) Then I'm done out of about seventy pounds, as clean as a whistle !

*B.* I am sorry for that—but there he is among the bankrupts, safe enough.

*A.* Mine's a particularly hard case. That old rascal (I can call him no better) came to me one morning, about a month ago, while I was at breakfast, and asked if I could lend him a hundred pounds for a few hours. I did not happen to have so much in the house; and so far I may consider myself fortunate, for if I had had five hundred, and he had wanted it, such was my opinion of his stability, I should not have hesitated a moment. However, what I had I gave him; I think it was near seventy pounds. I know it was above sixty; and, like a fool as I was, I must needs press him to give me his acceptance for it at two months (wishing to oblige him), instead of having it back the next day, as he promised I should. Now, doesn't such a fellow deserve hanging ten times over? For he must have known in what situation his affairs were.

*B.* Scandalous! It is these things that make one absolutely afraid to do a good turn to anybody.

*A.* Oh, they are enough to make one swear not to lend a shilling to one's own father. I had rather, at any time, be robbed on the highway of ten pounds than be fairly diddled out of sixpence.

*B.* So would I.

*A.* So would anybody.

*B.* But it is the way of the world.

*A.* It is a d—d bad way, that's all I can say.

*B.* Yes.

*A.* It would be a good thing if we always remembered what we learn at school, that honesty is the best policy.

*B.* Yes.

*A.* My grandmother had a capital maxim—to trust nobody, and then nobody can cheat you.

*B.* Yes.

*A.* But, good God! if one can't trust a friend, it is a melancholy thing indeed.

*B.* Yes.

*A.* In last night's *Gazette*, eh?

*B.* Yes.

*A.* Well—what can't be helped must be endured—but the next seventy pounds, or the next shilling, I lend to man, woman, or child, will do them good, I guess. So, good morning.

*B.* (*Shaking hands with A.*) Do you ever see anything of Mrs. Rowbotham now?

*A.* I met her, not more than three or four Sundays ago, coming from church.

*B.* I suppose she is as hearty as ever?

*A.* I never saw her look better. She seems to have taken a new lease of her life.

*B.* Pleasant news for me! I have an annuity of thirty pounds to pay while she lives, and a reversionary interest in three hundred at her death.

*A.* I thought you had settled that business with her son-in-law, Mr. Snap.

*B.* So I thought, but I found Mr. Snap meant to make a bite of me, just in time to save myself.

*A.* God help us ! What a world it is. There is hardly anything in it without roguery.

*B.* Very true, very true ! Well, good morning. [They shake hands and go different ways, *A* thinking of Sowerby's bankruptcy, and *B* calculating the chances of an old woman's life at fifty-five.]

# MAKING A NAME ;

OR, MORTIFICATIONS AND MISFORTUNES. BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—" I think it is an excellent scheme provided we could make a name," said my aunt.

" Yes, yes, provided we could just make a name," returned my uncle.

" Certainly, papa, if we could only make a name," was said in chorus by my four cousins.

We were a family of project-formers and castle-builders ; and whenever any member of the family group suggested an easy path to fame, fashion, or fortune, it was always eagerly swallowed by the others as the very best scheme on earth, and their rejoinder was always—" That's elegant, if we could but make a name."

Need I, after this, say that we were all " real Irish."

The present discussion had arisen in consequence of the disturbed state of our country, in which we were by no means popular. My uncle had tried to render himself so ; or, as he termed it, " to make a name as a pathriot," some years before ; and his voice had been the loudest in opposition at county meetings, elections, &c., bawling for the rights of the much-injured, and greatly-suffering, and all-enduring Irish peasantry ; but finding that the people, whose cause he vindicated, did not give a protestant advocate credit for sincerity, while on the other hand the aristocracy looked coldly on the " man of nothing " who opposed them, he changed his system altogether, and determined to make a name as an " Orangeman " on the other side of the question.

My aunt, too, had her share of little troubles and disappointments. For some years after her marriage, she had endeavored to make a " name for charity," and had visited the neighboring poor, giving them advice and assistance,—but not in equal quantities, I suspect ; for their gratitude was by no means so rapid and luxuriant in its growth as she expected from the good seed she planted ; and in disgust she determined to direct her future efforts towards " making her name " as a good manager and economist.

There is nothing on earth which the lower order of Irish dislike so much as " good management," which they contemptuously term " mainness." Instead of being congratulated on the grand show she made at a trifling expense, my aunt used to encounter sneers and clever Irish jokes, not unmingled with *soubriquets* of " main skinflint," and "ould swaddlin' nigger ;" they had likewise threatened " to make the old farrum too hot to hould her ;" and whenever there was a " rising in the county," they always neutralized her economy by breaking her windows, destroying her poultry, &c. &c. The discussion of this evening was relative to our future residence ; and my uncle had proposed England, to which the family had made the usual rejoinder. I never

was honored by being asked my opinion, as I had ever been (with my uncle Lawrence) quite averse to the name-making system; but as I saw it was in vain to contend against the wishes of those with whom my orphan state obliged me to reside, I never ventured into an argument on these matters.

We were obliged to let the farm at a very low rent, on account of the crops being all destroyed; and as it was the only means my uncle had of supporting his family, he wished to live in England in what he termed "a quiet genteel way," which means, among us Irish, only 50 per cent. beyond the actual income. My aunt insisted on taking a Dublin servant with her, who knew something of style, to make a name for elegance in our future domicile: but my uncle stoutly objected to the expense, and was only induced to agree by my aunt introducing a "handy lad" (about fifty-nine) who had offered to accompany her without wages, merely to see England; so we hired this bargain, without a character, and he really happened to be very clever, and had an appearance of having attended families of better style than our own. He was a strange-looking being, lame and deformed, with fire-colored hair, while his complexion was dark mahogany; and when he laughed he displayed teeth which, from their whiteness, were quite ghastly, beside his frog-like skin. With the singular acuteness of his clever nation, he was an *au fait* with all our characters in a few hours; and while fooling my uncle and aunt "to the top of their bent," he really seemed to guess my thoughts and wishes as soon as they were formed.

When we were packing and directing the trunks on the morning of our departure, my aunt, reading one of the cards which I had written, exclaimed—"Well! O'Casey, dear, isn't ours an ugly name?—Will I make the child Frenchify it into '*Cassé*,' which sounds something like Napoleon's man that wrote the journal?"

"To be sure an' you may," returned my uncle; "write '*P. Cassé*, Esq.' on some cards, Fanny."

When I had written them, my uncle, with the little nails ready, and the *poker* to drive them (for among us Irish nothing does its own work—the *poker* acts "*hammer*," and the end of the *bellows* acts "*poker*"), my aunt stopped him once more, saying, "Ah! then, O'Casey, if we call ourselves a French name, we can only trace our family to the French revolution; but if we omit the '*O*,' won't we be able to say we're related to the Caseys of Ballyknock-na-kil-Casey, and the Caseys of Castle-bally-na-Shamus-more-Casey, and the great Caseys of Clon-carrick-lough-Casey, near Newtown-mount-Casey, county Kildare, and they are descended from O'Connor-M'Columb-kil-Casey, king of Munster, you know."

"Success to you then! but you're clever," said my uncle, gazing with admiration on his inventive wife: "Fanny, dear, write some more cards, with '*P. Casey*, Esq.' upon them."

According to orders I wrote another set, which was no easy task, my cards being taken from a pack *rejected* by the nursery. The chaise was now at the door, and we had scarcely time enough allowed us to reach the packet: not one of the overflowing trunks would close, and there were three still unpacked, while my uncle was hurrying off with the wet cards, which he blotted in his anxiety to dry them (I do not know if blotting paper be *made* in Ireland, but I may venture to say that none is *used* there): just as he reached the door, his wife exclaim-



ed, "Ah! wait, O'Casey, dear, isn't it a pity you can't put '*Captain*' before your name, just to stop the impudent English from asking our lad '*What was your masther, Paddy?*'"

"Why wouldn't I put it?" said my uncle, smiling and turning back: "or, as everybody can be a *Captain*, will I call myself *Major*?"

"You've hit it then!" said Mrs. O'Casey; "sure yours is the head for contrivin' afther all."

For the third time I altered the direction; the cards were nailed on; *Major Casey's* trunks pressed and corded, hundreds of requisites forgotten, hasty farewells, and at length we just reached the packet in time.

Many persons can *plan* falsehoods, which they consider to be very clever, but they cannot always *support* them; my relatives kept up to the spirit of theirs like old campaigners. Both had studied from the army-list the officers' names in the —th dragoons, and applied them to extempore military stories—my aunt talking of the meajor, and the meajor's services, and the meajor's bravery, to the edification of the tenants of the ladies' cabin: while, as I was on the deck, I heard my uncle holding forth about "the dulness of this piping time of peace," "Jackson of ours," "exchange," "difference," "Waterloo," "Quar-tre-bras," &c., and stating that all other accounts were incorrect. His "*troop*" in particular (we were none of your infantry "*company*" people!) had done wonders, for the truth of which he appealed to our "lad" Larry O'Shaughnessey, who willingly gave testimony with "*Thrue far yough, surr.*"—"Ics, indeed, upon my saafe conscience, *surr.*"—"Au, sure enough, *surr*, it's the raal thruth," while he turned round his large black eyes with a demure look. He was evidently a humorist in his own way, for I often detected him slyly watching and enjoying my confusion and annoyance when he had induced my uncle to carry a military story beyond the limits of safety.

I forgot to say that he was ordered to personate the character of a trooper of my uncle's, who had saved his officer's life; and any one who heard him relate the adventure, would have supposed he applied to *lying*, Lord Chesterfield's hacknied maxim that "if it be worth while to do a thing, it is worth while to do it well." Each time Larry told his story he increased the danger and the number of enemies, never failing at the end to say with a sigh, looking at me hypocritically, "I thought Miss Fanny there was kilt didd when the masther and me came home wounded and tould her the story; but I won't mention it agin afore the soft-hearted crathur, blessings on her swate face!"

When we arrived in England, and had taken a house, for which we paid beyond its value on account of my uncle's *high military rank*, the next anxiety was how to become acquainted with our neighbors. In vain the major lounged at the library, opening the door, offering seats to the ladies, and bestowing glances of Irish admiration and softness upon them: in vain he retained the newspaper, after spelling it twice over, until some person of consequence entered, to whom he handed it with a bow. The paper was received at arm's length, as if it carried infection, and the bow was only met with a stare and a distancing "*hem!*" Equally vain were his attempts of "*What sport, sir?*" addressed to the fishers and shooters, who either whistled a tune, or moved away, saying, "*Not any,—hem!*" Then the major joined clubs, meetings, dinners, subscriptions, *et cetera, et cetera*: all in vain. A stranger, and an *Irish* stranger (save the mark!) was something too

dreadful to be approached, and name, rank, bravery, and even the great Caseys of Clon-carrick-lough-na-Casey, were totally useless.

At length a Mr. Dobbs, an old bachelor, whose sole amusements were tying fishing-flies, and learning every one's business, came to see us, one desperately rainy day.

How the little purple man was flattered, and praised, and devoured, by my despairing relatives ! my uncle would not hear of his refusing to dine with us ; and I fancy our guest was nothing loth to see the "raal Irish" at their meals. The old man, I could see, amused himself by taking a mental inventory of our dinner, which was in the true plentiful Irish style, a whole week's provision having been sacrificed to render it so. I pass over the large dishes which are common to both nations, but I perceived Mr. Dobbs looked with wonder at a large *boiled* turkey, with celery sauce mixed with oysters ; relays of fried potatoes ; that untempting-looking dish called laver or sloak ; roast salmon ; salad of celery and red cabbage ; and, above all, a mountain of Irish flummery (poor man, he had to swallow a dose of the latter *in words also*). He nearly destroyed my aunt's amiability by asking her the name of everything "in Irish." It is quite insulting to be considered guilty of understanding a word of one's native tongue in her country, and she gravely replied, "I reely cawn't tell you, for neither the meajor nor *me* can speak wan word of Haarish ; it is not used in owr province, 'pon mee honor."

"Well, well, now," said the old man quickly, "wouldn't it be funny if I, an Englishman, went to Ireland, and could not speak English ? he ! he !"

"Haw ! haw ! and thrue far yeuh, surr !" said old Larry, who knew my aunt spoke Irish with the greatest fluency : "but that's the differ, surr, bechuxt people's feelings."

"Dobbs, my dear friend, what wine will I help you to ?" inquired the host, throwing back his shoulders and settling his military whiskers.

"Why, as I want to taste everything Irish, I should greatly prefer some whiskey-punch—don't you call it so ?"

This was my uncle's favorite beverage, *en famille*, but was much too vulgar to be acknowledged ; and with an affected laugh he declared that "his good friend Dobbs had asked for the only spirit which the cellar did not contain ; therefore he must put up with claret of our own importing, and Madeira which had visited his wealthy brother at Madras, and come back again !"

In this silly way was passed the whole evening (Larry having quite won the hearts of his master and mistress by his cleverness both in words and deeds), and Mr. Dobbs was a frequent and welcome guest, although, alas ! still the only one. Thus we might have gone on until the end of our lives, but fortunately that most useful of all events for making little people great, a general election, took place.

One of the candidates had so great a majority of friends, that Mr. Wavering, his opponent, could not find any person of respectability to assist him in his unpopular canvassing ; being an elderly, thin, nervous little man, his small stock of courage failed him, and he was about to resign, when Mr. Dobbs suggested that as Major Casey belonged to no party, he would doubtless join the first who asked him :—here he enumerated "the great Caseys," &c. &c., and added that a man of the major's rank and high connexions would be a creditable assistant.

Lady Emily Wavering, the candidate's wife, conveniently recollected that she had known "the great Caseys" formerly; and, ordering her carriage, she drove up (decked with crimson and orange election-ribbon, and drawn by four grays) to our rusty carriage-gate, which slowly yawned with wonder at the novelty it admitted. Lady Emily inquired for many branches of the Casey family, to which my aunt answered as correctly as if she were first-cousin to them; for although the Irish may be uninformed in some matters, I defy any nation to be better genealogists, particularly with respect to families whom they do not know, even by sight! Mr. Wavering also asked after some of my uncle's "companions in arms" whom he had known, and he received, "neat and appropriate answers." He then invited his new friend to an election dinner on the following day, while dear Mrs. Casey could go to the Castle and stay with Lady Emily: both invitations were joyfully accepted, and the parties at length separated, although I began to think their hands would grow together during the prolonged grasp of the *election-shake* and the *Irish-squeeze*.

Major and Mrs. Casey returned at a late hour, delighted with their respective debuts; while the major had convinced all the electors of his long services and military knowledge, his lady had been "making the family name" with her hostess and a bevy of female guests, and she had discovered that the qualities most esteemed in young ladies by Lady Emily were amiability, wit, accomplishments, and beauty. These cardinal points were to be represented by Amelia, Belinda, Clarissa, and Dorothea Casey. Amelia was extremely plain, and deficient in every sort of acquirement, therefore she was to make a name for amiability; Belinda, being pert and confident, was marked out by nature for a wit; Clarissa could paint a butterfly on a rose-bud, and play "Duncan Grey" and two preludes on the harp, so her name was already made as "the accomplished;" while my dear heartless Dorothea, a fat, rosy, romping, restless school-girl, was starved, laced, and imprisoned into a tolerably quiet beauty, although "unfortunately deficient in languor," her mother said, while looking at her smiling bright eyes.

The next event was an invitation to the Waverings to dine with us, and as we gave them a fortnight's notice, they could not decline. The Casey family were busily employed in rehearsing their characters during this interval; and Larry, good, old, indefatigable Larry, assisted every one. Belinda was to say clever pointed things, and Amelia to make amiable replies to soften them: Larry furnishing the witty poisoned shaft for one, and the soothing antidote for the other; he showed Clarissa the position in which his late mistress sat at the harp (Clarissa was rather fond of keeping her *fingers straight* and her *thumbs bent*, with her elbows touching her sides); he likewise hinted that she wasted too much carmine upon her roses; and as for Dorothea, he constantly discovered some new plan to render her thin and pale, snatching away her plate if she attempted to consume more than a bird's allowance, saying, "Faith, I'm ashamed o' ye, Miss, where's your dacency in your atin'?" He also insisted upon having "a raal illigant Frinch dinner," which he described volubly, and said he could dress in perfection.

Meantime the election went on, and notwithstanding the major's Irish shoulders, whiskers, and voice, Mr. Wavering was thrown out, by a most mortifying majority, which Dobbs kindly told us was ascribed

by "the rejected" to having employed a person to canvass for him, whom nobody knew!

This was a sad termination to our schemes, on which we had expended so much money; but then, we knew a "*Lady Emily*," and that must make our name. On the eventful day of the dinner, Lady E. Wavering arrived nearly an hour sooner than we expected, and brought with her a beautiful stately-looking girl, her niece: Mr. Wavering, she said, was detained with a friend, whom he would take the liberty of introducing. My aunt and I were the only members of the family who had completed the labors of the toilet: and as the girls seemed in no haste to appear, Lady Emily asked Miss Wavering to try the harp; she instantly complied, and played in such a style as to convince even a mother's ear that Clarissa had better not exhibit "*Duncan Grey*" nor either of the preludes. The simple style of our young visitor's dress, too, threw a new light on my aunt's ideas of beauty: and she cleverly contrived to write on a slip of paper for Larry, "*Tell Miss C. not to play, and bid Miss D. put on a white frock*;" this she dropped on the floor, and her aide-de-camp as cleverly picked it up, making a comical *aside-face*, which nearly made me laugh aloud and spoil the by-play.

But here Mr. Larry's cleverness ended as if by witchcraft.—He left the drawing-room door open (*à l' Irlandaise*), and going to the foot of the stairs, he shouted, loud enough to be heard by our silent and too attentive guests, "Miss Clarissy, ye musn't pley a' tap o' yer haarp, 'cause wan 'o the leedies bates ye at it to smithereens, and ye'd betthur come down an' put away yer picthur-book, 'cause I seen her smilin' at thim grate rid-roaze-buuds in it. Whe' thin murdhur! Miss Dolly, is it a sthrolin' play-acthur yer afthur makin' o' yersef in that rid-an-yolla gown? Gid out o' that wid ye! atin' a grate luump o' cake; the Misthress tould me to ordhur ye to put on yer white bib-an-tuuckur, Miss." Miss Wavering dashed away a loud prelude to drown Mr. Larry's hints, but, like a canary-bird, he struggled to make the most noise, continuing, "Miss Milly, shure ye won't he forgittin' the smart spaich I tould ye to say to the leedies, an' you, Miss Lindy, don't be afthur laving out yer purty answer in the right plaace, for I'll be so bothur'd wid my Frinch dishes, dat I can't be to the fore, riddy to prompt yez when yer out, as I've been doin' all the blessed week past."

In a few minutes there was a rustling of silks heard, and the four sisters entered, stiffened out, as nearly like the caricature-ladies in the magazines as they could render themselves: Belinda, our wit, in particular, had built up her head with bows, gallery-combs, wires, and flowers, to so great a height that she seemed afraid to move round, for fear of upsetting the unsteady edifice, and she was obliged to keep her neck as stiff as a Roman water-carrier.

Larry ushered in the sisters, and described them to Lady Emily as they advanced,—“That's Miss Milly, me Lady, mighty amiable; next is Miss Lindy, me Lady, she's a powwur o' wit, and lashins o' hair as ye'd see in a summer's day; that's Miss Clarry, me Lady, who's had the wurruld's wondhur of an iddicashun, and bates the Thrinity boys at the larnin'; and last of all, this is Miss Dolly, me Lady, an' ye see she bates Banagher entirely for beauty an' illigance, shure! She's the littlest aiter on the blessed earth, but faith ye see she doesn't put that same 'little' into an ill-skin, as the sayin' is, me Lady!”

Our guests could not help laughing as they shook hands with the Misses Casey ; and Larry, being encouraged by their smiles, turned round as he departed, and whispered loudly to my aunt, putting his hand to one side of his mouth and winking, " Whe' thin, lit me alowan fur puffin' yeez ! "

It was now too evident that our confidential Larry, our aid-de-camp, prompter, and factotum, had tasted the good things (the liquids at least) until his senses had become perplexed ; and I sincerely pitied my poor aunt, who had incurred so much trouble and a vast expense on account of this entertainment, which we could but ill afford, as the tenant had now run away from the farm in Ireland without paying, and we were deeply in debt (to every creature who would trust us) in consequence of having kept " open house " for Mr. Wavering's electors, so that we now knew not where to obtain money, or *credit*, which is just as good in the estimation of our hapless unthinking nation.

Shortly after his daughters, Major Casey entered, smoothing his mustaches, and greeting our guests with " How aw yaw ? quaat delaated to see you 'pon me honaw ! " pronounced in the true English-Irish style ; and lastly came Mr. Wavering, accompanied by a sickly-looking curry-powder-colored gentleman, advanced in years, whom he merely introduced as " an old friend : " my uncle and the melancholy stranger exchanged bows, and Mr. Wavering stared as if he had expected something extraordinary in this meeting, which, however, did not occur, and we descended to Mr. Larry's " illigant " French repast.

It consisted of the wildest looking mixture I ever saw : vegetables at the head and foot ; meat at the sides ; and, in fact, Larry had bewildered the cook so much with his orders, that it was impossible to recognise even our old friend the boiled turkey with celery and oysters !

Lady Emily's manner became gradually cooler, and my poor aunt's countenance flushed warmer at each mistake ; and if Miss Wavering had not kindly exerted herself, I think the conversation would have failed, for even my uncle was what is termed in his country, " taken aback."

The names of the dishes were unknown to us all, and when our guests wished to venture on anything, Larry attempted to give the French name, which Lady Emily pretended to mistake for Irish, and said, " Oh ! a *native* dish—not any, thank you ; I dislike *potatoes* in any form." And this rudeness she continued, until Miss Wavering kindly christened some *plât* before her, and helped her aunt to some.

Our *amiable* Amelia, who should in character have lent her aid in this dilemma, quite forgot her *rôle*, and laughed outright at Larry's blunders, in spite of his loudly-whispered reprimand, " How mighty nicely yer playin' *amiable*, Miss Milly ! " Belinda, too, whose wit should have withdrawn the observation of our guests from these *contresens*, was totally silent, because nothing had been said to lead to the impromptus she had studied : and Larry, perceiving this, said angrily, " Faith and throth I'm ashamed o' ye, Miss Linny ; arrah, spake out at wanst thin, an' don't sit stickin' yer two eyes into the pudd'n, an' sayin' juust nuthin' at all at all there, like an omadhaun ! "

It was evident that Larry became worse, and unfortunately my uncle knew that his presence was indispensable, as there was no other attendant ; therefore he affected to laugh at everything, whispering to the gentlemen who sat on each side of him, " That pooa attechd

creatua was wounded in the head at Watawloo, and we nevaw maand anny of his remawks !”

Lady Emily having asked my aunt whether her name was *Casey* or *O’Casey* ? she replied, “ Oh ! good gracious, now, Lady Emily, why *Casey* : faw wat reason did you esk that question ? ”

“ My niece here, saw Major Casey for the first time yesterday in the town, and she said, ‘ That is one of the Irish orators whom I heard speak on opposite sides of a question in the space of one week ; a farmer O’Casey.’ Now, although I knew she was wrong in thinking they were both the *same* person, yet I fancied they might be near relations ! ”

“ Ah ! I can assua your ladyship we have no relations but the Caseys of Bally-knock-na— ”

“ I remember perfectly what you told me,” interrupted Lady Emily, quietly : “ are you nearly related to them ? ”

“ First cousins, *only*,— he ! he ! he ! ”

“ Those Caseys are most delightful people,” said Miss Wavering, “ I had a letter from the daughter yesterday.”

“ Ah ! isn’t she an elegant, beautiful, lovely creatua ? ” said my aunt in affected ecstasy.

“ Beautiful in mind, my dear madam ; but Miss Casey is unfortunately deformed, and remarkably plain.”

“ Oh ! yes, of course, I meant beautiful in mind, poor child,” stammered my aunt, reddening.

“ It is very strange,” said Lady Emily, “ that I desired my niece to write to Miss Casey, and inform her I intended to pay attention to her relatives, Major Casey’s family ; and she, in reply, says she has no relations in the army ! ”

“ Oh ! ” interrupted my aunt, “ as the meajor is on half-pay now, that amusing gel says he is not in the army,—he ! he ! he ! ”

Her ladyship gave a cool, doubting look at her hostess, whose days of favor were evidently past ; but all eyes were speedily attracted towards poor Dorothea, who, having ventured to help herself to some dinner, was just commencing to demolish it, when Larry rushed across the room and seized her plate, saying, “ Och ! murdhur ! Miss Dolly, would ye spile yer illigant figur by thrying to ate that grate hape o’ meat in that dhredful way : whe’ thin, it’s asheamed I am o’ ye Miss, afthur fastin for a week like a throe Roman in Lint.”

“ Larry, a spoon, if you please,” said the major.

Larry ran round behind him, and audibly whispered, “ Faith, an’ ye must do without it, surr ; for ye know all but them six is pawned to pay for the dinner.”

Just at this moment Miss Wavering said something, to which our witty girl thought one of her *impromptus* applied ; and, turning round too hastily, she forgot the unusual size of her *coiffure*, which, losing its balance, fell down, dispersing black-pins, combs, flowers, bows, and wires, in every direction : and, poor thing ! although I pitied her confusion, I could not but rejoice at this “ *hair-breadth scape* ” from uttering one of Larry’s ridiculous *bon-mots*.

After dinner, no wine having made its appearance, the major ordered Larry to bring some from bin 47 and 29, saying to the yellow gentleman, “ I want you to taste my Madeira, which has been out to my brother at Madras : perhaps, sir, you knew him there ? ”



"I only knew *one* Casey there, sir, who had a very excellent situation, but last year he was hanged for embezzling stores!"

My uncle could have (with truth) denied any relationship to the felon: but he had too clearly described to the Waverings the situation which his pseudo-brother held, which he had learned from the India-list: and therefore, he was obliged to sit in guilty silence. From a wish, I supposed, to remedy the evil he had done, the yellow stranger asked what sort of person was the colonel of my uncle's regiment?

"Oh! a cross old wretch, horribly detested by the lads," said my uncle: "I remember the year before last, when tha merry dog young M'Phun made a bet that he would steal every sporting-dog in the town where we were living—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir, but did Mr. M'Phun accomplish this honorable feat, and were you then with the regiment?"

"Faith he did, sir, and I have cause to remember being with him, for I foolishly gave him permission to fasten two dozen of the dogs in my stable, and such a row—"

"That is a falsehood," said the yellow invalid, coolly.

The major colored highly, and rose in an Irish passion. "Stop," said his tormentor, "sit down; in the first place the colonel of the —th is a very *amiable* young man, much liked by the whole regiment, and especially by the officer whom you have described as a dog-stealer; but I fancy in future you will scarcely call him '*young* M'Phun,' when I tell you that *I* am that identical person, the hero of your stories. Mr. Wavering can tell you that I have been in the —th dragoons during the last fifteen years, but I never had the advantage of seeing Major Casey in that regiment."

I burst into tears at this fresh mortification my poor relatives experienced, and my aunt fell into hysterics: Larry at this moment rushed into the room, saying, "Och! murder, surr, but that mane landlady of the '*Pig and Asthma*' yondhur won't give me a dhrop more wine until thim is paid for, that I got in such a splutthur whin Lady Imly came an' ait a snack wid us on could mate the day afore yisthurday: what was lift was dhrank this day at dinner ye naw, surr: what 'll I do now I wundhur!"

Here all attention was turned towards the door, where angry voices were disputing the right of entrance with our female servant; and at length the village tradesmen rushed in and insisted that they should not be put off any longer, for they would not leave the house until their demands were settled.

The Wavering group now rose, and formally took leave of us, Lady Emily "being fearful they were interrupting Mr. O'Casey's domestic affairs:" Miss Wavering had contrived to leave her purse concealed in the serviette, but we were happily enabled to avoid our difficulties without her charitable aid. Larry having collected the bills, which amounted to nearly one hundred pounds, asked my uncle could he pay them? The unfortunate man shook his head, and this strange old servant (suddenly become perfectly sober) said, "I will pay the bills, sir, provided you will also let me pay for the whole family to return to your neglected farm, and promise never to leave it again."

"Oh! I will do anything to leave this country, and hide myself from everything but my own wretched thoughts!" sobbed my poor uncle.

Larry required no more; but drawing out his purse, paid all de-



mands, and dismissed the wondering tradespeople. I wept afresh at being in the power of this mad creature, but oh ! what was my surprise on hearing him say, "Fanny, my little darling, *you* have no cause to weep, for you joined with your odd old godfather in hating this name-making !" He extended his arms, and I flew to my dear, odd, rich, kind, godfather, uncle Lawrence, who now spoke to me in his natural voice, although disguised as Larry O'Shaughnessey.

Turning to his disconsolate brother, he kindly said, "My dear Patrick, we quarreled many years since about the 'name-making,' and parted in anger ; but when I found you bent on ruining yourself and your very large family for the same empty pursuit, I determined to interfere and save you, which I knew could not be effected without giving you a severe lesson. *You* have rendered it *severer* than I wished, but perhaps the effect may be more lasting : and we need never regret the late events, if they have taught you, as an Irish farmer, to live among and cherish the fine peasantry who support your family ; and may kindness and attention to that peasantry, great care of your family, and strict attention to the duties of our humble line of life, be the only means you will ever employ to make for the O'Caseys—a name !"

#### A MONOLOGUE DURING ONE CIGAR.

[THE ATHENÆUM.]—Here, in this comfortable easy chair, in front of this blazing fire, I shall indulge in a glass of Schedam punch, a cigar, and a monologue. Fools are they who entertain the idea, that it is only the insane who talk to themselves. Better, surely, it is to hold converse with an old familiar crony, of whom you have so exalted an opinion as every wise man has of himself, than to utter your good things to the unhearing ears, and listen in return to the ineffable drivelings of any respectable soporific gentleman who may chance to be on the opposite side of the table. For my own part, I detest what people call conversation : if I cannot have it all to myself, I never open my mouth. But when I am alone, and not a soul within ear-shot, "how I do talk, ye gods ! how I do talk !"

On such occasions I find myself sublimely eloquent ; the extent of my information and the universality of my knowledge, excites my own astonishment : and how much more delightful is this agreement between wisdom and admiration, than the interruptions met with among a rush of talkers, where a chronological blockhead breaks the thread of your speculation by correcting a date, or an historical gentleman thinks it becoming to assure you that the battle of the Nile preceded Trafalgar, when it had suited your argument to assume the contrary. This is all vile. What are dates and facts but the material with which philosophy builds up theories ? and if dates and facts won't serve, how much more ingenious to build without them. Now, when alone, I can go on soliloquising for a whole evening without interruption, and at last drop off into untroubled sleep, again to hold converse with myself in dreams. Who are the cleverest men in Shakspeare's dramas ? Hamlet, Brutus, Iago—enough !—are they not all most eloquent when alone ? I would here give a word of advice to the players,—never to make postures, gesticulations, or strut and swagger on these occasions : it is not natural. Now, I say it with all modesty, I think I could speak

the monologue in "Hamlet" admirably well ; but I would have on my night-cap and dressing-gown, and my feet ensconced upon the fender. A cigar, perhaps, would be an improvement ; for I consider that to be the "bright consummate flower" of all contemplative and monological enjoyments. Mr. Young, I know, does it differently : but he is of the old school—one of your traditional actors, and, I have no doubt, plays it nothing differently from those who strutted their hour at the Red Bull two hundred and fifty years ago. But of this no more. I must add a small portion of the "cratur" to my rapidly-diminishing tippie, as the water has acquired a most undue preponderance—glorious !

"Man is a creature principally made up of loves and hatreds"—a nicely made up creature then he must be ! Why, ninety-nine men out of every hundred never loved or hated in their lives. What does a rational being, steady to business all day, and enjoying himself cozily of an evening—what does such a man know either of hatred or love ? He hates (to the best of his poor ability) duns, tax-gatherers, most of his relations, and all other people who are naturally objects of dislike : but does the feeling in his breast, even under the exciting influence of an extra bottle, amount to anything deserving what Dr. Johnson would have called the ennobling name of hatred ?—Never.—And their loves ! Whose heart has been broken among all my acquaintance ? who has ever been even depressed in spirits ? who has refused to take his glass and sing his song in his turn on the plea of being in love ? Man may have a preference for one girl rather than another—he may fancy how pleasant it would be to present his "heart and hand" to the fine fresh-complexioned creature he has met at so many parties ;—but as to being in what ought properly to be called love—poh ! poh ! nothing of the sort. A tall thin girl, with pale and interesting countenance, would certainly eclipse his former favorite in a week ; and we must come to the conclusion, that man is made up of much more sensible materials than loves and hatreds. People delight in saying absurd things philosophically about human nature. Woman too, according to Coleridge or some other heterodox dreamer, is but a commingling of light and smiles. It may be, but I have never seen ladies of this delicate manufacture—light enough to be sure I have seen them when flirting at a ball—smiles also in considerable profusion when they were blest with an irreproachable set of teeth ; but smiles and light would make a very poor "sum tottle of the wholl." As I am quite alone, I think I may be allowed to remark, that no one is a more devoted admirer of the ladies than myself. Some indeed I have seen who were not particularly pleasant. But the effects of time are wonderful ; it spreads itself like a veil of filmy gossamer, hiding any roughnesses which may have struck us at first, and covering the remembrance even of a shrew with a mellowed and almost sanctified beauty. At the distance of a few months all the disagreeables of face and figure are forgotten ; and the man lives not who has iniquity enough in his heart to treasure up for more than a fortnight the remembrance of an unpleasing countenance. For my own part, I don't believe there is such a thing in the world as an ordinary-looking woman. In the uncertain haze of a very deceitful memory, I sometimes fancy I have seen rare specimens with faces like gorgons, and forms very unlike the description which Milton gives of Eve's,—*"the fairest of earth's daughters,"*—but they fade away, and my heart retains no recollec-

tion—save of the young and fair. Many ladies I have been introduced to in my time—courteous alike to all have been my compliments; but, at the end of two days, on the average, oblivion, thick as night, has rested on the objects of my attentions. At this moment, I recollect but half a dozen of the “mortal mixtures of earth’s mould,” who answer to the name of woman; the rest have all betaken themselves to the deepest recesses of oblivious memory. Of these six, I have found it impossible to decide which is the most beautiful. When I summon before my mental vision any one of them, she generally borrows a feature or two from some of the others. I see the white majestic brow of Mariamne—and, in the twinkling of an eye, imagination brings before me the dimples of the light-hearted Jane. In any one countenance, I see a combination of the others; and if I were to be discovered paying an undue share of attention to one of those “souvenirs” of the “ladye of my love,” I should “sing her into smiles again,” with a flattering excuse. As my cigar is out, I shall rehearse the song, in case it should ever be required. Hem.

When wandering from thee, love, away,  
Thine image is constantly near,  
And my heart never wishes to stray  
Though my lip says another is dear.  
If I praise Kitty’s beautiful eyes,  
And swear that her looks are divine,  
Never fancy her beauties I prize—  
’Tis a new way of worshipping thine!

When Isabel, smiling and free,  
Her lip has so playfully shown,  
My heart grew so brimful of thee,  
That I kiss’d it—’twas so like your own!  
When the blood to her startled cheek rush’d,  
And she tried to look angry in vain—  
Then she blush’d so as you would have blush’d,  
That I kiss’d it again and again.

#### DESTRUCTION OF THE TONQUIN.\*

A VERY interesting account is given by Mr. Cox of the destruction of the Tonquin, the vessel that took out the first cargo of settlers in Columbia, as the agents and representatives of the Pacific Fur Trade Company; and we present it to our readers, not only as a specimen of the style in which the work is generally written, but as it illustrates the treacherous and cruel cunning of savages:—

Early on the morning of the day previous to that on which the ship was to leave New Whitty, a couple of large canoes, each containing about twenty men, appeared alongside. They brought several small bundles of furs; and as the sailors imagined they came for the purpose of trading, were allowed to come on deck. Shortly after, another canoe, with an equal number, arrived also with furs; and it was quickly followed by two others, full of men, carrying beaver, otter,

\* From “Adventures on the Columbian River. By Ross Cox.”

and other valuable skins. No opposition was made to their coming on board ; but the officer of the watch perceiving a number of other canoes pushing off, became suspicious of their intentions, and warned Captain Thorn of the circumstance. He immediately came on the quarter-deck, accompanied by Mr. M'Kay and the interpreter. The latter, on observing that they all wore short cloaks, or mantles of skins, which was by no means a general custom, at once knew their designs were hostile, and told Mr. M'Kay of his suspicions. That gentleman immediately apprised Captain Thorn of the circumstances, and begged of him to lose no time in clearing the ship of the intruders. This caution, however, was treated with contempt by the Captain, who remarked, that with the arms they had on board, they would be more than a match for three times the number. The sailors, in the mean time, had all come on the deck, which was crowded with the Indians, who completely blocked up the passages, and obstructed the men in the performance of their various duties. The captain requested them to retire, to which they paid no attention. He then told them he was about going to sea, and had given orders to the men to raise the anchor ; that he hoped they would go away quietly ; but if they refused, he should be compelled to force their departure. He had scarcely finished, when, at a signal given by one of the chiefs, a loud and frightful yell was heard from the assembled savages, who commenced a sudden and simultaneous attack on the officers and crew, with knives, bludgeons, and short sabres, which they had concealed under their robes.

Mr. M'Kay was one of the first attacked. One Indian gave him a severe blow with a bludgeon, which partially stunned him ; upon which he was seized by five or six others, who threw him overboard into a canoe alongside, where he quickly recovered, and was allowed to remain for some time uninjured.

Captain Thorn made an ineffectual attempt to reach the cabin for his fire-arms, but was overpowered by numbers. His only weapon was a jack-knife, with which he killed four of his savage assailants, by ripping up their bellies, and mutilated several others. Covered with wounds, and exhausted from the loss of blood, he rested himself for a moment by leaning on the tiller wheel, where he received a dreadful blow from a weapon called a *pautumaugan*, (a species of half sabre, half club,) on the back part of the head, which felled him to the deck. The death-dealing knife fell from his hand, and his savage butchers, after extinguishing the few sparks of life that still remained, threw his mangled body overboard. On seeing the captain's fate, our informant, who was close to him, and who had hitherto escaped uninjured, jumped into the water, and was taken into a canoe by some women, who partially covered his body with mats. He states, that the original intention of the enemy was to detain Mr. M'Kay a prisoner ; and, after securing the vessel, to give him his liberty, on obtaining a ransom from Astoria : but, on finding the resistance made by the captain and crew, the former of whom had killed one of the principal chiefs, their love of gain gave way to revenge, and they resolved to destroy him. The last time the ill-fated gentleman was seen, his head was hanging over the side of a canoe, and three savages, armed with *pautumaugans*, were battering out his brains.

In the mean time, the devoted crew, who had maintained the unequal conflict with unparalleled bravery, became gradually overpowered.

ed. Three of them, John Anderson, the boatswain, John Weekes, the carpenter, and Stephen Weekes, who had so narrowly escaped at the Columbia, succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in gaining possession of the cabin, the entrance to which they securely fastened inside. The Indians now became more cautious, for they well knew there were plenty of fire arms below ; and they had already experienced enough of the prowess of the three men while on deck, and armed only with handspikes, to dread approaching them while they had more mortal weapons at their command. Anderson and his two companions, seeing their commander and the crew dead and dying about them, and that no hope of escape remained, determined on taking a terrible revenge. Two of them, therefore, set about laying a train to the powder magazine, while the third addressed some Indians from the cabin windows, who were in canoes, and gave them to understand, that if they were permitted to depart unmolested in one of the ship's boats, they would give them quiet possession of the vessel, without firing a shot ; stipulating, however, that no canoe should remain near them while getting into the boat. The anxiety of the barbarians to obtain possession of the plunder, and their disinclination to risk any more lives, induced them to embrace this proposition with eagerness, and the pinnace was immediately brought astern. The three heroes, having by this time perfected their dreadful arrangements, and ascertained that no Indian was watching them, gradually lowered themselves from the cabin windows into the boat, and having fired the train, quickly pushed off towards the mouth of the harbor, no obstacle being interposed to prevent their departure.

Hundreds of the enemy now rushed on deck to seize the long expected prize, shouting yells of victory : but their triumph was of short duration. Just as they had burst open the cabin-door, an explosion took place, which in an instant hurled upwards of two hundred savages into eternity, and dreadfully injured as many more. The interpreter, who had by this time reached land, states that he saw many mutilated bodies floating near the beach, while heads, arms, and legs, together with fragments of the ship, were thrown to a considerable distance on the shore.

#### OLD POETS.

##### ENVY.

Foul Envy, thou the partial judge of right,  
Son of Deceit, bost of that harlot Hate,  
Nursed in Hell, a vile and ugly sprite,  
Feeding on Slander, cherish'd with debate,  
Never contented with thine own estate ;  
Deeming alike, the wicked and the good,  
Whose words be gall, whose actions end in blood.—DRAYTON.

##### PATIENCE.

Man in himself a little world doth bear,  
His soul the monarch ever ruling there ;  
Wherever then his body do remain,  
He is a king that in himself doth reign,  
And never feareth fortune's hott'st alarms  
That bears against her patience for his arms.—IDEM.

Patience doth bear a never pierced shield,  
Whose brightness hath enforced more monsters yield,  
Than that of ugly Gorgon's head was made.—SYLVESTER.

VALOR AND ART.

Valor and Art are both the sons of Jove,  
Both brethren by the father not the mother ;  
Both peers without compare, both live in love,  
But Art doth seem to be the elder brother,  
Because he first gave life unto the other.  
Who afterward gave life to him again,  
Thus each by other doth his life retain.—FITZ JEFFERY.

ART.

Art is nobility's true register,  
Nobility Art's champion still is said ;  
Learning is Fortitude's right calendar,  
And Fortitude is Learning's saint and aid.  
Thus if the balance between both be weigh'd,  
Honor shields Learning from all injury,  
And Learning, Honor from black infamy.—IDEM.

REVENGE.

The soul is like a boist'rous working sea,  
Swelling in billows for disdain of wrongs,  
And tumbling up and down from bay to bay,  
Proves great with child of indignations ;  
Yet with revenge is brought to calm allay,  
Disburden'd of the pain thereto belongs.  
Her bowers are turn'd to bright faced sunshine braves,  
And fair content plays gently on her waves.—MARKHAM.

Next within the entry of the gate,  
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth with ire,  
Devising means how she may vengeance take,  
Never in rest till she have her desire ;  
But frets within so far forth with the fire  
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she,  
To die by death, or 'venged by death to be.—SACKVILL.

LOVE.

Sight is his root, in thought is his progression,  
His childhood wonder, 'prenticeship attention :  
His youth delight, his age the soul's oppression,  
Doubt is his sleep, he waketh in invention.  
Fancy his food, his clothing carefulness,  
Beauty his book, his play lover's dissension.  
His eyes are curious search, but veil'd with warefulness,  
His wings desire, oft clipt with desperation :  
Largess his hands, could never skill of sparefulness.  
But how he doth by might or by persuasion,  
To conquer, and his conquest how to ratify,  
Experience doubts, and schools had disputation.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

VIRTUE.

The path that leads to Virtue's Court is narrow,  
Thorny, and up a hill, a bitter journey ;

But being gone through, you find all heavenly sweets.  
The entrance is all flinty, but at th' end  
Two towers of pearls and crystals you ascend.—DEKKAR.

## IGNORANCE.

At last with creeping, crooked pace forth came  
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,  
That on a staff his feeble limbs did frame,  
And guide his weary gait both to and fro.  
For his eyesight him failed long ago,  
And on his arm a bunch of keys he bore,  
The which unused, rust did overgrow.  
But very uncouth sight was to behold  
How he did fashion his untoward pace ;  
For as he forward moved his footing old,  
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face  
Unlike to men who ever as they trace  
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead,  
His name Ignaro, did his nature right ahead.—SPENSER.

## Journal of Fashions.

### THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

## WALKING DRESS.

[ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.]—Walking dress of *gros de Naples*, of a rich brown. Cloak of royal-blue satin, lined with ermine, and corded with velvet of the same shade as the satin. This cloak has a rich garniture down the front, of an entirely novel kind ; it is composed of separate pieces, each cut in three deep scallops on one side, and extended on the other into a stem, which is turned back, and forms a curved strap. These pieces are of considerable size at the bottom of the cloak, and diminish gradually as they approach the top. The cape is cut square across the bust, and terminates in a point at the waist. The cape itself is small, but it increases to a comfortable size by *epaulettes*, broad on the shoulders, and, like the cape, narrowing towards the bottom of the back, but, instead of ending in a point, as the cape does, they form a fulness, and give a smart finish to the cape. The collar is cut in three large scallops, drawn down at the narrow parts by small bands, and forming four *bouffants*. A boa of ermine is an appropriate and becoming finish to this rich envelope. *Chapeau* of terry velvet, the same color as the cloak. The front is open, but much smaller than they have lately been worn. The crown is low, and flat at the top, and is tastefully trimmed with *chour* of velvet ribbon. Morning *cornette* of fine thread-lace, with long *mentonnières*. Gloves of blue kid. *Bottines* of silk, golashed with black kid, on morocco leather.

## EVENING DRESS.

Evening dress of *tulle*, over a pink satin slip. The body is made plain, and rather high ; with a fall of *tulle*, edged with pink satin, and set on in large plaits. The sleeve is short, and not too full, and has



three triplets of doubled satin leaves across the top, a very little below the fall. The skirt has a moderately deep hem, above which is a trimming of pink satin, cut *en feston*, at each point of which is a triplet of satin leaves larger than those on the sleeves. *Ceinture* of pink satin. The hair is arranged in two *coques* at the top of the head, and supported by a richly-carved comb of tortoiseshell. The front hair is dressed full on the temples, not in distinct curls, but fringed *à la reine*. Earrings, necklace, and bracelets, of gold and pearls. Gloves and shoes of white satin.

## CARRIAGE DRESS.

Pelisse of merino, color *brun d'aveline*, corded with *gros de Naples* of the same color. The *corsage* is plain, and very close to the shape, and over it is an elegant pelerine. It is pointed at the waist, before and behind, and is cut into three straps, on each side of the back, wide at the upper part, and becoming smaller towards the waist, where they meet in a sharp angle under the *ceinture*. The *epaulette*, or jockey, is very large, and divided into two points, joined halfway down by *lanquettes* left on each side, and festooned together by corded knots. The skirt is made quite plain, and very full, especially at the back part. Sleeve large at the top, and of the usual size at the wrist, which is ornamented by a superb gold bracelet. Hat white *moiré*, with soft ostrich feathers, or *marabouts*, and *brides* of satin ribbon. *Collerette* and *mentonnières* of quilled tulle. Gloves and shoes of *brun d'aveline*.

## GENERAL REMARKS.

One of the most marked changes in fashion is the reduced size of the bonnets, which are now becoming reasonable in form, dimensions, and trimmings. The garnitures inside the brim, so long worn, are at length discarded, and are succeeded by plain, though rich, lining of the same material as the bonnet, or of watered silk. Feathers are not much in favor for bonnets, nor do we think they will be this spring. They are, however, much used for full evening and ball costume, and are generally plumes of the ostrich, and with little or no dress. Caps are worn somewhat smaller, but there is no change of any consequence in make or material since our last. Turbans are much made of the new terry velvet, rather broad and low, and superbly ornamented with feathers and jewellery. Some of our fashionables are wearing chinchilla; but sable, and that most beautiful of all beautiful furs, ermine, will be the decided favorites. Boas of the latter are an elegant finish to every sort of out door costume, and are still in high estimation. The sleeves of dresses are worn of very elegant and fanciful designs, but still as large at the top as ever; and there is every possible variety in those for evening dress. The skirts of dresses have still very deep hems, to the full as deep as last month, with handsome trimmings at top; and some few are seen with rich borders of velvet foliage. The *corsage* is, without a single exception, made quite close to the shape; and for evening dress, cut lower than for some time past. For morning costume they are mostly cut *en schall*, and are generally worn with a *chemisette* of cambric, with plaited frills, or of net, with British lace trimmings, and form an elegant and comfortable home dress. *Gros de Naples*, or plain satin, is most in use for morning promenade and carriage dress; *moiré*, tulle, and various kinds of crape and gauze, for

*grande costume*. In many instances these materials are worked in gold, silver, or silk embroidery, in light and graceful columns and borders.

The prevailing colors are *marquesite*, *brun d'aveline*, crimson, blues of various tints, willow green, and white pink.

**MORNING VISITING DRESS.**—A cambric under dress, the *corsage* is disposed in folds, and made up to the throat ; it is finished by a ruff, composed of cambric, cut in cocks'-combs, and edged with narrow lace. The outer dress is of celestial blue *gros de Naples*, it is of the pelisse form, open in front, and trimmed on each side with a light embroidery of the darkest shade of blue. Low *corsage*, of the shawl kind, with a double pelerine ; the first cut in large round *dents*, the second embroidered to correspond with the fronts. Medicis sleeves. The hat is of blue *gros des Indes*, of a lighter shade ; it is trimmed with *coques* of ribbon to correspond with the dress, on the inside of the brim. Ornaments of cut ribbon adorn the crown.

**EVENING DRESS.**—A pink crape *demoiselle*, over *gros de Naples* to correspond. *Corsage* of a delicate height, finished in the shawl style, with a lappel of a new form, which, as well as the fronts and border of the dress, is very richly embroidered in white silk. The sleeves are of the *Amadis* shape. Crape hat to correspond, trimmed in a novel style, with blond lace, cut ribbon, and ostrich feathers.

**MORNING DRESS.**—A high dress of lilac *gros de Naples*, plain tight *corsage*, nearly covered by a double pelerine of a new form. The sleeves are of the long *gigot* kind. Satin bonnet of a rather darker shade than the dress, and of the round *capote* shape ; it is trimmed with *nœuds*, which are edged with blond lace, and interspersed with ends ; they are of green ribbon. A short blond lace veil is thrown carelessly back upon the crown. The falling collar is also of blond lace.

**FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.**—A blue velvet *chapeau bérêt*, trimmed on the inside of the brim with gauze ribbon to correspond : it is arranged *à la Sultaine*. A bouquet of ostrich feathers also to correspond, placed on one side of the crown, droops over the brim.

## Varieties.

**THE MOREA.**—We have before us the prospectus of the French scientific expedition to the Morea : M. B. de St. Vincent has read it in the Royal Academy of Sciences, where it was listened to with unabated attention. The publication of the results of the expedition will consist of two parts, forming, however, one work. The text of the section devoted to the physical sciences will form three volumes, imp. 4to. to which will be added an atlas, in folio, of about 100 maps and plates. The first volume will contain a historical introduction, the narrative of the journey, and the separate itineraries of the several members of the commission. The second, a chapter on the ancient geography of the country ; an accurate table of the positions of the places ; memoirs on the islands which have merited special attention ; and, lastly, a very detailed geological and mineralogical description of

the Morea. The third volume will be entirely dedicated to the description of the animals and plants.

**CHOLERA.**—The "Cholera Gazette," published at Berlin, in a late number states that there are in that city forty foreign physicians, of almost every European nation, who have come to study the nature of the disease. It is ascertained that young persons, between fifteen and thirty years of age, are more susceptible of cure than either infants or persons of more advanced years, and that it is more uniformly fatal to patients above fifty years old. It is remarkable that out of 981 sick, there were 89 male and only 50 female children. Among 1,000 persons attacked with the cholera, there were 71 belonging to the classes of public functionaries, physicians, schoolmasters, artists, merchants, manufacturers, and men of independent fortunes and their families, of whom 52 have died; amongst inferior clerks and other employés, 28 sick and 14 deaths; artisans, such as weavers, &c. 315 cases and 205 deaths; watermen upon the river, 51 cases and 45 deaths; handicraftsmen, 167 cases and 119 deaths; nurses, bearers, and grave-diggers, 25 cases and 8 deaths. Amongst the military, there have been only 18 cases and 10 deaths.

**SAVINGS' BANKS.**—J. T. Pratt, Esq. the barrister-at-law, appointed by Government to certify the rules of savings' banks, has just published a list of all the savings' banks in England, Wales, and Ireland, which contains some highly useful information relative to these societies, which have produced so much good among the more humble classes. At the end of the year 1830, there were 412,217 depositors, being an increase in that year of 12,682, the average of whose deposits amounted to 22*l.* each. The total quantity of investments on Nov. 30, 1830, amounted to no less a sum than 14,366,667*l.*

**PURIFYING DWELLINGS.**—The following is Dr. J. C. Smith's recipe for purifying houses where contagion is supposed to exist, for the discovery of which that gentleman received a Parliamentary grant of 500*l.*

"Take 6 dr. of powdered nitre, 6 dr. of oil of vitriol, mix them in a teacup, by adding to the nitre 1 dr. of the vitriol at a time; the cup to be placed during the preparation on a hot hearth or a plate of heated iron, and the mixture stirred with a tobacco-pipe or glass rod; the cup to be placed in different parts of the contaminated chamber."

**A GOOD GUN.**—A country farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "How the deuce is that?" said his friend. "Why," replied the farmer, "because the thief carried it off; and, what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it."

**SIR NICHOLAS BACON LOST HIS LIFE THROUGH CIVILITY.** He was under the hands (says Mallet) of his barber, and the weather being sultry, had ordered a window before him to be thrown open. As he was become very corpulent, he presently fell asleep in the current of fresh air that was blowing in upon him, and awaked after some time distempered all over. "Why," said he to the servant, "did you suffer me to sleep thus exposed?" The fellow replied that, "he durst not presume to disturb him." "Then (said the Lord Keeper) by your civility I lost my life;" and so removed into his bed chamber, where he died a few days after.

**MUSICAL TEST OF THE FEMALE VOICE.**—The influence of the temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or illnature will communicate a catlike quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a peculiar quality to the speaking voice. That there really exists amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is, to many, the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked, that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of the mind. For an instant compare the vulgarity of a ballad singer, her repulsive tone of voice and hideous graces, to the manner of an equally uncultivated singer in good society; or watch the treatment of a pretty melody from the concert room, at the west end of London, until it reaches the ears from under the parlor window, and observe how it gains something new of vulgarity with every fresh degradation.

**BOOKBINDING.**—The elegant silk binding of some of our annuals is not a modern invention; and, indeed, in this branch of art we are far behind (in splendor, at least) the ages we are accustomed to associate with ideas of rudeness and barbarism. In the fourteenth century, when books were scarce, and therefore more valuable than at present, extraordinary pains were taken to render their outside dress both handsome and durable. Deer-skin and colored chamois, as well as silk, were the ordinary materials made use of by the rich; but frequently plates of ivory were substituted, richly sculptured, and sometimes chased copper, or even gold and silver, set with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. The boards were of wood instead of pasteboard, secured on the back of the volume with iron or brass nails; and if intended for ecclesiastical or other libraries, an iron ring was added, for the purpose of fastening the important prisoner to its cell by an iron chain. Some of these tomes were three and four feet long, by two and three feet broad. Unfortunately, the insects which feed upon the learning of others—(as we may be doing now)—are produced as abundantly from this wooden cover as from ours; and all that could be gained by the laborious care of our ancestors, was to make the binding survive the book.

**EMIGRATION.**—The commissioners for emigration have caused it to be intimated that Government have determined to appropriate the sums produced by the sale of lands in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land to the encouragement of emigration by unmarried females to these colonies, under certain regulations. Females between the ages of fifteen and thirty, members of families about to proceed to the colonies, may receive £3 each from the commissioners, to be paid to the heads of their families, or to the captain of the ship in which they are conveyed: if not forming a part of a family, and possessing the funds necessary, in addition to the 8*l.* to complete the price of their passage, they will be admitted as candidates for the bounty of Government.

**ARREST FOR DEBT.**—It appears from the affidavits which are officially filed, that in two years and a half 70,000 persons have been arrested for debt in and about London, the law expenses of which have amounted to upwards of a half a million. In addition to which, probably quite as many more actions have been brought on unobtainable writs, for debts under 20*l.* the costs on which must have been little less than another half-million.

## AN INCIDENT AT GIBRALTAR.\*

[WINTER'S WREATH.]—There needs no extraordinary incident to impress upon the traveler a recollection of Gibraltar. Even if Spain were a country devoid of interest, a journey across the Peninsula would be repaid by the first view of this celebrated spot. For my own part, if I had never seen Emily Waring,—or rescued her lover from his great peril,—or been present at the trial of the unhappy Donovan,—this majestic object would, nevertheless, be distinguished among the many scenes upon which I have looked with wonder and delight, as that one, which is the most vividly pictured upon my memory.

But, with my recollections of Gibraltar, some passages of human life are mixed ; and when, a year ago, I visited this spot for the second time, the glorious scene that burst upon me as I sailed through the Straits,—the Barbary mountains on one hand,—the Bay of Algeiras and the Sierra of Granada on the other,—the placid waters of the Mediterranean spreading towards the east, and the gigantic rock guarding its entrance, were lost in the recollection of mingled sorrow and joy that annihilated ten years, and placed me again, beside Emily Waring, and showed me—but I will not anticipate.

In the year 1821, in the month of June, I sailed from England with the *Levant Packet*, in the intention of spending a few weeks in Cadiz and Gibraltar, and of then proceeding to Corfu. I think it was the 15th of June, when I stepped upon the mole of Gibraltar ; and the same evening I presented my letters to Sir G—— D——, then governor ; and to Colonel Waring, of the Royal Engineers, to whose family indeed I am distantly related. Sir G—— D—— invited me to a ball, to be given at the Government House the following evening ; and Colonel Waring,—as fine an old man as ever served the king,—shaking me heartily by the hand, and discovering a family likeness, told me I had arrived at a most fortunate time, for that his daughter Emily would next week be united to Captain L——, of the Royal Navy.

"He's a noble fellow," said the colonel, "else he should not have my girl ;—dine with us to-morrow, and you'll meet him, and stay and sup with us ; you must see Emily ; and take care you don't fall in love with her." The injunction was necessary ; for never do female charms appear so seductive, as when we know that they all but belong to another : and Emily Waring was the only truly lovely girl I have ever beheld. I will not attempt any description of her countenance ; the most captivating is the most indescribable ; and of her figure I will only say, that to an almost infantine lightness, were added those gracious contours that belong to maturer years. Captain L—— I found all that the colonel had depicted him.

Next evening, I went to the ball at the Government House ; and while Emily Waring was dancing with her betrothed, I chanced to observe the eyes of a gentleman intently fixed upon the pair ; he was evidently deeply interested ; and in the expression of a very handsome countenance, it was not difficult to discover that the most deadly jealousy was mingled with the most intense admiration. "Who is that gentleman ?" said I to a friend whom I had accidentally discovered among the officers of the garrison. "His name," said he, in a whis-

\* By the Author of "Spain in 1830 ;" "Solitary Walks through Many Lands," &c. ATHENEUM, No. 12, VOL. II, 4TH SERIES.—*March* 15. 45

per, "is Donovan; you have of course remarked that his eyes constantly pursue the colonel's daughter and her partner; there are some curious facts, and rather unpleasant suspicions, connected with the history of this Donovan. I need scarcely tell you what are his feelings towards Miss Waring and Captain L——; that he loves the one and hates the other; and yet, you will be surprised to be told, that Donovan and Captain L—— are apparently the best friends in the world. Three years ago, Donovan saved the captain's life by an act of extraordinary daring; and although Donovan has since that time twice forced Captain L—— to fight a duel with him under the most suspicious circumstances, and as every one believed with the express intent of shooting him, Captain L—— still remembers the benefit conferred upon him, and persists in believing in the nice honor of Donovan, and in his friendship."

Donovan now approached the spot where we stood, and our conversation was interrupted; but when it was afterwards renewed, my friend informed me that Donovan had formerly been married; and that some years ago he was put upon his trial on suspicion of having poisoned his wife; and that, although he was acquitted, strong doubt yet rests upon the minds of many. "He has interest," added my friend, "and holds an important government employment; and etiquette obliges the governor to invite him."

This ball took place on Thursday; and on Monday morning Emily Waring and Captain L—— were to have been united. On Friday, and on Saturday, I dined with Colonel Waring, his daughter, and Captain L——, who on Saturday evening said, in taking leave, that he had promised to dine the next day with Donovan. I noticed a cloud—a shade not of displeasure, but uneasiness, pass over Emily's countenance; and the colonel said, "Emily looks as if she thought you ought not to run away from us to-morrow; and besides, I cannot bring myself to like Donovan." "He is misunderstood," said Captain L——; "I can never forget," continued he, turning to Emily, and taking her hand, "that but for Donovan, this could never have been mine; I could not refuse him."—"Well, well," said the colonel, "we'll see you at all events in the morning;" and we took leave.

Next morning we went to parade, which, in Gibraltar, is the morning lounge. When it was over, the colonel complained of fatigue, and returned home; I seated myself beside the statue of General Elliot; and the two betrothed strolled into the Alameda, that most charming labyrinth of geranium and acacia and orange trees; and they staid in it so long, that I left my seat, and returned to the colonel's house, where I afterwards dined. We expected that Captain L—— would have passed the evening with us after leaving Donovan; but he did not appear. The colonel was evidently piqued; and Emily betrayed some uneasiness—and, perhaps, a little disappointment. I took my leave about eleven, and promised to accompany the wedding party at nine o'clock next morning to the Government House, where the ceremony was to take place. I was punctual to my time;—Emily looked, as a lovely bride ought to look, modest and enchanting; the colonel was impatient, for Captain L—— had not arrived. It was now nine o'clock—half-past nine—ten o'clock came; but the bridegroom was still absent. The colonel's pique began to yield to uneasiness; Emily's uneasiness was changed for agitation. I offered to go to Captain L——; and I learned at his hotel that he had not been seen since five



o'clock the day before. A message was then sent to Mr. Donovan, who returned for answer, that after dinner he and Captain L—— walked up the rock : but that having taken different paths, they had missed each other, and he had not seen Captain L—— since.

I need not describe the change which a few hours had wrought upon Emily. I saw her sitting in her bridal dress, pale and tearless ; and the old colonel stood beside her—one hand enclosed his daughter's, and with the other he brushed away the tear that now and then started to his own eye. At this moment, the governor, Sir G—— D——, was announced, and the colonel and myself received him. "The unaccountable disappearance of Captain L——," said he, "has been made known to me some hours ago ; I have used every means to penetrate the mystery, but without success. The sentinels on the eastern picket saw him pass up in company with Mr. Donovan ; and under all the circumstances, I have thought it my duty to order Mr. Donovan's arrest."

By a singular, and for Mr. Donovan unfortunate fatality, the court for the judgment of civil and criminal causes commenced its sittings at Gibraltar on the day following ; and from some farther evidence which had been tendered, it was thought necessary to send Mr. Donovan to trial. There was no direct evidence, but there were strong presumptions against him. His hatred of Captain L—— was proved by many witnesses ; the cause of it, the preference of Miss Waring, was proved by her father ; the circumstances attending the two duels were inquired into ; and the result of the inquiry militated more strongly against the character of Mr. Donovan than had even been expected. It was proved, moreover, that when Mr. Donovan left his house, in company with Captain L——, he carried a concealed stiletto ; and it was proved that they were last seen together, walking towards the eastern extremity of the rock—more than half a mile beyond the farthest picket. The reader, perhaps, requires to be informed, that the highest summit of the rock of Gibraltar is its eastern extremity, which terminates in a precipice of fifteen hundred feet ; and that about half a mile beyond the farthest sentinel, the road to the summit branches into two—one branch gaining the height by an easy zig-zag path, the other skirting the angle of the rock, and passing near the mouth of the excavations.

It was of course irregular, upon the trial of Mr. Donovan, to refer to his former trial ; but this had no doubt its weight ; and he was adjudged guilty of murder, and sentenced to die. The sentence was pronounced on Friday, and on Monday it was to be carried into execution.

When the morning of the day arrived, Mr. Donovan desired to make a confession ; and his confession was to this effect—that although innocent of the crime on suspicion of which he was about to forfeit his life, punishment was nevertheless justly due, both on account of the former murder of which he had been acquitted, but of which he had in reality been guilty, and on account of the crime he had meditated, though not perpetrated, against Captain L——. He admitted, that he had resolved upon his destruction—that in order to accomplish his purpose, he had proposed a walk to the eastern summit of the rock—and that his design had been frustrated only by Captain L—— having taken a different path, and having never arrived at the summit.

The same night, while lying in bed, and revolving in my mind the



extraordinary events of the last few days, I could not resist the conclusion that Donovan was guiltless of the blood of Captain L—. Why should he have confessed only to the intention, if he had been guilty of the act?—why confess one murder, and not another?—and a vague suspicion floated upon my fancy, that Captain L— might yet be living. In this mood I fell asleep; and dreamed that Donovan stood by my bed side: I thought he said, three several times, and in a tone of great solemnity, such as might be the tone of one who had passed from the state of the living, “I suffered justly: but I did not murder *him*—he yet lives.” I am far from meaning to infer, that the dream is to be looked upon as any supernatural visitation; it was the result, and a very natural result, of my waking thoughts: nevertheless, it impressed the conviction more strongly upon my mind; and when I awoke, and saw the gray dawn, I started from my bed with the resolution of acting upon its intimation.

I crossed the drawbridge, which was then just lowered, traversed the Alameda; and followed the path that leads to Europa Point. Some houses skirt the southern side of the rock near to the sea; and several boats were moored close to the shore; no one was stirring; it was not then five o’clock, for the morning gun had not fired; but I stepped into a boat, unfastened its moorings, and rowed under the great rock towards the eastern extremity. I soon doubled the south-eastern point, and found myself in front of the great precipice; and now I backed from the rock, keeping my eyes steadfastly fixed upon the fissures and projections; and the reader will scarcely be inclined to credit me, if I assert, that when I first descried upon a distant projection something that bore the resemblance of a human figure, I felt more joy than surprise, so strongly was I impressed with the belief that Captain L— might yet be living. A nearer and closer inspection soon convinced me that I was not deceived; and I need scarcely say that my boat shot swiftly through the water as I returned towards Europa Point.

It is unnecessary that I should detail the farther steps that were taken, in order to discover whether the information I had given was correct, or the means resorted to, to rescue Captain L— from his perilous situation, or the measures which were adopted to restore him to consciousness and strength. I can never forget the visit I made to the house of Colonel Waring, the evening upon which it had been slowly broken to Emily that Captain L— yet lived. Never did smiles and tears meet under happier auspices—for joy had unlocked the fountain that sorrow had choked up; and every tear was gilded by a smile. As for the old colonel, his delight knew no bounds—he alternately shook me by the hand, and kissed the wet though smiling cheek of his daughter. “I am not a man of many words,” said he, “but by G—d, all I can say is this, that if Captain L— had perished, you should have been the man.”

It was some days before Captain L— was sufficiently recovered to see his bride. I was present at the meeting. It was one of those scenes that can never pass from the memory of him who has witnessed such. Never was happiness so prodigal of tears; never were tears less bitter. It was now evening; we had left the house, and were seated in the colonel’s garden, which overlooks the Alameda, and the bay of Algeiras, which lay in perfect calm, colored with the gorgeous hues reflected from Andalusian skies. Captain L— had not yet been requested to relate those particulars which he alone knew, but he

guessed our wish ; and when Emily had seated herself in an obscure corner of the summer house, he gave us the following narrative :—

“ I left Griffith’s hotel about five o’clock, to dine with poor Donovan, as I had promised : he received me, as usual, with apparent kindness ; but during dinner, he was often abstracted—there was evident agitation in his tone and manner—and for the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable in his company. After dinner he proposed a walk ; I left the house first ; and chancing to glance in at the window as I passed round the angle, I saw him place a short dagger in his bosom. Suspicion then, for the first time, entered into my mind ; and the manner of Donovan, as we ascended, was calculated to increase it. You recollect, that about half a mile beyond the highest piquet station, the road to the eastern point branches into two. I proposed that we should go different ways. Donovan took the zig-zag path ; I followed the narrow steep path, intending to shun another meeting, and to scramble down the southern side. In passing the entrance to the excavations, I noticed that the iron gate was open—left open probably accidentally—and the coolness of these subterranean galleries invited me to enter. While walking through them, I stopped to look out at one of the port-holes ; and seeing, upon a little platform of the rock, about nine feet below, some stalks of white narcissus, I felt a strong desire to possess myself of them—in fact, I thought Emily would like them, for we had often, when walking on the rock, or rowing under it, noticed these pretty flowers in inaccessible spots, and regretted the impossibility of reaching them. Betwixt the port-hole and the platform there was a small square projection, and a geranium root twining round it, by which I saw that I could easily and safely accomplish my purpose. I accordingly stepped, or rather dropped, upon the projection, and, only lightly touching it, descended to the platform. Having possessed myself of the flowers, I seized the projection to raise myself up ; but, to my inexpressible horror, the mass gave way, and with the geranium root bounded from point to point into the sea. The separation of this fragment left the face of the rock entirely bare, without point, fissure, or root : it was at least nine feet from the spot where I stood to the lower part of the port-hole. It was impossible, by any exertion, to reach this ; and the face of the rock was so smooth, that even a bird could not have found a footing upon it. I saw that I was lost—I saw that no effort of mine could save me, and that no human eye could see me—and the roaring of the waves below drowned all cries for succor. I was placed about the middle of the precipice, with seven or eight hundred feet both above and below. Above, the rock projected, so that no one could see me from the summit ; and the bulging of the rock on both sides, I saw must prevent any one from discovering me from the sea, unless a boat should chance to come directly under the spot.

Evening passed away—it grew dark ; and when night came I sat down upon the platform, leaning my back against the rock. Night passed too, and morning dawned—this was the morning when Emily would have given herself to me—the morning from which I had in imagination dated the commencement of happiness. I renewed my vain efforts ; I sprang up to the port-hole, but fell back upon the platform, and was nearly precipitated into the ocean ; I cried aloud for help, but my cry was only answered by some monkeys that jabbered from an opposite cliff. I thought of leaping into the sea, which would have been certain death ; I prayed to God ; I fear I blasphemed ; I

called wildly and insanelly, called upon Emily ; I cursed, and bewailed my fate, and even wept like a child ; and then I sunk down exhausted. Oh ! how I envied the great birds that sailed by, and that sank down in safety upon the bosom of the deep. The history of one day is the history of all, until weakness bereaved me of my powers. Hunger assailed me ; I ate the scanty grasses that covered the platform, and gradually became weaker ; and as the sufferings of the body increased, those of the mind diminished. Reason often wandered ; I fancied that strange music, and sometimes the voice of Emily, mingled with the roar of the waves. I saw the face of Donovan looking at me through the port-hole ; and I fancied that I was married ; and that the flowers in my bosom was my bride, and I spoke to her, and told her not to fear the depth or the roar of the sea. I have kept the flowers, Emily ; I found them in my bosom when I was rescued ; here they are," said Captain L——, rising, and laying them upon Emily's lap. But the recital had been too much for her feelings : she had striven to repress them, but they could bear no more control.

"Hated flowers !" said she, as throwing herself upon the neck of her betrothed, she found relief in a flood of tears. "My sweet girl, my dear Emily," said the colonel, as he gently raised her from her resting-place, and pressed her to a father's bosom, "'tis past now ; and I propose that next Monday we'll"—but Emily had left the summer-house : "next Monday," resumed the colonel, addressing Captain L——, "we'll have the wedding."

And so it was. Oh ! how soon are sorrows forgotten. I saw Emily led to the altar ; I saw her afterwards a happy and beloved wife. Between my first and second visit to Gibraltar, the colonel had paid the debt of nature ; but Emily's house is always my home. I found her as beautiful as ever, as gentle and good, as much beloved. Emily Waring, I shall never see thee more ; then God bless thee, thy husband, and thy children !

#### DR. JOHNSON.

[MIRROR.]—There is a fine, graphic paper, on *Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson*, in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 107—just published. It is the running commentary of a masterly hand, upon the Life of Johnson, and, in some respects, a merited castigation of the excrescences which Mr. Croker has heaped upon, and stuffed into, a work previously crammed—to satisfy the most voracious appetite. We do not care to use milder words about the matter ; but quote the Reviewer's sketch of Johnson's career.

Johnson grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him—his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence,

his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates—old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge, and the Negro Frank,—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood. But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life, during which his character and his manners became immediately fixed. We know him not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. That celebrated club of which he was the most distinguished member contained few persons who could remember a time when his fame was not fully established, and his habits completely formed. He had made himself a name in literature while Reynolds and the Wartons were still boys. He was about twenty years older than Burke, Goldsmith, and General Hamilton, about thirty years older than Gibbon, Beauclerk, and Langton, and about forty years older than Lord Stowell, Sir William Jones, and Windham. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, the two writers from whom we derive most of our knowledge respecting him, never saw him till long after he was fifty years old, till most of his great works had become classical, and till the pension bestowed on him by Lord Bute had placed him above poverty. Of those eminent men who were his most intimate associates towards the close of his life, the only one, as far as we remember, who knew him during the first ten or twelve years of his residence in the capital, was David Garrick; and it does not appear that, during those years, David Garrick saw much of his fellow townsman.

Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of Mæcenases had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived. Nothing could be more deplorable than the state even of the ablest men, who at that time depended for subsistence on their writings. Johnson, Fielding, and Thomson, were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From that time, till he was three or four-and-fifty, we have little information respecting him—little, we mean, compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits towards the close of his life. He emerged at length from cocklofts and sixpenny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him; and he came forth, to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came among them as a companion. The demand for amusement and instruction had, during the course of twenty years, been gradually increasing. The price of literary labor had risen; and those rising men of letters, with whom Johnson was henceforth to associate, were for the most part persons widely different from those who had walked about with him all night in the streets, for want of a lodging. Burke, Robertson, the Wartons, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Beattie, Sir William Jones, Goldsmith, and Churchill, were the most distinguished writers of what may be called

the second generation of the Johnsonian age. Of these men, Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the stronger lineaments of that character, which, when Johnson first came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest, scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty. All had been early admitted into the most respectable society on an equal footing. They were men of quite a different species from the dependents of Curll and Osborne.

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age,—the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature, he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed, had given to his demeanor, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities, appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularities of his hours,—the slovenliness of his person,—his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness,—his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity,—his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects. But if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner, were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but, when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine. But when he drank it, he drank it greedily, and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends Savage and Boyse. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities—by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural, that, in the exercise of his power, he should be "*eo immitior, quia toleraverat*,"—that though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanor in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind, he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarce con-

ceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum ; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous ; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations ; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to those vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headach—with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road, or the smell of a kitchen. These were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which prudent people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of misery: Goldsmith crying because the Goodnatured Man had failed, inspired him with no pity. Though his own health was not good, he detested and despised valetudinarians. Even great pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. People whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might cry, he said, for such events ; but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh.

A person who troubled himself so little about the smaller grievances of human life, was not likely to be very attentive to the feelings of others in the ordinary intercourse of society. He could not understand how a sarcasm or a reprimand could make any man really unhappy. "My dear doctor," said he to Goldsmith, "what harm does it do to a man to call him *Holofernes* ?" "Pooh, ma'am," he exclaimed to Mrs. Carter, "who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably ?" Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things. Johnson was impolite, not because he wanted benevolence, but because small things appeared smaller to him than to people who had never known what it was to live for fourpence half-penny a day.

The characteristic peculiarity of his intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices. If we judged of him by the best parts of his mind, we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell ;—if by the worst parts of his mind, we should place him even below Boswell himself. Where he was not under the influence of some strange scruple, or some domineering passion, which prevented him from bodily and fairly investigating a subject, he was a wary and acute reasoner, a little too much inclined to scepticism, and a little too fond of paradox. No man was less likely to be imposed upon by fallacies in argument, or by exaggerated statements of fact. But if, while he was beating down sophisms, and exposing false testimony, some childish prejudices, such as would excite laughter in a well-managed nursery, came across him, he was smitten as if by enchantment. His mind dwindled away under the spell from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness. Those who had lately been admiring its amplitude and its force, were now as much astonished at its strange narrowness and feebleness, as the fisherman, in the Arabian tale, when he saw the genie, whose stature had overshadowed the whole sea coast, and whose might seemed equal to a contest with armies, contract himself to the dimensions of his small prison, and lie there the helpless slave of the charm of Solomon.

Johnson was in the habit of sifting with extreme severity the evidence for all stories which were merely odd. But when they were



not only odd but miraculous, his severity relaxed. He began to be credulous precisely at the point where the most credulous people begin to be sceptical. It is curious to observe, both in his writings and in his conversation, the contrast between the disdainful manner in which he rejects unauthenticated anecdotes, even when they are consistent with the general laws of nature, and the respectful manner in which he mentions the wildest stories relating to the invisible world. A man who told him of a water-spout or a meteoric stone, generally had the lie direct given him for his pains. A man who told him of a prediction or a dream wonderfully accomplished, was sure of a courteous hearing. "Johnson," observed Hogarth, "like King David, says in his haste that all men are liars." "His incredulity," says Mrs. Thrale, "amounted almost to disease." She tells us how he browbeat a gentleman, who gave him an account of a hurricane in the West Indies, and a poor quaker, who related some strange circumstance about the red hot balls fired at the siege of Gibraltar. "It is not so. It cannot be true. Don't tell that story again. You cannot tell how poor a figure you make in telling it." He once said, half jestingly, we suppose, that for six months he refused to credit the fact of the earthquake at Lisbon, and that he still believed the extent of the calamity to be greatly exaggerated. Yet he related with a grave face how old Mr. Cave of St. John's Gate saw a ghost, and how this ghost was something of a shadowy being. He went himself on a ghost hunt to Cock lane, and was angry with John Wesley for not following up another scent of the same kind with proper spirit and perseverance. He rejects the Celtic genealogies and poems without the least hesitation; yet he declares himself willing to believe the stories of the second sight. If he had examined the claims of the Highland seers with half the severity with which he sifted the evidence for the genuineness of Fingal, he would, we suspect, have come away from Scotland with a mind fully made up. In his *Lives of the Poets*, we find that he is unwilling to give credit to the accounts of Lord Roscommon's early proficiency in his studies; but he tells us with great solemnity an absurd romance about some intelligence preternaturally impressed on the mind of that nobleman. He avows himself to be in great doubt about the truth of the story, and ends by warning his readers not wholly to slight such impressions.

Many of his sentiments on religious subjects are worthy of a liberal and enlarged mind. He could discern clearly enough the folly and meanness of all bigotry except his own. When he spoke of the scruples of the Puritans, he spoke like a person who had really obtained an insight into the divine philosophy of the New Testament, and who considered Christianity as a noble scheme of government, tending to promote the happiness and to elevate the moral nature of man. The horror which the sectaries felt for cards, Christmas ale, plum porridge, mince pies, and dancing bears, excited his contempt. To the arguments urged by some very worthy people against showy dress, he replied, with admirable sense and spirit, "Let us not be found, when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas! sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat, will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one." Yet he was himself under the tyranny of scruples as unreasonable as those of Hudibras or Ralpho; and carried his zeal for ceremonies and for ecclesiastical dignities to lengths alto-



gether inconsistent with reason, or with Christian charity. He has gravely noted down in his diary, that he once committed the sin of drinking coffee on Good Friday. In Scotland, he thought it his duty to pass several months without joining in public worship, solely because the ministers of the kirk had not been ordained by bishops. His mode of estimating the piety of his neighbors was somewhat singular. "Campbell," said he, "is a good man,—a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat,—this shows he has good principles." Spain and Sicily must surely contain many pious robbers and well principled assassins. Johnson could easily see that a Roundhead, who named all his children after Solomon's singers, and talked in the House of Commons about seeking the Lord, might be an unprincipled villain, whose religious mummeries only aggravated his guilt. But a man who took off his hat when he passed a church episcopally consecrated, must be a good man, a pious man, a man of good principles. Johnson could easily see that those persons who looked on a dance or a laced waistcoat as sinful, deemed most ignobly of the attributes of God, and of the ends of revelation. But with what a storm of invective he would have overwhelmed any man who had blamed him for celebrating the close of Lent with sugarless tea and butterless buns.

The judgments which Johnson passed on books were, in his own time, regarded with superstitious veneration; and, in our time, are generally treated with indiscriminate contempt. They are the judgments of a strong but enslaved understanding. The mind of the critic was hedged round by an uninterrupted fence of prejudices and superstitions. Within his narrow limits, he displayed a vigor and an activity which ought to have enabled him to clear the barrier that confined him.

Johnson decided literary questions like a lawyer, not like a legislator. He never examined foundations where a point was already ruled. His whole code of criticism rested on pure assumption, for which he sometimes gave a precedent or an authority, but rarely troubled himself to give a reason drawn from the nature of things. He took it for granted, that the kind of poetry which flourished in his own time, which he had been accustomed to hear praised from his childhood, and which he had himself written with success, was the best kind of poetry. In his biographical work, he has repeatedly laid it down as an undeniable proposition, that during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the earlier part of the eighteenth, English poetry had been in a constant progress of improvement. Waller, Denham, Dryden, and Pope, had been, according to him, the great reformers. He judged of all works of the imagination by the standard established among his own contemporaries. Though he allowed Homer to have been a greater man than Virgil, he seems to have thought the *Æneid* a greater poem than the *Iliad*. Indeed he well might have thought so; for he preferred Pope's *Iliad* to Homer's. He pronounced that, after Hoole's translation of Tasso, Fairfax's would hardly be reprinted. He could see no merit in our fine old English ballads, and always spoke with the most provoking contempt of Percy's fondness for them. Of all the great original works which appeared during his time, Richardson's novels alone excited his admiration. He could see little or no merit in Tom Jones, in *Gulliver's Travels*, or in *Tristram Shandy*. To Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, he vouchsafed only a line of cold

commendation—of commendation much colder than what he has bestowed on the Creation of that portentous bore, Sir Richard Blackmore. Gray was, in his dialect, a barren rascal. Churchill was a blockhead. The contempt which he felt for the trash of Macpherson was indeed just ; but it was, we suspect, just by chance. He despised the *Fingal*, for the very reason which led many men of genius to admire it. He despised it, not because it was essentially commonplace, but because it had a superficial air of originality.

He was undoubtedly an excellent judge of composition fashioned on his own principles. But when a deeper philosophy was required,—when he undertook to pronounce judgment on the works of those great minds which “yield homage only to eternal laws,”—his failure was ignominious. He criticised Pope’s Epitaphs excellently. But his observations on Shakspeare’s plays, and Milton’s poems, seem to us as wretched as if they had been written by Rymer himself, whom we take to have been the worst critic that ever lived.

Some of Johnson’s whims on literary subjects can be compared only to that strange nervous feeling which made him uneasy if he had not touched every post between the Mitre tavern and his own lodgings. His preference of Latin epitaphs to English epitaphs is an instance. An English epitaph, he said, would disgrace Smollet. He declared that he would not pollute the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English epitaph on Goldsmith. What reason there can be for celebrating a British writer in Latin, which there was not for covering the Roman arches of triumph with Greek inscriptions, or for commemorating the deeds of the heroes of Thermopylæ in Egyptian hieroglyphics, we are utterly unable to imagine.

On men and manners—at least on the men and manners of a particular place and a particular age—Johnson had certainly looked with a most observant and discriminating eye. His remarks on the education of children, on marriage, on the economy of families, on the rules of society, are always striking, and generally sound. In his writings, indeed, the knowledge of life which he possessed in an eminent degree is very imperfectly exhibited. Like those unfortunate chiefs of the middle ages, who were suffocated by their own chain-mail and cloth of gold, his maxims perish under that load of words, which was designed for their ornament and their defence. But it is clear, from the remains of his conversation, that he had more of that homely wisdom which nothing but experience and observation can give, than any writer since the time of Swift. If he had been content to write as he talked, he might have left books on the practical art of living superior to the *Directions to Servants*.

Yet even his remarks on society, like his remarks on literature, indicate a mind at least as remarkable for narrowness as for strength. He was no master of the great science of human nature. He had studied, not the *genus* man, but the *species* Londoner. Nobody was ever so conversant with all the forms of life, and all the shades of moral and intellectual character, which were to be seen from Islington to the Thames, and from Hyde Park corner to Mile-end Green. But his philosophy stopped at the first turnpike gate. Of the rural life of England he knew nothing ; and he took it for granted that everybody who lived in the country was either stupid or miserable. “Country gentlemen,” said he, “must be unhappy ; for they have not enough to keep their lives in motion ;”—as if all those peculiar habits and asso-

ciations, which made Fleet street and Charing cross the finest views in the world to himself, had been essential parts of human nature. Of remote countries and past times he talked with wild and ignorant presumption. "The Athenians of the age of Demosthenes," he said to Mrs. Thrale, "were a people of brutes, a barbarous people." In conversation with Sir Adam Ferguson, he used similar language. "The boasted Athenians," he said, "were barbarians. The mass of every people must be barbarous where there is no printing." The fact was this. He saw that a Londoner who could not read was a very stupid and brutal fellow: he saw that a great refinement of taste and activity of intellect were rarely found in a Londoner who had not read much; and because it was by means of books that people acquired almost all their knowledge in the society with which he was acquainted, he concluded, in defiance of the strongest and clearest evidence, that the human mind can be cultivated by means of books alone.

His friends have allowed that he carried to a ridiculous extreme his unjust contempt for foreigners. He pronounced the French to be a very silly people—much behind us—stupid, ignorant creatures. And this judgment he formed after having been at Paris about a month, during which he would not talk French, for fear of giving the natives an advantage over him in conversation. He pronounced them, also, to be an indelicate people, because a French footman touched the sugar with his fingers. That ingenious and amusing traveler, M. Simond, has defended his countrymen very successfully against Johnson's accusation, and has pointed out some English practices, which, to an impartial spectator, would seem at least as inconsistent with physical cleanliness and social decorum as those which Johnson so bitterly reprehended. To the sage, as Boswell loves to call him, it never occurred to doubt that there must be something eternally and immutably good in the usages to which he had been accustomed. In fact, Johnson's remarks on society beyond the bills of mortality, are generally of much the same kind with those of honest Tom Dawson, the English footman, in Dr. Moore's *Zeluco*. "Suppose the King of France has no sons, but only a daughter, then, when the king dies, this here daughter, according to that there law, cannot be made queen, but the next near relative, provided he is a man, is made king, and not the last king's daughter, which, to be sure, is very unjust. The French footguards are dressed in blue, and all the marching regiments in white, which has a very foolish appearance for soldiers; and as for blue regimentals, it is only fit for the blue horse or the artillery."

Johnson's visit to the Hebrides introduced him to a state of society completely new to him; and a salutary suspicion of his own deficiencies seems on that occasion to have crossed his mind for the first time. He confessed, in the last paragraph of his journey, that his thoughts on national manners were the thoughts of one who had seen but little,—of one who had passed his time almost wholly in cities. This feeling, however, soon passed away. It is remarkable, that to the last he entertained a fixed contempt for all those modes of life and those studies which lead to emancipate the mind from the prejudices of a particular age, or a particular nation. Of foreign travel and of history he spoke with the fierce and boisterous contempt of ignorance. "What does a man learn by traveling? Is Beauclerk the better for traveling? What did Lord Charlemont learn in his travels, except that there was a snake in one of the pyramids of Egypt?" History was,

in his opinion, to use the fine expression of Lord Plunkett, an old almanac : historians could, as he conceived, claim no higher dignity than that of almanac makers ; and his favorite historians were those who, like Lord Hailes, aspired to no higher dignity. He always spoke with contempt of Robertson. Hume he could not even read. He affronted one of his friends for talking to him about Catiline's conspiracy, and declared that he never desired to hear of the Punic war again as long as he lived.

The characteristic faults of his style are so familiar to all our readers, and have been so often burlesqued, that it is almost superfluous to point them out. It is well known that he made less use than any other eminent writer of those strong plain words, Anglo-Saxon or Norman-French, of which the roots lie in the inmost depths of our language ; and that he felt a vicious partiality for terms which, long after our own speech had been fixed, were borrowed from the Greek and Latin, and which, therefore, even when lawfully naturalized, must be considered as born aliens, not entitled to rank with the king's English. His constant practice of padding out a sentence with useless epithets, till it became as stiff as the bust of an exquisite,—his antithetical forms of expression, constantly employed even where there is no opposition in the ideas expressed,—his big words wasted on little things,—his harsh inversions, so widely different from those graceful and easy inversions which give variety, spirit, and sweetness, to the expression of our great old writers,—all these peculiarities have been imitated by his admirers, and parodied by his assailants, till the public has become sick of the subject.

Goldsmith said to him, very wittily and very justly, " If you were to write a fable about little fishes, doctor, you would make the little fishes talk like whales." No man surely ever had so little talent for personation as Johnson. Whether he wrote in the character of a disappointed legacy hunter, or an empty town fop, of a crazy virtuoso, or a flippant coquette, he wrote in the same pompous and unbending style. His speech, like Sir Piercy Shafton's Euphuistic eloquence, bewrayed him under every disguise. Euphelia and Rhodoclea talk as finely as Imlac the poet, or Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia. The gay Cornelia describes her reception at the country house of her relations, in such terms as these :—" I was surprised, after the civilities of my first reception, to find, instead of the leisure and tranquillity which a rural life always promises, and, if well conducted, might always afford, a confused wildness of care, and a tumultuous hurry of diligence, by which every face was clouded, and every motion agitated." The gentle Tranquilla informs us, that she " had not passed the earlier part of life without the flattery of courtship, and the joys of triumph ; but had danced the round of gaiety amidst the murmurs of envy and the gratulations of applause,—had been attended from pleasure to pleasure by the great, the sprightly, and the vain, and had seen her regard solicited by the obsequiousness of gallantry, the gaiety of wit, and the timidity of love." Surely John Falstaff himself did not wear his petticoats with a worse grace. The reader may well cry out, with honest Sir Hugh Evans, " I like not when a woman has got a great peard : I spy a great peard under her muffler."

As we close this book (Croker's Edition of Boswell) the club room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent, and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads, which live

forever on the canvass of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall thin form of Langton ; the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, and the beaming smile of Garrick ; Gibbon tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up,—the gigantic body, the huge massive face, seamed with the scars of disease ; the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the grey wig with the scorched foretop ; the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches ; we see the heavy form rolling ; we hear it puffing ; and then comes the “ Why, sir ! ” and the “ What then, sir ? ” and the “ No, sir ! ” and the “ You don’t see your way through the question, sir ! ”

What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man ! To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion,—to receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity,—to be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries ! That kind of fame which is commonly the most transient, is, in this case, the most durable. The reputation of those writings, which he probably expected to be immortal, is every day fading ; while those peculiarities of manner, and that careless table talk, the memory of which, he probably thought, would die with him, are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe.

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#### THE BRACELETS.\*

##### A SKETCH FROM THE GERMAN.

[BLACKWOOD’S MAGAZINE.]—It was late on the evening of a gloomy and bitter day in December, about the middle of the seventeenth century, that Carl Koëcker, a student of Goettingen University, having sipped his last cup of coffee, was sitting thoughtfully in his room, with his feet crossed and resting on the fender of his little fire-place. His eyes were fixed on the fire, which crackled and blazed briskly, throwing a cheerful lustre over his snug study. All the tools of scholar-craft lay about him. On a table by his side lay open various volumes of classic and metaphysic lore, which showed evident marks of service, being much thumbed and fingered ; sundry note-books, filled with memoranda of the day’s studies, and a case of mathematical instruments. Two sides of the chamber were lined with well-filled book-shelves ; on one side was the window, and the corresponding one was occupied by a large dusky picture of Martin Luther. All was silent as the most studious German could desire ; for the stillness was, so to speak, but enhanced by the whispered tickings of an old-fashioned family watch, suspended over the mantel-piece. As for Carl himself, he was of “ goodly look and stature.” His shirt-neck lay open, with the spotless

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\* The subtle schemes resorted to by the Inquisition for the detection and seizure of its victims, are too well known for an intelligent reader to charge any portions of the ensuing narrative with improbability or exaggeration. In a word—all that the wit and power of devils can devise and execute, may wellnigh be believed of the members of that execrable institution.

collar turned down on each side ; his right hand lay in his bosom, and his left, leaning on the table, supported his "learning-laden" head. His brow was furrowed with thoughtful anxiety, which together with his sallow features and long black mustaches, gave him the appearance of a much older man than he really was. As for his thoughts, it were difficult to say whether, at the moment when he is presented to the reader, they were occupied by the mysterious pneumatological speculations of Doctor Von Dunder Profondant, which Carl had been attempting to comprehend in the morning's lecture ; whether his fancy was reveling in recollections of the romantic splendors of last night's opera, or whether they were fixed, with painful interest, on the facts of a seizure made that day in Goettingen by the terrible myrmidons of the Inquisition, on the double charge of heresy and sorcery. The frightful tribunal alluded to was then in the plenitude of its power, and its mysterious and ferocious doings were exciting nearly as much indignation as they had long occasioned consternation. Carl was of a very speculative, abstract turn, and having been early initiated into the gloomy depths of transcendentalism, had begun latterly to turn his thoughts towards the occult sciences.

About the period when this narrative commences, it was generally understood that a professor of the Art Diabolic had visited the principal places of Germany, and was supposed to have made several converts among the learned, as well as to have founded secret schools for teaching the principles of his science. The lynx-eyed Inquisition soon searched him out, and the unfortunate professor of magic suddenly disappeared, without ever again being heard of. The present object of those holy censors of mankind, the principals of the Inquisition, was to discover the schools he had founded, and the disciples attending them. Several of the leading students at Goettingen had fallen under suspicion, and Carl Koëcker, it was said, among the number. He was cunning enough, however, to avoid any possible pretext for offence, by saying little—and even that little in disparagement of the objectionable doctrines.

Carl had just set down his coffee-pot on the hob, after an abortive effort to extract another cup from it, and was stirring together the glowing embers of his fire, when he was startled by a loud knocking at his door. It is not asserted that the sound caused him to change color, but that he heard it with a little trepidation, is undeniable. Who, on earth, could be wanting *him* ?

Rap, rap, rap !—Rap, rap, rap !

Carl gently laid down the poker, but did not move from his seat. He listened—his heart beat quick and hard. It seemed evident that the obstreperous applicant for admission was resolved on effecting his purpose one way or another ; for, in a few seconds, the door was shaken, and with some violence. Carl, almost fancying he had been dreaming, started from his seat, and cast an alarmed eye towards the scene of such unseemly interruptions. Aye—the door was really, visibly shaken, and that, too, very impetuously. Who could it be—and what the matter ? Was it one of his creditors ? He did not owe five pounds in the world. A fellow-student ? The hour was too late, and Carl, besides, of such a reserved, unsocial turn, as to have scarce one acquaintance at College on visiting terms. A thief ?—*He* would surely effect his entrance more quietly. Were some of his relatives come to Goettingen ? was any member of his family ill ? was it merely



drunk Jans, the janitor ?—Who—who could it be ? thought the startled student.

Rap, rap, rap, rap !—Rap, rap, rap !

Carl almost overthrew the chair he was standing by, snatched up his little lamp, and stole to the door.

"Who the d—l is without, there ?" he inquired, angrily, but not very firmly, with one hand hesitatingly extended towards the door-handle, and the other holding his lamp ; the flame of which, by the way, he fancied flickered oddly.

"Who is without, there ?" he asked again, for his first question had received no answer.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap !—Rap, rap, rap——

"In the devil's name, who are you ?"—

"Who am I ?" replied a husky, and somewhat hollow voice, from without. "Who am I, i' faith ?—Let me in ! Let me in !—Mercy—you could not be more uncivil, or perchance affrighted, if I were Jans Cutpurse, or the Spirit of the Hartz Mountains. Let me in, Carl Kœcker, I say—Let me in !"

"Let you in ? Der teufel !"

"Come, come—open the door !"

"Who are you ? Who the d——l are you ? I say," continued Carl, pressing his right hand and knee against the door.

"Let me in at once, Carl Kœcker—let me in, I say—or it may fare fearfully with you !"

"Mein Gott !" exclaimed the confounded student, looking askance at his lamp, as though he expected to find a confidential adviser in it. The knocker, however, recommenced operations, with such astounding rapidity and violence, that Carl, in a momentary fit of fear and confusion, unguardedly opened the door. A tide of oburgatory expressions gushed up to his tongue, when some one suddenly slipped through the door past Carl, made his way to the fire-place, and sat down in the arm-chair which had been recently occupied by the student. This was done with the easy matter-of-fact air of the most intimate acquaintance. Carl Kœcker still held the handle of the door, staring open-eyed and open-mouthed at the stranger, with unutterable amazement.

"Good Carl, prithee, now, shut the door—for 'tis bitter cold," exclaimed the unbidden guest, in a familiar tone, dragging his seat close to the fire, and rubbing together his shriveled fingers, to quicken the circulation.

"Come, Carl ! shut the door, and sit down here," continued the stranger, entreatingly. Carl, completely bewildered, obeyed, and sat down in a chair opposite the stranger. The latter seemed not unlike a Jew-pedlar. He was small in stature, but of sinewy make. He wore a short coarse drab-colored coat, or tunic, with double rows of huge horn buttons. His vest was of the same materials and cut ; and, as was usual in those days with itinerant venders of valuable articles, he had a broad leathern girdle about his waist, with a pouch on the inside. His short, shrunk, curved legs were enveloped in worsted over-alls, soiled and spattered with muddy walking. Removing a broad-brimmed hat, he disclosed a fine bald head, fringed round the base with a few straggling grey hairs. His face was wrinkled, and of a parchment hue ; and his sparkling black eyes peered on the student with an expression of keen and searching inquisitiveness. Carl, in his excitement, almost fancied the stranger's eyes to glare on him with



something like a swinish voracity. He shuddered ; and was but little more reconciled to the strange figure before him, when a furtive glance had assured him that at least the feet were not cloven.

When he allowed himself to dwell for a few moments on the strange circumstances in which he was placed—alone—near midnight, with nobody knew whom—a thief, a murderer, a wizard,—a disguised satellite of the infernal Inquisition—a devil, for aught he knew ;—when, in a word, he gazed at the strange intruder, sitting quietly and silently by the fire, with the air rather of host than guest, and reflected how far he was out of hearing or assistance, if aught of violence human or supernatural should be offered—it was no trifling effort that enabled him to preserve a tolerable show of calmness.

“Heigh-ho !” grunted the old man, in a musing tone, with his eyes fixed on the fire, and his skinny fingers clasped over each knee.

“H—e—m !” muttered Carl, his eyes, as it were, glued to those of his guest.

“Well, Carl,” said the stranger, suddenly, as if starting from a reverie ; “it grows very late, and I must begone ere long, having far to travel, and on pressing errands. So shall we discourse a little touching philosophy, or proceed at once to business ?”

“Proceed to business ?”——

“Yes, I say, proceed to business. Is there anything so *very* odd in that ?” inquired the old man, slowly, with a surprised air.

“Business !—*Business* !”——exclaimed Carl, muttering to himself ; and he added, in a louder tone, addressing himself to his visitor—

“Why, what the dev——”

“Pho, pho, Carl !—We have nothing whatever to do with the devil—at least *I* have not,” replied the old man, with an odd leer.—“But, with your good leave, Carl, we will settle our business first, and then proceed to discourse on a point of Doctor Von Dunder’s lecture of this morning.”—So this extraordinary personage had been present at Doctor Von Dunder’s that morning—and, further, knew that Carl had !

“Carl,” continued the stranger, abruptly—“are you still anxious for the bracelets ?”

The question suddenly blanched Carl’s face, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, as he muttered, or rather gasped, in faltering accents—“Devil ! devil ! devil ! What want you with me ? Why are you come hither ?” He shook in his seat ; for a certain circumstance occasioned a suspicion of the stranger’s being an emissary of the Inquisition to flash across the mind of the affrighted student.

“Who sent you hither ?” he inquired in faltering accents.

“Why, in heaven’s name, are you so disturbed, Carl ? I am really neither the devil nor one of his minions—having neither wit nor power enough for either,” said the stranger, mildly.

“Then are you worse—you are from the *INQUISITION*—and are sent to ensnare my soul to hell, and my body to tortures horrible !” rejoined Carl, a cold sweat suddenly bedewing his whole frame.

“Why, if it were so, I must surely be bolder than wise, to venture on such odds as are here. I am old and somewhat shaken of strength ; you young and lion-like. Which would have the better, think you, in a struggle ?” continued the stranger, meekly.

“Why,” replied Carl, still shivering with the fearful suspicion—“you speak fairly and reasonably ; and let me then as fairly tell you,

that whoever you be, if you be but mortal, and wrong me, or attempt me mischief, I will put you to death as calmly and surely as I show you *this*”—and he drew a small poniard from his vest, clasped it fiercely in his hand, and extended the keen thirsty-looking blade to the stranger, who merely crossed his hands on his breast, and looked upwards with an innocent air.

“Did I not say I was in your power, Carl? And is it probable I shall seek an offence with you?—Would I, an old feeble man?”—

“What brought you hither? What made you cause the uproar at my door just now?” inquired Carl, with some show of self-possession.

“Oh, faith—that is easily answered. Business—business! I have much to do with you, and but small time to do it in. Truly your fears are all false! I am, I repeat it, but a man, even as you are—with the difference of an odd year or two—ugh! ugh! ugh!” continued the stranger with a feeble asthmatic laugh. “But, to be short. If your heart is still set upon the bracelets—I may, perhaps, put you in the way of obtaining them.”

Carl strove to look calm—but the thing was impossible. His color faded, his heart seemed fluttering about his throat as though it would choke him, and his eyes emitted coruscations of fire.

“Old man! whoever, whatever you are—I supplicate you to tell me how you know anything about the matter you speak of! How came you to know that I had any care about the—the—the bracelets?”—He could scarce get out the word—“for I have not breathed a syllable about them to any one human!”

“How did I know it? Pho! it might be a long, perchance a dull tale, were I to explain how I came by my knowledge in this matter. Enough that I know your soul gapes to get the bracelets. In a word, I came not here to tell you how I know what I do, but simply to put you in the way of obtaining your wishes.”

A cold stream of suspicion flowed over Carl’s mind while the stranger spoke—and when Carl reverted to the many subtle devices known to be adopted by the Inquisition for entrapping their prey. Still Carl’s anxious curiosity prevailed over his fears. The old man, after fumbling awhile about the inner part of his girdle, took out what seemed to Carl a large snuff or tobacco-box. Opening it, he slowly removed two or three layers of fine wool; and then there glistened before the enchanted eyes of the student one of the most resplendent bracelets that had ever issued from the hands of cunning jeweler. He was lost, for a second or two, in speechless ecstasy.

“Oh, rare! oh, exquisite—exquisite bracelet!”—he gasped at length, so absorbed with the splendid bauble that he did not notice the almost wolfish glare with which the old man’s eye was fixed on his.—“And may this be MINE? Did you not say you could put it into my power?”

“Aye, Carl, it *may* be yours!” replied the stranger, in a low, earnest tone, still fixedly eyeing his companion’s countenance.

“Aye, aye! it may? Name, then, the price! Name your price, old man!” exclaimed Carl, eagerly. Checking himself, however, he added suddenly, in a desponding tone, “But why do I ask its price? Fool that I am, my whole fortune—aye, the fortunes of all our family, would not purchase *one* only of these jewels!”

The more Carl looked at the gorgeous toy, the more was he fascinated. It was studded with gems of such amazing brilliance, as to

present the appearance of a circle of delicate violet and orange-hued flame, as the stranger placed it in different points of view. Carl could not remove his eyes from the bracelet.

"Take it into your own hands—it will bear a close scrutiny," said the old man, proffering the box, with its costly contents, to the student, who received it with an eager but trembling hand. As he examined the gems, he discovered one of superior splendor and magnitude; and whilst his eyes were riveted upon it—was it merely his nervous agitation—or, gracious God! did it really assume the appearance of a human eye, of awful expression?

Carl's eyes grew dim, the blood retreated to his heart, and his hands shook violently as he pushed back the box and its mysterious contents to the stranger. Neither spoke for some seconds. The old man gazed at Carl with astonishment.

"What—what shall I call you?" murmured Carl, as soon as he had recovered the power of speech. "What means that—that—that damned eye that looks at me from the bracelet? Do your superiors, then, use even sorcery to inveigle their victims?" His teeth chattered. "Away with your damned magic! Out on you! Away—or I shall call for help from without!" And Carl drew half out his poniard.

"Tut, man," rejoined the stranger, calmly, after listening with patience to Carl's objurgations. "Now, to hear you rave in this wise! You—a man—a scholar! The days of sorcery, methinks, are gone forever; and as for the INQUISITION that you din into my ears, I myself fear, but more *hate*, that cruel and accursed institution." This was said slowly and deeply—the speaker's eyes searchingly fixed on those of him he addressed. The student, however, answered not, and the old man resumed.

"'Tis but your own heated fancy that has likened one of these jewels to an EYE—he, he, he!" said he, with a poor attempt at laughter. "What is it that has frightened you but a large diamond? A human eye, i'faith—he, he, he!—But, to away with these womanish fancies, I would know, at once, Carl, whether you wish to call yourself the owner of this bracelet?"

Carl paused.

"Will you give me no answer, Carl?"

"Aye—Heaven knows I would fain be its master—for 'tis an enchanting, a dazzling—yet a fearful——"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the old man, impatiently.

"Well, then," continued Carl, doubtfully, "since temper fails you, I will to the point. Suppose, then, I were, in a manner, disposed—I mean—hem—!—What I would say, is—in short, if it were to come to pass that I were earnestly desirous (which I am not) of having this bracelet—not for myself, mark me, but for another——"

"To the point, man! To the point!" interrupted the stranger, with anxious asperity.

"Well, I say, if I were disposed to purchase the bracelet, what would be your terms? What must I do? What give?"

"Oh, my terms are most easy and simple. You may perchance laugh at hearing them. Find but the fellow to this bracelet—and *both* shall be yours."

Carl suddenly became cold and pale. The stranger's peculiar words and manner had roused painful suspicions in the breast of the student—transiently however—that certain doings of his must be intimately

known in certain awful quarters ; and the stranger's plan was but a subtle trap for making him developé them. This feeling, however, gradually yielded to one of sheer astonishment, as the stranger repeated his terms, in a significant tone, and with great earnestness of manner.

"I—I, Carl Koëcker—find you the fellow to this bracelet!" exclaimed the student. "Surely you must be mad, or mocking me."

"Whether I be mad or not, concerns you little, so as I can make good my promise. You have my terms."

"Will you give me till to-morrow night to consider whether I will accept them?"

"No," replied the stranger, imperatively.

"Hem!" exclaimed Carl, suddenly—but with a puzzled air—wishing to put the stranger off his guard—"so you have but *one* bracelet. How came you by it?—You know, old man, that if I buy it, I must be satisfied that I can keep it."

"Keep your questions to yourself. Enough for you that I *have* it," replied the stranger, sternly.

"Another question, nevertheless, I must put. Where is the other bracelet?"

"It must be sought for," replied the old man, gloomily, placing his broad-brimmed hat on his head, as if to overshadow his eyes—"and it is worthy the search, though a prince were the seeker. He who shall have this, has a clue infallible to the discovery of the other."

"Then why not search for it yourself?" inquired Carl, quickly. A flush overspread the stranger's face, and he seemed, for a moment, somewhat confused.

"You are sent hither by the Inquisition," said Carl, with a cold shudder—at the same time plunging his right hand into his bosom, in search of his poniard—half resolved to take summary vengeance on the daring and cruel spy. He controlled himself, however, and repeated his question in a calmer tone.

"Why do not *you* seek for the fellow bracelet, old man?"

"I may not, Carl. That must be sufficient for you. *You* need not enter on the search—you need not take this bracelet; but if you *will* venture, and should succeed, 'twill be the greatest day's work you ever did. It will bring you riches and honor; and, above all, you shall see both these beautiful trinkets glistening on the white arm of her——"

"Hold! I madden! Speak not!" gasped Carl, springing with sudden emotion from his chair—pressing his hands against his forehead, and gazing fixedly on the bracelet, which the stranger still held in his hands.

"'Tis an overwhelming thought, truly! It is!—but—but—I find the fellow to this bracelet!" he continued, with a bewildered air, "where, in Heaven's name, am I to search for it?"

"Where you can, and where you dare," replied the stranger, emphatically. Carl was struck with the tone and manner.

"And how long shall I have to try my fortune?—Tut!—'tis an idle—a mad question truly, a foolish scheme; but, supposing—in a word, how long will you give me?"

"Two days from this time; and on the third, I will come and see you again."

"Alone?" inquired Carl, with a searching glance.

"Yes—alone," replied the stranger, pointedly.

"And can you give me no clue, whatever?—None?"

"No, assuredly. Else the merit of your search would fail. You will not be long in finding one, if you do but set about the search heartily. Ah, Carl, Carl," he added, suddenly, with as much gaiety as his extraordinary features could assume, "you have a white hand, and a small wrist!" Carl glanced at them complacently. "I wonder, now, whether it were small enough for this bracelet?—Try it on, man—try it on!—Your wrist, I think, is but a trifle larger than hers——" The last word brought the blood into Carl's face, even to his temples—and a tempest to his soul. Scarce knowing what he did, he took the glittering bracelet, and with a little difficulty clasped it about his wrist.

"Ah, ha!—How wondrous well it suits you! In truth, it might have been made for you! Your wrist might have been a lady's!" said the old man, laughing; and, rising from his seat, he scrutinized the bracelet narrowly, and adjusted it more nicely. "And now, Carl Kœcker—see you part not with it, in your search! Farewell, Carl!" The stranger stepped towards the door.

"Stay—stay, old man! exclaimed the student with surprise. "Whither are you going? Ha—ha, Der Teufel!" he continued, almost leaping from the floor with sudden fright—Why, thou fiend! I cannot remove the bracelet! It clings to my wrist like adamant!—It will cut my hand off! Ah—ah—it is cutting to the bone," he groaned. He strove violently to wrench it off. "Take it off! Take it off—I cannot move it! Help, help!—dear, good old man, for mercy's sake——" But his visiter was opening the chamber door, anxious to be gone. Carl followed him, using frantic efforts to dislodge the bracelet from his wrist, which suffered a frightful sense of compression.

"Good sir! Kind old man—whoever you are, wherever you come from—whatever your errand, for God's love, help me to remove this bracelet!—Oh—" he groaned, "will you not take it off?"

"Off?—never!" shouted the old man, with an unearthly laugh, and an eye of horrible derision. The student dropped his hands, fell back aglath a pace or two, and stared at the stranger, with eyes that seemed bursting from their sockets. The perspiration started from every pore.

"Never—oh, never—did you say?" gasped Carl, renewing his desperate efforts to remove the bracelet. He grew desperate. "Villain! fiend! You have played a hell trick against me! Will you yet say never?"

"Aye—never, till you find its fellow," replied the old man, shaking his shriveled finger at the student.

"Accursed wretch! Deceiving devil! Then will we struggle for it. Ho, have at you," aloud shrieked Carl, springing forward to grapple with his tormentor; who, however, at that moment slipped through the open door, shutting it in Carl's face; and as the old man went rapidly down stairs, Carl heard him exclaiming in tones of wild and echoing laughter—fainter and fainter as the distance increased—"Never, Carl; never, never!"

Carl staggered stupified to a seat, and sat for some moments the image of despair. He would have rushed out after the old man, but that a deadly faintness seized him. He could not bring his scattered senses to bear for an instant on any one point of the preceding interview. He felt like a man suddenly roused at midnight from a frightful

dream. Had he been asleep and dreaming? Alas, no! There was fearful evidence, palpable and visible, of waking reality. His eye happened to alight on the bracelet glistening with now abhorred splendor on his wrist. With frantic effort he once more strove to disengage it, but in vain. He could not move it; it seemed to have *grown* into him! He rose from his chair, and paced his room in an ecstasy of alternate fear and fury. What had come to him? Was he under the spell of witchcraft? Was he the sport of diabolical agency? Or, worse than either—the sealed victim of the Inquisition? Had they sent their emissary to probe him, and leave this cunningly-framed bracelet as an irremovable evidence of their man—even as sheep are marked for the slaughter? As this latter suspicion flashed across his mind with increasing probability, he sunk in his chair, overwhelmed with anguish and horror; and from his chair to the floor. What was to become of him? What could he do? Whither was he to fly? How ascertain the criminatory extent of the information on which they acted? He knew not! He closed his eyes, for everything about him seemed turning round, and assuming grotesque images and positions. After lying for some minutes on the floor, he suddenly sprung to his feet, convinced that the extraordinary occurrences of the evening could have no other foundation than fancy—that he must have been suffering from the nightmare. He stepped into his sleeping room, and plunged his head and face into a bowl of cold spring water. The shock for a few moments revived and recollected his wandering faculties; but in wiping his face, the accursed bracelet scratched his cheek—the delusions of hope vanished in an instant, and flinging aside his towel, he rushed from the room in despair. The silence and solitude of his apartment were horrible. Whither should he go, that the Inquisition hounds could not follow, find, and seize him? He began to imagine that they had pressed the arts of sorcery into their assistance. He felt, in a word, that his fears were maddening him. He could bear his rooms no longer: so putting his cap on his head, and throwing a cloak over his shoulders, he went out, hoping to see, or at least hear tidings of, his dreadful visitor.

The night, far advanced, was cold and gloomy—the winds blew chilly, and the snows were fluttering fast. He spoke to one or two of the drowsy shivering watch, and asked whether they had seen any one answering to the description of his visitor. One of them told him with a yawn, that only a quarter of an hour before, he had seen an old man pass by, that stooped, and wore, he thought, a broad hat and drab coat; that he walked at a great rate down the main street, *followed by two men in dark dresses!* Carl fell into the arms of the watchman, deprived of sense and motion. The last clause of the man's intelligence had confirmed his worst fears—THE INQUISITION WERE AFTER HIM!

After a while, the attentions of the humane night-guardian, backed by a little hot ale which he carried in a leathern bottle, sufficed to revive Carl, who was able, soon after, to proceed, after giving the watchman some small coin. What was Carl now to do? To return to his rooms was impossible. He hurried on through the street, why, or whither, he knew not. He felt a sort of drowsiness or stupor creeping over him. Suddenly he nearly overthrew what proved to be a female figure muffled in a long dark dress. His hair stood on end—for, at the first moment he mistook her figure for that of one of the "men in dark dresses," spoken of by the watchman—of the familiars of the In-



quisition. While recoiling shudderingly from her, he fancied he heard himself addressed—"Follow!" said the low hurried voice of a woman—"Follow me and be silent. You have been expected this half hour. 'Tis foolish—'tis cruel thus to delay!"

"I—I expected? gasped the staggering student—"Why, do you know me?"

"Know you?—why, Carl Koëcker, of course," replied the female; adding in a low imploring tone—"Oh, follow—for Heaven's sake, follow instantly, or all will be lost!"

"Lost!—why, am not I, rather, lost?—In God's name, whither would you lead me? Are you in league with that old——" Carl was interrupted by his companion whispering hurriedly—"Hush! the good folks of Goettingen will hear you!"

She had scarce uttered the last words, before Carl thought he heard the faint echo of many voices at some distance, from behind—and which seemed, as they grew nearer, to be loud and tumultuous. He suddenly turned towards the quarter from which the sounds of distant uproar came, when he beheld several torches gleaming dimly far off, and held by persons hurrying to and fro in all directions. The sounds approached, and became more distinct. They were those of alarm.

"What in God's name is stirring now?" inquired Carl of the female he was accompanying. "Can you tell me wherefore is all that uproar?" The spectral stare almost froze Carl's blood, as she answered in a low quick tone—"Ah—do not you know, Carl Koëcker?—A deed of blood and horror——" She was interrupted by the startling clangor of the alarm-bell, pealing with prodigious rapidity and violence. Carl shuddered—and well he might. What is capable of inspiring more thrilling terror than the gloomy toll of a church-bell, heard with sudden loudness at midnight?

The whole town of Goettingen was roused. Carl listened—his hair stood on end—his knees tottered—his brain reeled—for the cries were those of murder and revenge: and amid all the tumult of the voices, and the sullen tolling of the bell, Carl distinctly heard—his own name! Half stunned with the thought, he listened—he strained his ear to take in every sound that sent it. "Carl Koëcker" was the name uttered by a hundred tongues; and Carl Koëcker was sought after as a murderer. He would have shouted in answer—he would have discovered himself, conscious of his innocence—but he felt a suffocating pressure about his throat, and his heart seemed fit to burst through his side. Strange lights flashed before his eyes, and his tottering knees seemed about to refuse him any longer their support, when his unknown companion suddenly grasped his hand between her cold fingers, whispering—"Carl, Carl, you must hasten! Fly! fly! You will fall into their hands! They are yelling for you! They are as tigers drunk with blood!"

"I care not! I am innocent! I have done no crime! Why, then, should I fly? No, I will stay, with God's help, till they come up," murmured the fainting student. Meanwhile the clamor of voices grew nearer and louder. Innumerable torches flitted to and fro, casting a discolored glare over the dusky atmosphere.

"Haste, Carl!—Haste, murderer, haste! haste!" muttered the woman by his side—"Justice slieth quickly after her victims!"

"Wretch! what are you saying?" stammered Carl, beginning to suspect himself the victim of diabolical villainy. He tried to grasp his



companion by the arm—but his hand was powerless. A sudden recollection of the stranger who had given him the bracelet, and of the mysterious circumstances attending the transaction, flashed with fearful vividness before his mind.

"Woman, woman!" he faltered, "*Who* is murdered? Is it—is it——"

"Fly, fool! Fly, fly, fly!—The familiars are near at hand! The blighting brand of the Inquisition will discover——"

"The *what*—what!" groaned Carl, his eyes darkening for an instant, and his voice choked.

"Only thou fly, fly!"—continued the woman, hurrying him forward. The crowd of torch-bearers seemed now at but a very little distance; and Carl, overwhelmed and bewildered,—his consciousness of innocence drowned in the apprehension of pressing danger—needed but little urging to step into a vehicle standing at the corner of a street they had just entered. He scarce knew what he was doing. Immediately on his sitting down, the door was closed, and away shot the vehicle, rolling as rapidly as four fleet horses could carry it.

Carl found himself alone in the coach—if such it was—for his conductor had suddenly and most unexpectedly disappeared. The utter extremity of fright, amazement, and perplexity, is too feeble a term to convey anything like an adequate idea of the state of Carl Koëcker's feelings, when thus, after such an astounding series of events, hurried away no one knew how, why, or whither.

Visions of inquisitorial horrors flitted before his perturbed mind's eye. To what scenes of ghastly—of hopeless misery was he now, perchance, conveying? He sunk back on the seat, and swooned. How long he continued insensible, he knew not. When he recovered, he found himself rattling onward at a prodigious rate, and amid profound darkness: he stretched his hand out of the window of the vehicle, and the snow fell fast and thick upon it. He listened, but heard no sound, except the rapid and regular tramp of horses' hoofs, and the rustling of the branches, against which the roof of the vehicle brushed in passing. He could not hear the voices of either driver or attendants. In a sudden fit of frenzy, he threw down one of the windows, pushed out his head, and roared for rescue—but his cries were unattended to. He then strove to force open the door, that he might leap out, though at the hazard of his life; but his utmost efforts were useless! He tried if the window spaces were large enough to admit of escape—but they were too small to admit of a child's exit! What was to become of him? After again and again trying to force open the doors, he wearied himself, and fell at full length on the seat, sullenly resigned to his fate, under the conviction that he was either in the toils of the Inquisition, or the hands of thieves and murderers. But what could the latter want with a poor student? For the former suspicion, his quaking heart could readily assign grounds!

He lay in a state of stupor, till the sudden stoppage of the vehicle almost jerked him from his seat, and sufficiently roused him to perceive that the carriage was standing before the gates of a magnificent building. Where he was, or how long his journey had lasted, he knew not; and unutterable, therefore, was his astonishment to behold the altered aspect of nature. The time appeared about two or three o'clock in the morning. The gloom and inclemency of the former part of the night had entirely disappeared. The scenery, at which he

glanced hastily, seemed of a totally different class from that which he had been accustomed to behold. The glorious gilding of the full moon lay on every object—alike on the snowy shroud glistening over endless plains and hills—as on the quarried clouds lying piled irregularly, one above the other, in snowy strata along the sky. Their edges seemed all melting into golden light.

The building before which the carriage had drawn up, seemed a vast grey mass of irregular structure, the prevailing character of which was Gothic. Whether, however, it were a castle, a palace, a prison, a nunnery, or a monastery, Carl's hurried glance could not distinguish. He had scarce time to scan its outline, before the carriage door was opened, by removing a large bar from across the outside, Carl noticed—and a string of attendants, habited somewhat in military costume, stood ready to conduct the solitary visitor to the interior of the building. After a moment's pause of stupified irresolution—uncertain whether or not to make a desperate attempt at escape—he alighted, and followed the chief of the attendants towards the interior of the building. Every step he took within the splendid, though antique structure, convinced him that he had entered a regal residence. He paced along seemingly endless galleries and corridors, with the passive, or rather submissive air of a man led along guarded prison passages to execution. He was at length ushered into a large tapestried apartment, in the centre of which was spread a supper table, sinking beneath a costly service of gold and silver. Scarce knowing whether or not—in the vulgar phrase—his head or heels were uppermost, Carl sat himself down mechanically at the table; and the obsequious attendants instantly removed the covers of several dishes. When Carl saw the expensive dainties spread before him, and the magnificent plate which contained them, and marked the solemn anxious deference paid him by the servants, he felt convinced that through some inexplicable blunder, he had been mistaken for an expected visitor of distinction. The tumultuous and terrifying scenes which had ushered in his journey, were for a while obscured from his recollection. Carl found it impossible to partake of the exquisite fare before him. He contrived, however, to quaff an ample cup of rich wine, which soon revived his torpid faculties. He turned towards the silent servants, stationed at due distances from him, and inquired, in a stern tone, what they were going to do with him; “whether they knew who he was?” A respectful obeisance was the only answer. “Cārł Košcker—a student of Goettingen University.” A second and lower bow. A third time he repeated his question, but the only answer he could obtain, was a brief intimation, couched in the most deferential terms, that “Her Highness” was waiting his appearance in the audience room. Carl clasped his hands over his forehead, lost in wonder and despair.

“Who—who, in God's name, is ‘Her Highness?’” he inquired.

“She has been long expecting your arrival with anxiety,” replied one of the servants, apparently in nowise surprised at the disorder of their youthful guest.

“Waiting—and for my arrival?—Impossible!—You are all wrong, fellows! I am not he whom you suppose me! I am mistaken for some one else—and he must be nothing particular, seeing I, through being mistaken for him, was kidnapped away! Harkee, sirrahs—do you understand?” The servants looked at one another in silence, and without a smile. “Do you know who I am?” continued Carl in a louder

key—but in vain ; he received no answer. The servants seemed to have been tutored.

"Alas !" resumed Carl, in a low tone, "I ask you who I am, when I verily know not, myself !—Aha ! Who am I ? Where ?—Why here ?—Answer ! Tell me ! Speak there !" continued Carl, resolutely, relying on the wine he had taken, and which he felt supplying him with confidence.

"Once more, I say—Who am I ?" repeated Carl.

"That, we suppose, your Highness best knows—but our duty is to wait and conduct you into her Highness's presence," was the only answer he received, delivered in the same steadfast respectfulness of tone and manner.

"Where will all this mummery end ?" thought Carl, pouring out, mechanically, another cup of wine. The thought suddenly struck him—and the more he entertained it, the more probable it appeared—that, after all, the whole of this evening's adventures might be the contrivance of one of those celebrated and systematic hoaxers, of whom, in Italy, the illustrious Lorenzo was chief. Every occurrence of the evening seemed easily explicable on this hypothesis—but one ; the general uproar in the streets of Goettingen at the period of his leaving. *That* savored too strongly of serious reality to be part of a *hoax* !—While he was turning about these thoughts in his mind, one of the servants opened a door, and stood by it, as if hinting that Carl should rise from table and follow. Resolved patiently to await the issue, he rose, and walked towards the door. He was conducted up an ample staircase, leading to a lofty hall, supported by marble pillars. After traversing it in silence, his conductors opened a pair of large folding doors, and ushered Carl through them—gently closed the high doors upon him and retired. Carl now found himself in an apartment equally magnificent with the one he had left. Still, however, there was not—as in the other—artificial light ; but the room was, so to speak, flooded with a radiant tide of moonlight. Everything about him, to Carl's disturbed apprehension, wore the air of mystery and romance. The silence of the sepulchre was there, and it oppressed him. He dared hardly draw his breath, fearful of its being audible. He was reluctant to move from the spot where he had first stood, lest he should dissipate the nameless charm of the chamber, or encounter some unwelcome and startling spectacle. Whichever way he looked, there was a dim and dreary splendor which transcended the creatures of poetry. Almost the whole extent of the further extremity of the chamber consisted of a large Gothic-fashioned window, with a door in the centre of it, opening upon a narrow slip of shrubbery or terrace. The prospect through this window was glorious. The moon was still

Riding at her highest noon,

like a bright bark over a sea of sapphire, scattering her splendor over streams glittering like veins of silver amid a noble extent of champaign country ; and rendering visible, in the distance, hoary structures of prodigious extent, relieved against a back ground of profound forest shade. A little to the right lay a lake of liquid silver ! But the most marvellous circumstance of the whole, was the disappearance of the snow he had so lately seen. Was it possible—thought Carl, pressing his hands to his forehead—that he had slept through an interval of twenty-four hours since he saw the snow ? Had he taken drugged

draughts at supper, and but now awoke, unconscious of the interval that had elapsed? This extraordinary absence of snow was, as already said, the first thing observed by Carl, hurried as was his glance; but ere long a very different object, within the chamber, arrested his attention, absorbing every faculty in mute astonishment and admiration. At the upper extremity of the chamber the resplendent moonbeam fell on the figure of a lady, white as snow, reclining on a couch, with her head supported by her arm. Never before had Carl beheld, even in dreams, a vision of such dazzling beauty. So perfectly symmetrical her features, so delicately moulded her figure, so gracefully negligent her attitude, and so motionless withal, that Carl, as he glided slowly towards her, his eyes and hands elevated with rapturous astonishment, began to suspect he was mocked by some surpassing specimen of the statuary's art. As he drew nearer, he perceived that the lady was asleep—at least her head drooped a little, and her eyes were closed. He stood within a few paces of her. He had never before seen features so perfectly beautiful. Her brow wore the pure hue of alabaster; her eyebrows were most delicately penciled and shaded off; her nose, of soft Grecian outline, was exquisitely chiseled; and her small closed lips seemed like a bursting rosebud. The lily fingers of the little hand supporting her head, peeped out in rich contrast from among her black tresses; while her right hand lay concealed beneath the folds of a long rich veil. What with gazing on the lovely recumbent, and the generous potency of the wine he had been drinking, Carl felt himself, as it were, under a new influence. Fear and doubt had passed away. He fell softly on his knees before the beautiful incognita. Her features moved not.

Now, thought Carl, was she inanimate—a cunning piece of wax-work, and were the contrivers of the hoax, if such it were, watching him from the secret parts of the room, to enjoy his doings?

He thought, however, after steadfastly eyeing her, that he perceived a slow heaving of the bosom, as though she strove to conceal the breath she drew. Intoxicated with his feelings, Carl could continue silent no longer.

"Oh, lady, if mortal you be—oh, lady, I die at your feet!" stammered Carl, with a fluttering heart.

"Carl, where have you been? You cannot—no, you cannot love me, or you would not have delayed so long!" replied the lady, in a gentle tone, and with a glance "fuller of speech unto the heart than aught utterable by man." What dazzling eyes were fixed upon the sinking student!

"I would to Heaven," he stammered, "I might believe you—loved me; but—but—lady"—

"But what?—Ah, Carl! Do you doubt me?" inquired the lady, gazing at him with an eye of anxious tenderness. Carl's tongue refused him utterance, for some moments, and he trembled from head to foot.

"How, fair one, can you say you love one you know not? *Me* you know not—"

"*Not know you!*—Oh, Carl, Carl!" and she looked at him with a reproachful smile. The student stared at her in silence.

"Lady, I am bewildered! I know not where I am, nor how I came hither! Yet, blessed be Heaven, that I have thus seen you. I could die with your image in my eye! It would pass me to heaven! Oh,

forgive me, lady; knowing that I rave ! Your beauty maddens me ! I sink—I die beneath it ! I know not, nor can control, what my tongue utters ! The only thing I know is, that I am unworthy of you——” gasped Carl, dropping his head upon his bosom.

“Then, Carl, is my love for you the greater, seeing it can overlook all unworthiness ! But, dear Carl, why speak I thus ? You are not unworthy—no, no ! You are of great wit—graceful, noble—in a word, I——”

“Speak, lady ! speak, speak ! Delay not ! I faint—I die !” murmured the impassioned student.

“Well, I love you, Carl ! I have long loved you, since first my eye fell on you. Pardon the scheme——” Here the lady became inarticulate with agitation. A long pause of mutual trepidation and embarrassment ensued. Each cast but furtive glances at the other ; the conscious color went and came alternately, in the cheeks of either.

Carl, still bending on his knee, gently strove to disentangle the hand which lay concealed beneath the folds of her veil. He succeeded, feeble as was the force he used ; but the hand was still enveloped in the folds of a long white glove.

“May I not kiss these fair fingers but through a glove ?” inquired Carl, fondly, and with returning self-possession.

“Why, you are truly of a sudden grown chivalrous as an old knight,” replied the lady, in a tone of subdued gaiety ; “but since such is your ambitious fancy, why should I refuse you so small a favor, who can refuse you nothing ? So, here is my *right* hand, Sir Knight. What wouldst thou ?”

She disengaged the hand on which her head had been leaning, and gave it to Carl, who smothered the taper fingers with kisses. Infatuated with sudden unaccountable passion, Carl, in a sort of frenzy, started from his knee, threw his arm around the sylph-like figure of the lady, and imprinted a long, clinging, half-retained kiss upon her soft lips !

He had neither time nor inclination to reflect on what he was doing—on the unaccountable freedom of his behavior to a lady evidently of the highest consideration, with whom he had had—and that in the most unsatisfactory and mysterious manner—only a few minutes’ acquaintance. In vain did he strive to calm and settle his unsteady faculties, or sober himself into a consciousness of his real situation—of how he came thither—and how had come to pass the astounding events of the evening. He forgot all his harrowing suspicions of inquisitorial *diablerie* ; he thought no more of the possibility that his frantic feats were the subjects of suppressed laughter to invisible powers ! Everything merged into his intense consciousness of present pleasure. He yielded to the irresistible impulse of his feelings, blind and indifferent to consequences.

“’Tis all owing to the wine I drunk in the supper-room !” thought Carl ; but, alas, how little did he know of the important events with which he had got extraordinarily implicated ; of the principle and subtle influence which was at work preparing for him scenes of future change and suffering !

A few minutes’ time beheld Carl pacing slowly up and down the spacious chamber, supporting his beautiful and mysterious companion, watching with ecstasy her graceful motions, and pouring into her ear the impassioned accents of love ; not, however, without an occasional

flightiness of manner, which he could neither check nor disguise. When he listened to the dulcet melody of her voice, which fell on his ear like the breathings of an Æolian harp ; when he observed her dove-like eyes fixed fondly upon him ; and felt the faint throbbings of her heart against the hand that supported her, he almost lost all consciousness of treading among the lower realities of life.

Whilst Carl was thus delightfully occupied, his companion suddenly turned aside her head, and to Carl's amazement and alarm, burst into a flood of tears. Burying her face in the folds of her veil, she began to weep bitterly. "For mercy's sake, dear lady, tell me what ails you !" inquired the startled student. He repeated his question ; but in vain. His reiterated questions called forth no other answer than sobs and tears.

"Lady ! dear, beloved lady—why are you bent on breaking my heart ? Have I then so soon grown unworthy in your eyes ?" again inquired Carl, a little relaxing the arm that supported her, as though grieved and mortified at her reserve.

"Oh Carl, Carl ! Indeed you are most worthy of my love, of all my confidence ; but you cannot help me ! No, no—I am undone ! Lost, lost, lost forever !" replied the lady, in heart-breaking accents.

Carl begged, entreated, implored, to be made acquainted with the cause of her agitation, but in vain. His thoughts (alas, what is man ?) began to travel rapidly from "beauty in tears," to "beauty in sul-lens ;" and commiseration was freezing fast into something like anger, or rather contempt.

"Lady, if you think me thus unworthy to share your grief—to be apprized of its source—that so I may acquit *myself*, I—I—I cannot stay to see you in sufferings I may not alleviate ! I must—yes, I must leave you, lady—if it even break my heart !" said Carl, with as much firmness as he could muster. She turned towards him an eye that instantly melted away all his displeasure—a soft blue eye glistening through the dews of sorrow—and swooned in his arms.

Was ever mortal so situated as Carl, at that agitating moment ? Inexpressibly shocked, he bore his lovely, but insensible burden to the window ; and thinking fresh air might revive her, he carried her through the door, which opened on the narrow terrace as before mentioned. While supporting her in his arms, and against his shaking knees, and parting her luxuriant hair from her damp forehead, he unconsciously dropped a tear upon her pallid features. She revived. She smiled with sad sweetness on her agitated supporter, with slowly returning consciousness, and passed her soft fingers gently over his forehead. As soon as her strength returned, Carl led her gently a few paces to and fro on the terrace, thinking the exercise might fully restore her. The terrace overlooked, at a height of about sixty feet, an extensive and beautifully disposed garden ; and both Carl and his mysterious companion paused a few moments to view a fountain underneath, which threw out its clear waters in the moonlight, like sparkling showers of crystal. How tranquil and beautiful was all before them ! While Carl's eye was passing rapidly over the various objects before him, he perceived his companion suddenly start. Concern and agitation were again visible in her features. She seemed on the point of bursting a second time into tears, when Carl, once more, with affectionate earnestness, besought her to keep him no longer in torturing suspense, but acquaint him with the source of her sorrows.



"Lady, once more I implore you to tell me whence all this agony?" She eyed him steadfastly and mournfully, and replied, "A loss, dear Carl—a fearful—an irreparable loss."

"In the name of mercy, lady, what loss can merit such dreadful names?" inquired the student, shocked at the solemnity of her manner, and the ashy hue her countenance had assumed. She trembled, and continued silent. Carl's eyes were more eloquent than his lips. Seeing them fixed on her with intense curiosity and excitement, she proceeded:

"It is a loss, Carl, the effects of which scarce befits mortal lips to tell. It were little to say, that unless it be recovered, a crowned head must be brought low!" She shuddered from head to foot. Carl's blood began to trickle coldly through his veins, and he stood gazing at his companion with terrified anxiety.

"Carl!" continued the lady, in a scarcely audible murmur, "I have been told to-day—how shall I breathe it!—by one from the grave, that you were destined to restore to me what I have lost—that you were Heaven's chosen instrument—that *you alone, of other men, had rightly studied the laws of spiritual being*—could command the services of EVIL SPIRITS," she continued, fixing a startling glance on Carl, who quailed under it.

"Lady, pardon me for saying it is false, if it has been so slanderously reported to you of me; aye, false as the lips of Satan! I know nought of spirits—nought of hereafter, but through the blessed Bible," replied Carl, in hurried accents, a cold perspiration suddenly bedewing him from head to foot. His feelings began to revolt—to recoil from his companion—whom he could not help suddenly likening to the beautiful serpent that beguiled Eve; but she twined her arms closely around him, and almost groaned in heart-moving accents, "Oh Carl, Carl! that I might but tell you what I have heard of you, or rather what I know of you!"

There had been something very terrible in her demeanor, latterly. She seemed speaking as if of set purpose, and her eye was ever alive, probing Carl's soul to see the effect of what she uttered. At least so Carl thought. All his apprehensions about the hideous Inquisition revived, and with tenfold force. Was this subtle and beautiful being one of THEIR creatures? A fiend, cunningly tutored to extract his soul's secret, and then betray him into the fiery grasp of torture and death?

It was long before he could speak to her. At length he exclaimed, "For mercy's sake, lady, tell me what frightful meaning lurks beneath what you say? What is your loss? What do you know, or have heard, of me? Tell me, though I should expire with terror!"

"Can you, then, bear a secret to the grave, unspoken?" she inquired, gazing at him with an expression of melancholy and mysterious awe.

"*Did Thurielma appear again?*"

The student turned ghastly pale, and almost dropped her from his arms.

"I know not what your words mean," stammered Carl, almost swooning. His companion's eye was fixed on him with wellnigh petrifying effect.

"Carl," said she, in a low tone, "I am about to tell you the source



of my sorrows—that is, my loss. Is there none near, to overhear us ?” she inquired, faintly, without removing her eyes from Carl’s.

“None ! none !” murmured the student, a mist clouding his eyes ; for, at the moment of his companion’s uttering the words last mentioned, he had distinctly seen a human face peering over the edge of the terrace.

He shook like an aspen leaf, shivering under the midnight wind.

“What have you lost ?” he inquired.

“The fellow to *this*,” replied the lady, drawing off the glove from her left hand, and disclosing a bracelet the very counterpart of that in Carl’s possession. His brain reeled ;—he felt choked.

“What—what of him—that—hath its fellow ?” He faltered, sinking on one knee, unable to sustain the burden of his companion.

“He is either a sorcerer, a prince, or a murderer !” replied the lady, in a hollow broken tone.

Carl slowly bared his shaking arm, and disclosed the bracelet gleaming on his wrist. He felt that in another moment he must sink senseless to the earth ; but the lady, after glaring at the bracelet, with a half-suppressed shriek, and an expanding eye of glassy horror, suddenly sprung from him, and fell headlong over the terrace, at the very edge of which they had been standing.

“Ha—accursed, damned traitor !” yelled a voice close behind him, followed by a peal of hideous laughter. He turned staggeringly towards the quarter from which the sounds came, and beheld the old man who had given him the bracelet, and now stood close at his elbow, glaring at him with the eye of a demon, his hands stretched out, his fingers curved like the cruel claws of a tiger, and his feet planted in the earth as if with convulsive effort.

“Thrice accursed wretch !” repeated the old man, in a voice of thunder ; “what have you done ? Did not her highness tell you who you were ?”

“Tell me !—what ?”

The old man suddenly clasped Carl by the wrist covered with the bracelet ; his features dilated with fiendish fury ; his eyes, full of horrible lustre, glanced from Carl to the precipice, and from the precipice to Carl.

“Tell me !—what ?” again gasped the student, half dead with fright, striving in vain to recede from the edge of the terrace. The hand with which the old man clasped Carl’s wrist, quivered with fierce emotion.

“Tell me” — once more murmured Carl—“What did she say ?”

“*BAA !*” roared his tormentor, at the same time letting go Carl’s wrist, and, slipping over the edge of the terrace, he was out of sight in an instant—leaving Carl Koëcker *BROAD AWAKE*, and in darkness, for he had broken his lamp, and overthrown both chair and table. His fire had gone out to the last cinder, and a ray or two of misty twilight, struggling through the crevices of the window shutters, served to show him how long he had been *DREAMING*.

He groped his way to bed, shivering with cold, and execrating the opera he had recently witnessed, whose ill-assorted recollections, with other passing fancies, had been moulded into so singular and distressing a dream.

## CARBON—DIAMOND.\*

*Why is carbon known by the names of diamond and charcoal ?*

Because the two latter substances, although so different, and almost opposite, in physical characters, are, according to unexceptionable experiments, almost chemically the same.

That diamond is simple carbon, is shown by the following experiment. M. Morveau exposed a diamond to intense heat, shut up in a small cavity in a piece of tough iron. When he opened the cavity, he found the diamond entirely gone, and the iron around it converted into steel. This shows that it is *pure* carbon, which combines with iron to form steel, and not charcoal, which is generally an oxide of carbon. The peculiar hardness of steel is to be ascribed to its union with a portion of pure carbon, or diamond. It is no uncommon thing for jewelers to expose such diamonds as are foul, to a strong heat, imbedded in charcoal, to render them clear ; but, in this process, great care is taken to have a sufficient quantity of charcoal, to exclude the atmospheric air : otherwise, the intense heat would produce combustion.—*Parkes*.

*Why is charcoal more inflammable than the diamond ?*

Because of the looseness of its texture, and the hydrogen it contains. The latter is indeed the only chemical difference perceptible, between diamond and the purest charcoal : but Dr. Ure asks, “ can a quantity of an element (hydrogen), less, in some cases, than 1-50,000th part of the weight of the substance, occasion so great a difference in physical and chemical characters ? ” In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1797, is related Mr. Smithson Tennant’s process for proving the identity of these two substances : he says, “ It will appear, from experiments, that the diamond consists entirely of charcoal, differing from the usual state of that substance only by its crystallized form,”—and Dr. Ure thinks this opinion to be correct.

The identity of charcoal and diamond is further illustrated in the following experiment. Sir Humphry Davy exposed charcoal to intense ignition, *in vacuo*, and in condensed azote, by means of Mr. Children’s magnificent battery, when it slowly volatilized, and gave out a little hydrogen. The remaining was always much harder than before, and in one case so hard as to scratch glass, while its lustre was increased. This fine experiment may be regarded as a near approach to the *production of diamond* ; and we believe that similar experiments of French chemists have been equally successful.

*Why did Newton infer that the diamond was inflammable ?*

Because of the circumstance, that inflammable substances refract light in a greater ratio than that of their densities. We readily acquiesce in Mr. Parkes’s note : “ It is wonderful that Newton, who had no chemical means of examining the diamond, should have conceived the idea of its inflammable nature.”

It is not evident to whom the combustibility of the diamond first occurred ; but, in the year 1694, the Florentine Academicians proved its destructibility by heat, by means of a burning lens. The products of its combustion were first examined by Lavoisier, in 1772, and subsequently, with more precision, by Guyton Morveau, in 1785. Mr. Tennant’s experiments, just referred to, demonstrated the impor-

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\* From Popular Chemistry, Part XII. of Knowledge for the People.

tant fact, that when equal weights of diamond and pure charcoal were submitted to the action of red hot nitre, the results, in both cases, were the same ; and, in 1807, the combustion of the diamond in pure oxygen, was found by Messrs. Allen and Pepys to be attended with precisely the same results as the combustion of pure charcoal. Hence, observes Brande, the inevitable inference, that charcoal and the diamond are similar substances in their chemical nature, differing only in mechanical texture.

The combustion of the diamond may be most conveniently and perfectly effected, by placing it upon a platinum capsule, in a jar of pure oxygen, inverted over mercury, and throwing on it the focus of a burning lens. Sir Humphrey Davy, when at Florence, in 1814 (*Phil. Trans.*), used for this purpose the same lens which was employed in the first trials on the action of solar heat on the diamond, instituted by Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany : he found, that when strongly ignited by the lens in a thin capsule of platinum, perforated with many orifices, so as to admit a free circulation of air, the diamond continued to burn in the oxygen, after being withdrawn from the focus, with so brilliant a light as to be visible in the brightest sunshine, and with intense heat. The results of these experiments demonstrate, that diamond affords no other substance by its combustion than pure carbonic acid gas ; and that the process is merely a solution of diamond in oxygen, without any change in the volume of the gas. It likewise appears, that, in the combustion of the different kinds of charcoal, water is produced ; and that, from the diminution of the volume of the oxygen, there is every reason to believe, that the water is formed by the combustion of the hydrogen existing in strongly ignited charcoal.

*Why is pure carbon, or diamond, so scarce, while its compounds, in different states, are so abundantly dispersed ?*

Because (observes an eminent chemist) "the wonder consists only in the opposition between facts and our opinions ; it disappears in proportion as we discover and appropriate the powers of nature to produce the same effects. To dispel the astonishment of those who might consider this a ground of distrust, I shall remind them that aluminous earth is likewise one of the commonest substances, though the adamantine spar, no less rare than the diamond, is nevertheless alumina ; that iron exists everywhere, under every form, except in the state of purity ; and that the existence of native iron is still doubtful." Since the preceding observations were written, native iron is stated to have been found in Canaan, in the United States of America.

*Why has the diamond so great lustre ?*

Because it reflects all the light falling on its posterior surface at an angle of incidence greater than 24 degrees 13 minutes. Artificial gems reflect half of this light. The base of all artificial stones is a paste composed of silex, potash, borax, oxide of lead, and sometimes arsenic. The best silex is obtained from rock crystal, and the next best from white sand, or flint.

*Why are diamonds called male and female ?*

Because a hard and soft stone are often united in the same gem ; the hard stone being called by diamond cutters a *he*, and the soft one a *she*.

*Why is a diamond said to be of the first water ?*

Because it is perfectly transparent and pure. The snow white diamond is most highly prized by the jeweler. Diamonds have, how-

ever, been found nearly of all colors : next to the colorless, in esteem, are those of a decided red, blue, or green tint. Black diamonds are extremely rare ; those which are slightly brown, or tinged only with other colors, are least valuable.

*Why is carbon so important in the vegetable kingdom ?*

Because it is not only a component part, but it forms nearly the whole of the solid basis of all vegetables ; and their infinite varieties may be attributed to the different modifications of carbon, as well as of the other principles which enter into their constitution.

*Why are so many products of vegetation indebted to carbon for their produce ?*

Because carbon not only constitutes the base of the woody fibre, but is a component part of sugar, and of all kinds of wax, oils, gums, and resins ; and of these again how infinite is the variety.—*Parkes.*

*Why is carbon also important in the animal kingdom ?*

Because it enters into the composition of animal milk, and of animal oils and fat ; it is also found in albumen, gelatine, fibrine, and in many of the animal secretions.

*Why is carbonic acid gas so called ?*

Because it consists of carbon, which has so great an affinity to oxygen, that when assisted by heat, it will take it from both substances with which it may be combined ; and in certain proportions, they form carbonic acid gas. The composition of carbonic acid has been proved by analysis, as it has been actually decomposed, and the charcoal or carbon exhibited entire.

*Why was carbonic acid also called fixed air ?*

Because it was so intimately combined in chalk, limestone, magnesia, &c. It is to Dr. Black we owe the discovery of carbonic acid gas. Mr. Keir was the first who suspected it to be an acid ; and Dr. Priestley afterwards announced that a portion of it was always found in atmospheric air.

*Why is a blue flame so often seen upon the surface of a charcoal fire ?*

Because the combustion of the carbonic oxide is formed in this way : the air entering at bottom, forms carbonic acid, which, passing through the red hot charcoal, becomes converted into carbonic oxide. Hence arises the danger of burning charcoal in ill-ventilated chambers.

#### THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

[MIRROR.]—The heiress presumptive to the British crown is gradually becoming an object of great interest to all classes of her future subjects, and this interest is naturally heightened by the novelty of the throne being filled by a female sovereign, which has not been the case since the death of Queen Anne in 1702. The reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne were among the most glorious in our annals ; and the five years of Mary were unhappily too remarkable ever to be forgotten. The future appears so eventful, that the successor of our present excellent King cannot fail to fill a distinguished place in history.

The Princess Alexandrina Victoria is the only child of the late Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., by Victoria Maria Louisa, Princess Dowager of Luningen, sister of Prince Leopold. The Duke of Kent was always, with the exception perhaps of the Duke of Sussex,

the most popular of the royal family, and was conspicuous from his active benevolence, and protection of charitable institutions. She was born on the 24th of May, 1819, and within a few months afterwards lost her father, who died of an inflammation brought on by sitting too long in wet clothes. The Princess has consequently been under the sole care of her excellent mother from her infancy; and it is well known that no mother has more anxiously studied to inculcate on her daughter's mind a due sense of moral and religious duties, and the practice of kindness, gentleness, and forbearance to all those about her, than has the Duchess of Kent towards her precious charge. Her studies have been pursued with as unremitting attention as her health would bear: she is quick in acquiring languages, and speaks fluently English, French, and German; is well read in history; and has attained such perfection in music as to be able to take part in the private concerts frequently given by the Duchess of Kent, who is herself extremely fond of music. The Princess's governess (an appointment which is chiefly a matter of form in accordance to precedents) is the Duchess of Northumberland; her preceptor, the Rev. Mr. Davies; her music master, Mr. Sale; and her instructor in the English law and constitution, Professor Amos of the London University, who attends regularly to give the Princess lessons in this important branch of knowledge.

The Princess has fine eyes, and a florid complexion, and strongly resembles the lamented Princess Charlotte, both in countenance and manner. She is inclined to be stout rather than tall. Many contradictory reports of the state of her health have been spread, arising possibly from the physician of the household paying her regular visits for form sake, and to satisfy the Duchess's natural anxiety. We know, however, from good authority, that the Princess's health is very satisfactory, and the exuberance of her spirits is a sufficient proof of there being no cause of alarm on this head. Her Royal Highness has certainly never been strong on her feet, but this arises, more than anything else, from her feet and ankles being particularly small, and therefore not well calculated to bear her weight. Her disposition is spoken very favorably of, and her good humor never fails her, though she is not much in the habit of associating with young ladies of her own age, but leads, on the whole, a secluded life. From all that is known, therefore, of this interesting young personage during her yet short career, there is every reason to induce us to look with confidence to the day when she will be called on to wield the sceptre of the most powerful empire in the known world.

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#### BLACK WORK.

A CERTAIN Colonel, old, and poor, and lame,  
 And therefore somewhat choleric, and fervent,  
 Had advertised for a man servant,  
 And was employ'd in writing, when there came  
 Into his room a spruce and dandy footman,  
 Who scorn'd to be a boot and shoe man,  
 And therefore ask'd, as he drew near,  
 "Pray, sir, who does the black work here?"—  
 "That, sir, I do myself," the Colonel said,  
 And threw his inkstand at the fellow's head.

## ACROSTIC

ON ROWLAND'S CELEBRATED MACCASSAR OIL.

Rise, thou foe to father Time,  
 Oil renown'd in every clime,  
 Which, discover'd by art sublime,  
 Lives famous 'mong Britannia's fair,  
 As a friend to human hair;  
 Ne'er known to fail, in old or young,  
 Divine, as noble BYRON sung,  
 'S ince all to youth and beauty clung.

Mother—father—infant—child,  
 All hail thee, so sweet and mild;  
 Could thy worth be ever known,  
 Care ne'er with the hair had grown,  
 All had worship'd thee alone;  
 Secure within thy magic power,  
 Second to none in virtue's dower;  
 A blessing always be on thee,  
 Revered Oil, on land or sea.

Old and young, grave or gay,  
 Invite thy aid, thy prop and stay,  
 Let their head should turn to grey.

## Journal of Fashions.

## THE LATEST LADIES' FASHIONS.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

## EVENING DRESS.

[WORLD OF FASHION.]—A dress of bright green *gros de Naples*; a low *corsage*, tight behind, and draped in the Grecian style in front, with round *mancherons*. Long sleeves, à l'*Imbecille*, of white *tulle*. The skirt is ornamented, immediately above the hem, with an embroidery in relief. *Chemisette*, of white *tulle*, edged with blond lace. *Coiffure à la Grecque*, composed of braids of hair and gold chain. Ear-rings and bracelets, gold.

## DINNER DRESS.

A dress of printed *gros de Naples*, a white ground printed in squares in a small running pattern. The colors are *aventurine* and *La Fayette*. The *corsage* is cut low, plain behind, and draped à la *Maintenon*, in front, with very deep jockeys of the same material over long sleeves of white *gaze de Paris*. Hat of white *moire*, trimmed under the brim with *coques* of canary-colored gauze ribbon. Blond lace draperies, intermingled with a bouquet of exotics, adorn the crown.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Cottage bonnets, of the small and unbecoming shape that was fashionable in England several years ago, are now universally adopted for promenades. They are trimmed either with  
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ostrich feathers, arranged in *plumets saules*, or cock's feathers disposed in *panaches russes*. We see, also, a good many trimmed with ribbon only.

**OUT DOOR COSTUME.**—When the weather is cold, mantles are universally adopted. Those *à la polonaise*, made with large sleeves, are most in favor. They have a high standing collar, and an excessively large pelerine. *Gros des Indes* and Cachemire are the materials most in request for mantles—a few, but very few, velvet ones have as yet been seen. Shawls or velvet pelerines are adopted in mild weather—the former are either *Cachemire des Indes*, or the French imitation of it.

**MAKE AND MATERIALS OF FULL DRESS.**—Blond lace tunics over under-dresses of satin or *moire*, begin to be very generally adopted in grand costume. The under-dress is richly embroidered in colors round the border, and the tunic just reaches the embroidery. Some of these dresses are open before, others are closed, but are arranged *en tunique*, by a blond lace trimming set on full on each side of the front. The *corsage* has always a little fulness in the back, and is draped in the Grecian style upon the bottom. The back and shoulders are trimmed with a double frill of blond lace, and the sleeves *à la Vénitienne*, that is, excessively long and wide—are always raised at the wrist and elbow by gold bracelets.

**MAKE AND MATERIALS OF BALL DRESS.**—*Gaze Esmeralda*, *tulle-Arachné*, and crape, are the materials of the new ball dresses. The first is a rich white gauze, embroidered in fantastic patterns, in dark colored silks, mixed either with gold or silver. The second, a new kind of embroidered *tulle* crape, is, however, most in favor. The favorite form is *à la Jardinière*. The *corsage* sits close to the shape behind—it is cut low and square round the breast, and forms a V at the bottom of the waist in front—that is to say, it forms a sharp point, to which a knot of ribbons is attached. The upper part is draped *à la Sevigné*—the sleeves are short, and extremely wide, and disposed in irregular plaits. The skirt is painted above the hem in a wreath of flowers excessively large in the centre, but diminishes gradually on each side, and forms a drapery, to which a knot of ribbon is attached. From this drapery the same style of trimming is continued round the back of the skirt. A wreath, corresponding with that placed horizontally, descends perpendicularly from each knot to the bottom of the skirt.

**COIFFURES IN BALL AND FULL DRESS.**—For the first the *coiffures* are always *en cheveux*—those *à la Grecque* are very much in favor; the hair is parted before, and disposed in plaited braids, which forms a bow knot behind. A narrow gold chain of exquisite workmanship mingles with the braids, and a single row of it is brought across the forehead. The hair parted in front, and turned up in soft bows of a moderate height behind, is also much in favor. These head-dresses are ornamented with feathers or flowers—the latter are disposed either in half wreaths, or in one with a bow of hair between them. The feathers are chiefly *marabouts*. A half wreath of blue *marabouts* intermingled with silver grapes, or of pea-green ones mixed with small gold foliage, is considered very elegant. Turbans, bonnets, and dress hats, are all in favor in full dress. The most fashionable turbans are composed of *gaze Algérienne*, and enriched with pearls or cameos.



**JEWELRY.**—Narrow and gold chains, very finely wrought, are much worn in head-dresses of hair, and also used to ornament turbans. Several of the most novel bracelets, shirt pins, and rings, contain portraits of the smallest size set in gold beautifully chased.

**HEAD DRESSES IN FULL DRESS.**—Turbans are coming much into favor, particularly those of white and colored crape, lightly embroidered with gold or silver, and trimmed with *marabouts*. Velvet *berets* are also in great request; the most elegant are those trimmed with two birds of paradise,—one drooping over the crown, the other towards the neck: some have in addition under the brim of the *beret*, a long ostrich feather, which turns towards the crown, and round it in a spiral direction. *Ponceau* and green are the favorite colors for velvet *berets*. *Chapeau demi-beret* will, it is supposed, be quite the rage. The most elegant are those that have the crown in the form of a Polish lancer's cap, with a very small round brim, rather on one side: a weeping willow plume, composed of white cock's feathers, is attached to one side of the crown by three rows of gold cordon, which is brought from the opposite side of the crown and turns under the brim, where it terminates by two glands. These hats are always composed of velvet. The colors most in favor are all the shades of *aventurine*, and the other shades of brown mentioned last month. Dark blue, green, lavenders, crimson, beet red, azure, canary color, *ponceau*, and rose color.

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## Varieties.

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**A LONDON DAILY NEWSPAPER.**—The stamp upon a newspaper, minus the discount, is about  $3\frac{1}{4}d.$ , to which adding  $1\frac{1}{4}d.$  for paper, makes the price of it before a single type is set (for the stamp duty is invariably paid per advance), just fourpence-halfpenny. It is sold to the newsmen for sixpence—this, in fact, being the price for which the publisher accounts to the proprietor. The profit, therefore, on a single paper, which pays so heavy a tax, and is conducted with so much risk—the unavoidable hazard of damages in civil action, fine, and imprisonment, is precisely *three halfpennies*! For this paltry profit is the whole world ransacked for news—a sentinel, in the shape of a foreign correspondent, stationed in every capital city in Europe and America—an agent in every seaport and market-town—a spy in every court and camp—an eavesdropper in every public office—a reporter at the elbow of every member of parliament—a reporter at every public feast and funeral—at every meeting of the saints—at every gathering of the common council and the prize-ring—at every *fête champêtre* and public execution—at every public whipping and charity sermon—at the first appearance of every thief in the police court, who is watched till he waves his stolen handkerchief as he steps on board the hulks—at every market where women, or oats, or horses, or straw, or coals, are sold—at every trial for treason or petty larceny—at the inquest held upon every strumpet who drowns herself, or patriot who cuts his throat—at every commission of lunacy, and at every royal coronation. For a poor penny-half-penny on each paper is all this done—all these persons employed; and all that passes in the world is wasted on a broad sheet from pole to pole, in spite of plague, *cordon sanitaire*, or civil war. It

must therefore be obvious, that upon the number of papers sold almost entirely depends their success. The number sold must be prodigious to yield a profit adequate to the expenditure necessarily incurred by so many agents, and the difficulties thrown in the way of obtaining foreign intelligence by the rapacity and unwarrantable interposition of the clerks in the foreign department of the post-office. But the numbers sold by any newspaper in London are not equal to the sale of some of the Paris journals. This is caused by the high price of the article in England. Sevenpence, the price which the consumer pays, is enormous, and naturally restricts the circulation. The trade is consequently in few hands; for how few persons are there who can afford to purchase even a single paper per day, this amounting to 4s. 1d. per week, or 10*l.* 12s. 4d. per annum.

**THE MAN-KEEPER.**—Sir Walter Scott, in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, has a note on one of the ballads, wherein the Man-keeper is mentioned; and he supposes it to be some terrible animal, which, like the dragon, no longer exists. For once, however, this dreadful creature seems to have escaped his researches, the man-keeper being still in existence, although not possessing everywhere the wonderful properties he had formerly: it is no other than the common brown lizard (*Lacerta vulgaris*), a well-known and harmless little reptile. In the Isle of Man it still preserves its ancient name, and is almost as much dreaded by the peasantry there at present as it was in days of yore on the borders. They suppose its bite to be very venomous; but they chiefly fear a propensity it has for walking down the throats of such luckless wights as fall asleep near its habitation; when, taking up its abode in the stomach, it is said to multiply there. The only way to get rid of lizards is to swallow a quantity of salt, and laying down by the side of a river, pretending at the time to be asleep, when the thirsty animals, perceiving the vicinity of water, walk out from their dark abode to quench their thirst, with the intention, however, of walking back again. The afflicted patient, on their absence, however, gladly avails himself of the opportunity of escaping.

Such is the actual belief of the peasantry concerning this slandered and beautiful little creature; they fly at its approach with terror, and do not even dare to destroy it.

**PALEY.**—Dr. Paley, when presented to his first preferment in the church, was in very high spirits. Attending at a tavern dinner just after this event, and finding the draught from a window to annoy him, he jocosely called out, "Waiter, shut down that window at the back of my chair, and open another behind some curate."

**CHEAP EXECUTION.**—A tradesman in Stafford tendered an account in which was the following curious item: and considering the job, his charge was certainly moderate: "To hanging wickets and myself, seven hours, 5s. 6d."

**MATCHBREAKING.**—A gentleman remonstrating with Mr. Kenney against his bringing out his comedy of *Matchbreaking*, said, allow me to make a few animadversions upon it. "Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Kenney, "I do not wish for any mad versions of my comedy."

JUN 17 1948

